WEEK ENDING MARCH 6, 1926

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Where did I meet You?

In this Issue:

OTHER CELEBRITIES

By

Mary Allen Hulbert

Also Beginning

The T'ang Mirror

By EDWARD KNOBLOCK

—but make it electrically!

"EAT more toast" say the food specialists. "Make it electrically" say the culinary experts. For toast that is tasty—toast that is evenly browned—toast that is conveniently made right at the table and served piping hot with its delicious crisp sweetness, use an electric toaster—a Hold-Heet Electric Toaster.

Electrically made toast provides a real breakfast treat besides being healthful and economical. Edison says: "The amount of power one can get out of a piece of toast is marvelous." Hold-Heet Toasters take the largest slices of bread from a 1½ pound baker's loaf; they toast a slice a minute. To enjoy electrically made toast to the utmost,

Get a Hold-Heet Toaster

Three Styles—Three Prices

Hold-Heet Toasters are made in three styles at prices to suit all pocketbooks. Number 77 shown above has a unique reversing feature which enables you to toast the slice of bread on both sides without touching it. Simply lift the handle and the toast is reversed automatically. Price $4.50. Number 76 is the same general construction as Number 77, except that it is a closed door type. Price $4.00. Number J-75 is an open type. Price $3.50. All are completely nickeled throughout and are attractive amid the finest table setting. Prices include strong, flexible cord and attachment plug. Every Hold-Heet Toaster is

Guaranteed for Two Years

of satisfactory service. It must make good or we will. Thousands are in successful use. Your local dealer can supply you if you ask firmly for a Hold-Heet Toaster with the famous guaranteed Hold-Heet element. There is no substitute for Hold-Heet. See your dealer today.

RUSSELL ELECTRIC COMPANY

The World's Largest Manufacturers of Lamp Socket Heating Devices

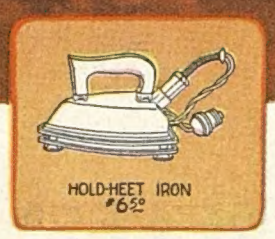
Executive Offices and Factory, 340 W. Huron Street, Chicago

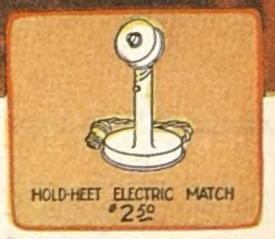
Eastern Office, 51 E. 42nd St., New York Canadian Office, 60 Duchess St., Toronto

This is number 14 of a series of 78 four-color Hold-Heet messages to appear in this publication

Hold-Heet

With the Famous Guaranteed Hold-Heet Element





What do you know about antiseptics?

Here is a page of condensed information
You may want to read it
Better still, send for the booklet to keep

Right in the middle of reading an advertisement, do you often want to ask questions? Do you want to raise new points, or demand new light on certain aspects of the subject? We believe many people do feel this way, so we have taken the commonest questions people ask us about antiseptics and woven them into a series below. If you have additional questions, please write us.

◆ ◆ ◆

Q: In plain English, what is an antiseptic?

A: In plain English, an antiseptic is a substance that retards or discourages the growth of germs or bacteria. It may also actually kill the germ growth, stamp it out. In that event the substance is not only an antiseptic. It becomes a germicide.

Q: I have always associated the word "germicide" with burning, caustic chemicals. Is this correct?

A: In general you are quite right. Germicides like carbolic acid, for instance, are only once removed from the searing red-hot iron which preceded them in the treatment of wounds. Until recently, there was no other recourse but these corrosive poisonous germicides.

Q: You say "until recently." Is there in fact a powerful germicide that is harmless to human tissue?

A: Not only does such a germicide exist, but it is on sale right now at practically every drug-store in the United States and Canada. It is called Zonite.

Q: Is Zonite comparable in strength with the burning poisonous germicides?

A: As a matter of fact, Zonite is far stronger than carbolic acid in any dilution that can be applied to the human body. Many of the most famous hospitals in the country are using Zonite regularly in their surgical work.

Q: You speak of putting this powerful germicide-antiseptic on a cut or scratch. I can understand that. But I have seen references to the use of Zonite as a gargle or nasal spray. How can it be suitable for uses so far apart and so unlike each other?

A: True, the uses of Zonite are many, but really it does only one thing. It kills germs. The germs may differ in character. They may enter through a cut or break in the skin. They may exist in drinking water. Or they may colonize on the mucous membranes that line the cavities of the body; for instance, the membranous lining of the throat and nose. That lining is the favorite breeding ground for the germs of colds, grippe, influenza and more serious respiratory diseases.

Q: Do dentists recommend Zonite?

A: Thousands of them not only recommend it as a mouthwash and preventive against pyorrhea, but actually use it in their own homes. Ask your own dentist if he does.

Q: Should it be diluted for use on these membranes of the body?

A: Yes, according to directions in the package; but remember that even when pure it will not destroy human tissue, for it is non-poisonous and non-caustic. This is true when it is used for purposes of an enema, or for feminine hygiene. This last is where Zonite has brought about one of the most important of its reforms. No longer need women risk the dangers of bichloride of mercury or carbolic acid compounds. Zonite gives complete surgical cleanliness without danger. No chance of accidental poisoning. Zonite is safe in the hands of a child.

Q: How can complete information be obtained about Zonite and antiseptics in general?

A: By sending for one or all of the free booklets (see coupon).

At your druggist's
in bottles
25c, 50c and $1
Slightly higher in Canada

Zonite

ZONITE PRODUCTS CO.
Postum Building 250 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below. (V-11)

- ☐ *Use of Antiseptics in the Home*
- ☐ *Nursery and the Baby*
- ☐ *Feminine Hygiene*

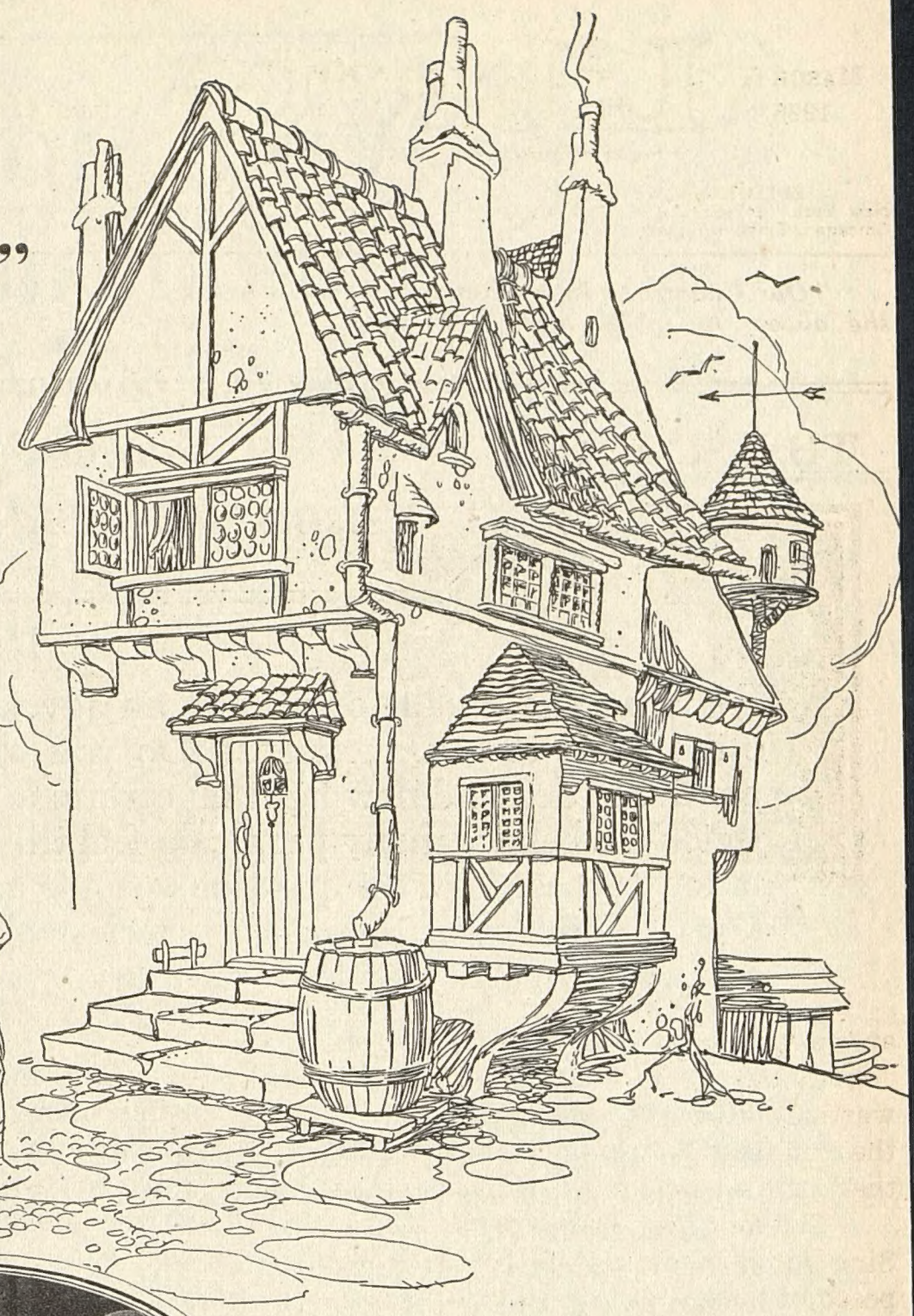
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....
PLEASE PRINT NAME

ZONITE PRODUCTS COMPANY

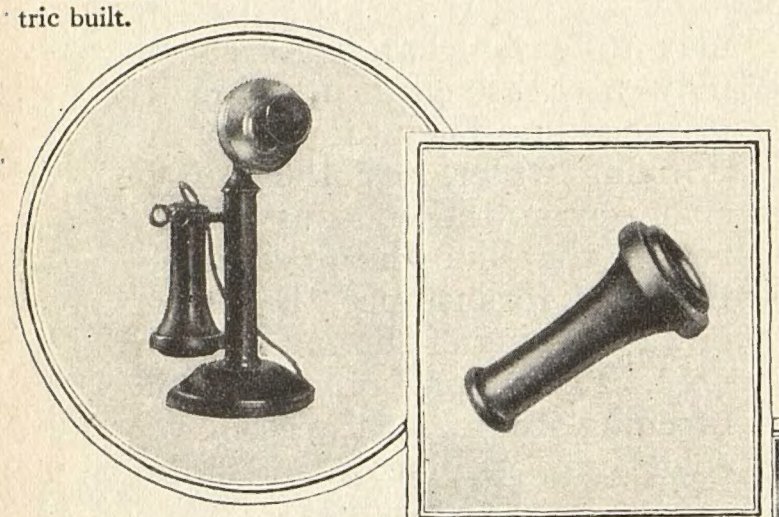
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT"

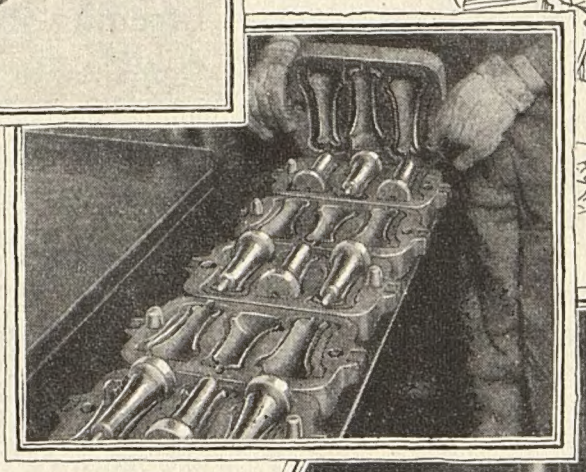
— *and your telephone*



This is the telephone that Western Electric built.



This is the shell that inclosed the receiver on the telephone that Western Electric built.



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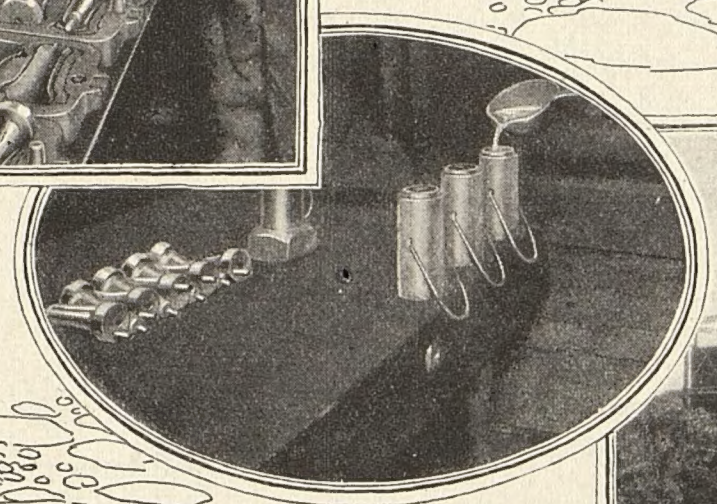

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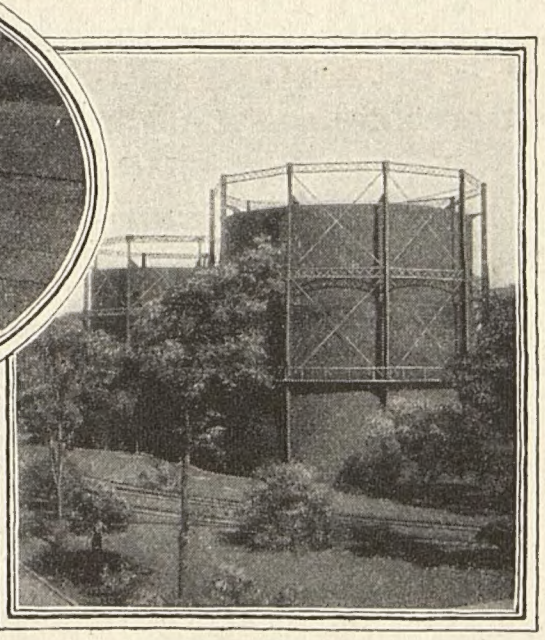

This is the plant that made the gas that heated the lead that formed the mould that made the shell that inclosed the receiver on the telephone that Western Electric built.

YOU recall the chain of events in the House that Jack Built—one thing leading to another? When it comes to the Telephone that Western Electric Built you find the same sort of chain.

At Western Electric skilled artisans carry the work of making the Bell telephone on through all its stages. Industries within an industry have been developed here—not only a factory for producing the many types of telephone equipment, but also a tool factory, a rubber mill, a cable shop, a wire-drawing plant and many others.

For all the world it is like a fairy tale come true. But on how vast a scale—the fact greater than the fancy!

Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

MARCH 6, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 2 No. 44

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 4160
Chicago: Tribune Square. Superior 0100

ADVERTISING OFFICES
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 4160
Chicago: Tribune Square. Superior 0100

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE SING SING FOLLIES—*An Editorial*

The cast of the Sing Sing Follies composed of murderers, bandits, and other criminal merrymakers.

Artistically the Sing Sing Follies of 1925, staged last year at the famous prison, proved a success—a greater hit than the Joliet Jazzers, the Moyamensing Merrymakers, or the Leavenworth Levities. A notable advance in dramatic artistry among the criminals is one of the encouraging signs of development of the Little Theater movement in our leading penal institutions.

The Ossining (perhaps the criminals prefer that name to Sing Sing) performance was witnessed by an audience composed of many of our leading murderers, gunmen, and bandits, with a scattering of declasse criminals—truck robbers, pickpockets, and the proletariat of yeggdom. A beneficent warden, kindly and appreciative keepers, and a delighted delegation of visitors, representing many of the societies engaged in coddling criminals, applauded generously.

The star sang well and danced gracefully, but did not wear the mask which was part of his costume when he held up a delicatessen storekeeper whom he shot to death for protecting his cash drawer. Even greater applause greeted the dancing of a man who developed his art in cabarets, which he haunted, watching a woman whom, later, he followed to her flat, where he robbed and choked her, after striking down her maid.

In the supporting cast—including the men who played the dainty female roles—were performers whose names had been blazoned in newspaper headlines almost as large as letters in Broadway electric signs, in connection with holdups, murders, robberies, arson, assault, and other crimes.

The audience consisted for the greater part of lesser criminals, also unfortunate enough to have been caught and convicted—all merrily celebrating the joyous holiday season.

Specialists in penology were pleased and impressed by the talents revealed. The visitors whispered that it was a shame so much talent should be wasted inside prison walls.

The fact was forgotten that the histrionic talents of the principals and chorus had, in outside life, taken the form of blackmail, rape, murder, forgery, kidnaping, and arson.

The Sing Sing Follies was a great success. Laughter from yeggs, gunmen, thieves, and members of societies for uplifting criminals greeted the acts of murderers, burglars, hijackers, and ravishers of women. Sob sisters and cure-by-kindness cranks applauded generously.

There was no applause for the victims of guns and blackjacks, no encores for the widows and orphans of their victims, no cheers for the taxpayers assessed to meet the expenses of judges, courts, lawyers, jailers, and the cost of scenery and costumes.

Wardens, convicts, uplifters, and other convict coddlers were delighted. Oddly enough, the widows and orphans, the victims of robbery and violence, were not entertained, nor were the taxpayers invited. The Follies of Sing Sing and other prisons are well named.

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Ending the story of the late Alexandra of England

Cover Design by Carl Van Buskirk

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

The Funniest Story of All

P. G. WODEHOUSE has written his "best yet." KEEPING IN WITH VOSPER is an uproarious tale of the ancient conflict between wives and golf.

A candid series of articles on the relations of Jews and Gentiles in America begins with INTERMARRIAGE, by FRANKLIN FARGO.

DR. LORENZ, in SCIENCE CAN MAKE YOU GROW YOUNGER, tells of the simple operation which restores youthful energy.

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HINDS

Honey & Almond

CREAM

Pat it on in the morning
—and again at night

If your skin is not protected, it becomes rough. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream provides a way to avoid that. Because —it *protects*.

In the morning, just after you wash your face, pat on a little Hinds Cream. Your skin is then safe for the day. Now powder and rouge if you wish.

Again at night, just before you hop into bed, use Hinds Cream. While you sleep it will soothe and freshen your skin. Try it and see.

If you like, we'll send you a generous sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Just fill out the coupon at the right and mail it today.

Try HINDS CREAM

Makes powder cling to face	Softens cuticle
Smooths "catchy fingers"	Protects skin
Reduces enlarged pores	Softens skin
Even for children's skin	Cleanses skin
Prevents chapping	Soothes skin
Prevents windburn	After shaving
Prevents sunburn	

Made and distributed by A.S. HINDS CO., Bloomfield, N.J.

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LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS COMPANY

A.S. HINDS CO. *Sole Distributors*, Dept. 19, Bloomfield, N.J.

Send me a sample bottle of HINDS *Honey and Almond* CREAM, *the protecting cream for the skin.*

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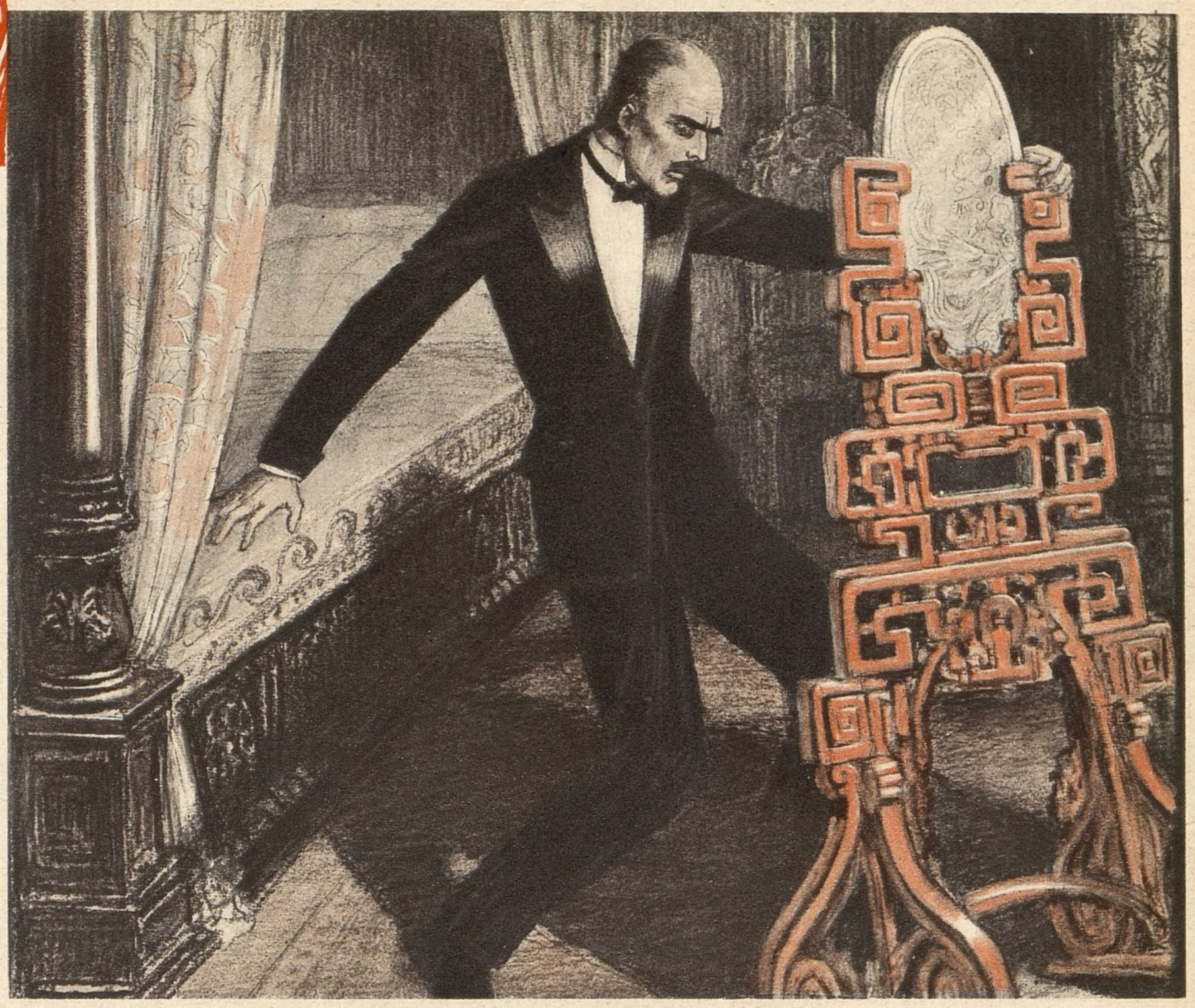


WHAT was the matter? Was his sight failing? He could see nothing—nothing of himself.

Pictures by
W. T. BENDA

The T'ANG Mirror

By EDWARD KNOBLOCK

The Strange Story of a Man Who Lost His Soul in the Struggle for an Enticing Woman

PART ONE

PAUL LIVINGSTON DE PEYSTER came out of the house at last. A clear, icy night wind was blowing through the whistling streets of New York. It whipped the sleety, loose flakes of snow out of the dry gutters, setting them spinning like sudden water-spouts. A gustful of them rose up and struck Paul's face—sharp as splinters of granite. He turned quickly to his limousine. The chauffeur was inside of it, fast asleep. Impatiently Paul rapped on the glass.

"Sorry, sir," the man mumbled, blinking himself awake as he stepped heavily out of the car.

"Confound you, Elwood!" Paul snarled. "I've told you twice before—I won't have you sitting inside!"

"It was *that* cold, sir. And so very late—almost two, sir," Elwood ventured to protest in a cockney voice. "And tomorrow, sir——"

"That'll do. Don't let me catch you at it again," the other cut him short. "Home!"

"Yessir!" Elwood touched his cap, tucked De Peyster in his fur rug, closed the door with the discreetest of clicks and settled himself behind the wheel.

He drove through Seventy-second Street toward Fifth Avenue, and then along the Park downtown. De Peyster huddled back in a corner, soon aglow with the warmth of his fur coat, his rug, and well heated car. Outside the wind leaned against the motor; the bonnet had to slice it in order to push its way homeward.

Fifth Avenue was practically deserted, save for a policeman now and then sheltering in some doorway. Against the marble balustrade by the fountain leaned the wind-blown figure of a woman clutching the collar of her coat with her right hand, her left vainly trying to restrain the furious tug of her flapping garments.

"How very effective!" thought De Peyster from his cosy citadel in the car. To him this was not a wretched woman being torn by the winter, but merely a note, perfectly placed, in the composition of a chance picture of night and storm.

For De Peyster was first and foremost an esthete, had always been an esthete from the very day that his mind or soul—whatever you wish to call it—had become conscious of the fact that there was such a thing as art. He was quite a small boy at the time—barely five. That was more than fifty-five years ago, when Fourteenth Street was still the fashionable center and Union Square the place where proud mothers in Paisley shawls and sweeping skirts paraded their tartan-kilted boys

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE T'ANG MIRROR Continued from Page Seven]

around and around the green patches of grass under the shade of opulent elms.

One afternoon, as Paul's mother was steering him home through the dreadful traffic of two landaus, a tinkling horse-car, a Fifth Avenue stagecoach, a brewery wagon, and a baker's cart (What was New York coming to!), she hurried as quickly as elegance would permit, to seek safety on the sidewalk in front of a famous jeweler's establishment. Paul, scampering by her side, looked up and for the first time caught sight of the clock over the shop door. It was a huge clock, which fact very naturally delighted his childish eye. But there was far more here to delight him than a mere clock. The figure of a man was supporting it on his shoulders—"Atlas," his mother called the man, though till then Paul had always been told that "Atlas" was the name for a large flat book. Never mind! The book and the man had the same name.

Anyhow, Atlas—whatever the reason might be for calling him so—became at once a definite, splendid fact in Paul's growing world. The creature loomed enormous—just like a fairy-tale giant—terrifyingly powerful! At the same time he wasn't a bit like a real man; he stood quite still, supporting the clock, his mighty hands on his hips, his head bent—not a move of a single one of his fingers or toes. It was amazing for anyone to be so good, so unreal, and yet so real—thrilling—wonderful! Mother said Atlas was a statue, a work of art. "Art." Paul remembered.

From that moment, vaguely at first, then more and more clearly, the thing called "Art" became something very vital to his being. Now at sixty, when he looked back over a long life, he realized that the one force which had led him on and on and yet held together the many moods and varied adventures of his years, was just this particular feeling for art. It was like a string joining an endless row of multi-colored beads—this strong innate appreciation of his for the beautiful in nature as interpreted by man.

HIS car passed the marble palace of the jeweler's. Nowadays twenty-four blocks farther uptown and on the opposite side of Fifth Avenue. Paul couldn't help but wave to his old friend Atlas who, too, had wandered northward in the mighty irresistible march of New York. There he stood once more above the shop, calm and resigned, bravely supporting the relentless dial of Time.

As Paul's car whizzed by the statue, he gave it a quick, critical glance. How absurd that such an extremely perfunctory piece of statuary should have proved his first conscious realization of beauty! He smiled wistfully as he recalled in a vague, general way the countless great works of creative genius which he had learned to know so intimately since those dreamlike days of his exquisite mother in her rusty-red Paisley shawl. How smoothly she trailed her softly swishing skirts! The grace of that small head of hers on those sloping shoulders! Her slim, erect throat, encircled caressingly by her necklace of pearls—perfect each one of them! No woman had ever had a better right to wear such pearls than she had! No woman would ever again have a better right——

Another later scene linked itself into his memory. When he was ten—shortly before her death. He was sitting at her knee. On her other side sat his cousin Sally, nine years old, pudgy, with round, honest eyes. Mother was reading some fairy story all about the wedding and countless jewels of an Eastern princess. Suddenly she broke off, pointing to her own pearls—

"Paul, when you marry, these pearls shall belong to *your* princess. But if you never find her, they shall be *yours*, Sally! Remember that, Paul, darling—both of you!"

And she made Paul kiss his cousin by way of sealing the contract. Many years later, when Paul came into his property and had to draw up his first will, he followed his mother's instructions to the letter and left the pearls to his cousin Sally, should he predecease her, unmarried. Invariably in all his later wills, the same bequest appeared, unaltered. For he had never married. He had never found his princess. And yet he had known many women in his long life! Heaven knows how many!

BUT the picture of his mother had ever remained with him, unapproached—apart—enshrined! Dead, so young, in all her ivory loveliness. And after? What remained of her now? Nothing save his memory of her and just one intimate reminder—that necklace of hers!

He had not parted with the pearls to his cousin. He had kept them always against the day when his princess should come along—the one woman worthy to succeed his mother, around whose throat to clasp them at last—a legacy of beauty to beauty.

But somehow she had never come—never quite the right woman. He was to blame for it. He alone. For invariably, in all his many love affairs, he had managed to disentangle himself somehow, to remain free, unbound. Always he had forced himself to stand aloof from his passion, watching it with the lynx-eyed coldness of the artist—the true connoisseur who loves to love but who refuses to cede that last scrap of his inner self which every woman sets out to possess and without which she feels cheated of everything. No! He had not sacrificed that—not his will to deny if he chose. That, never! Not in the impetuous days of his young desires. Nor in his full manhood. Nor in his vigorous old age. Always he had dominated, dominating himself first—the woman after.

Even tonight with Moraska—he had managed to hold himself well in hand. Even when she leaned over him as he sat on the couch, her cheek close to his, stroking his arm with her marvelous nervous fingers—clawlike and grasping as the fingers of Boldini's scented cats of the world.

"You will give them to me—won't you?" Moraska purred into his ear with her enchanting foreign intonation. "I adorre jewels. And I know how to wearr them. How many women do that? My thrroat would make them live again—those porr dead pearrls of yourr dearr mother!"

Why had he shown them to her the last time she dined at the house? He hadn't shown them to any other woman—ever. They were among the few sacred things in his life. Strange! Why had he done it? What a fool——

Here she was now, tonight, having invited him to supper after the opera in her apartment, actually asking him for the necklace point blank—keeping him with her till all hours, cajoling, flattering, fondling, using every trick of her infernal, fascinating person to drive him to a conclusive "Yes."

It had been a marvelous evening of fencing—better, a duel of life and death. Suddenly, at sixty, to face a completely beautiful, intelligent creature in the very prime of her womanhood; a musician of the first order; a linguist with a clash of thought and wit that shot up sparkle and epigram as rockets are shot up out of a Roman candle! It was a surprise, a joy, a menace such as De Peyster had not hoped to experience again in his life. In his long career he had fenced with other women as gifted in one way or another. And possibly as beautiful. And as brilliant. But none of them combined all the qualities that seemed to meet and mingle so perfectly and completely in the extraordinary personality of Moraska.

And then, besides, Moraska happened to be Paul's type. That made an enormous difference. And he knew it. A small head, a body literally "like a wand," dark eyes, a nose delicately tilted, rather large sensitive nostrils, a full mouth undeniably sensual, the most perfect of pointed chins and above all a neck divinely straight and slim! She was the type he had dreamed of always, searched for, and never found till now. There is a picture of the "Potocka." You know it. Moraska resembled it strangely—a less ethereal faun—sister to her countrywoman. For she was Polish, of the old aristocracy, she said, though there were lurid unproved rumors to the contrary.

What did it matter to Paul—who she was, where she came from? She WAS. That and only that mattered. She had come to New York to sing. In a single concert she had won her way straight to the front. There is no other town in the world where success is so much a thing of hit or miss as New York; where popularity is as instantaneous and extreme.

Moraska had been one of the lucky ones. Her voice was beautiful and beautifully trained. She had beautiful taste in her gowns. She was beautiful herself—an artist. The public took her to its heart at once. She became a stock phrase overnight.

De Peyster had met her in the house of a multi-milionaire hostess. They were instantly attracted to each other. She knew at a glance that he loved women. He knew that he was going to love her—did love her, in fact, at a glance. After that they were close friends. "Closer than close friends," the know-alls whispered.

"Old white-haired Papa De Peyster on the war-path again!" one of his dearest friends at the club cackled. "He'll get electrocuted this time, you'll see! That woman's got enough voltage in her to sizzle the north pole itself!"

The amiable remark was, of course, promptly retailed to him by another of his dearest friends at the club.

"The north pole! You can tell him, with my compliments, that up to date I've got the whole thermometer between me and the freezing point!" Paul chuckled sharply. "And as for voltage, no woman has ever managed to overcharge me yet!"

He couldn't help being pleased with his bon mot. It was neat, very neat. But then his witticisms had always flown about New York—like swallows on the wing. They were quoted everywhere.

He marched out of the club that day, head erect, looking at himself sideways in the large mirror in the hall.

'YOU will give them to me—won't you?" Moraska purred into his ear with her enchanting foreign intonation.

"White-haired papa, indeed!" he commented as he rapidly took in his finely chiseled features, his smooth skin, his clear eye. No one would give him more than forty-eight—forty-five—to glance at him quickly. White-haired, of course. But white was so becoming with dark eyebrows. So distinguished. Like the days of powder——

That had happened last week. And tonight. If his dearest club friend could only have seen him and Moraska in their love duel up there in her apartment tonight! He wouldn't have called him "White-haired papa" then. No!

The car stopped short. De Peyster's mind had traveled far since he left Moraska up in Seventy-second Street. A whole world had rushed through it. From there to his own little red brick house in Eleventh Street was, after all, a matter of only fifteen minutes—less on an unobstructed night like this.

The cold struck icily upon his senses as the chauffeur opened the door for him to step out. The man touched his cap.

"Would you mind, sir, if I 'ad tomorrow off?" he asked obsequiously.

"Impossible! Come to me at eleven as usual to take your orders."

"But I was goin' ta get married tomorrow, sir."

"Then you've got to get married another time—that's all!" De Peyster grunted back, adding sharply, "I pay you well, don't I?"

"Yes, sir. But a man don't get married every——"

"I can't argue here in the freezing cold. There are plenty of chauffeurs out of a job, I'm told."

Without another glance at Elwood, De Peyster climbed the iron-railed stoop and rang the doorbell. He had never carried a house key in his life. It was one of his principles—not to, in order to oblige his servant to sit up for him.

HE opened the plate-glass swing doors and let himself into the little entry, facing the old-fashioned, white, silver-handled front doors. He had to wait some moments.

He tapped his ring impatiently on the glass. In another moment sleepy, shuffling feet announced the coming of the servant.

"George! I've had to wait!" he growled at the old negro, whose dark cheeks looked gray from weariness.

"I jus' dropped off a wink, Mr. Paul. It's late!" George replied in his musical, good-natured voice.

"What's the matter with you—making this ridiculous fuss about being late!" De Peyster grunted as George helped him out of his furs. "If *I* can sit up, *you* can sit up!"

"Well, I won't say that it ain't a-tellin' on you, Mr. Paul," George ventured with the freedom of an old servant. "Turnin' night into day, the way you has these las' three months! You're beginnin' to look mighty queer!"

"Rubbish!" De Peyster retorted. "Get me a brandy and soda. Bring it up to the library."

"Yes, Mr. Paul." And George disappeared into the dining-room.

The library was in the front of the third floor. It was separated from the bedroom at the back by only a large curtained arch. At night the curtains were drawn aside, thus making one large airy apartment of the whole. When De Peyster lay in his lordly Italian carved bed, he could survey with ease his many treasures—rare furniture, books, paintings, pottery which he had collected in many countries in the course of many years of "hunting." The rooms—or rather room—proclaimed a mind of most exquisite judgment and taste.

De Peyster switched on the softly shaded lamp and looked with pride about the place. The sight of it always gave him a fresh thrill—a sense of power—a joy in ownership. No one in New York had quite such perfect rooms. Undoubtedly there were far richer ones, full

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"PAUL, when you marry, these pearls shall belong to your princess. But if you never find her, they shall be yours, Sally! Remember that, Paul!"

[THE T'ANG MIRROR Continued from Page Nine]

of far more priceless works of art. But none were more carefully, more intelligently chosen, more harmoniously put together. And then De Peyster's personal association with each separate piece! The endless searching, the unexpected opportunities, the marvelous bargains—the finds! That little Memling, for instance, slipping through at that auction. And that fourth-century Greek torso under the counter in the London pawnshop. And that priceless early Chinese pottery. The horses — the camels — the warriors! And, above all, the mirror! That T'ang mirror of white bronze!

Paul had been there in China, actually on the spot, at Lao-Yang, as it came out of the earth. They were cutting a canal through a mound when they hit upon a long-forgotten tomb. What a bit of luck that he should have stopped to admire the color and movement of that ant-heap of coolies in their infinite gradations of faded blue!

He bought the mirror for a mere song—a few dollars to the foreman of the gang! The fellow never realized that the actual silver in the bronze was worth ten times what Paul had given him—poor idiot!

Long before the war, Professor Max Wasserstock, the celebrated German Sinologue, who was buying all over the world for the Oriental museum at Hamburg, had offered Heaven knows what for the mirror. At last, when Paul definitely refused to part with it, the worthy professor could not desist airing his knowledge and explaining the "full value and rarity of ze opject."

To begin with, he pointed out, the mere size of it was most unusual, for it was almost two feet in diameter. Only in the ancient imperial treasure houses of Shosoin, at Nara, in Japan, he said, might there be found another, distantly resembling its untarnished splendor. Either the metal of it was composed of some very unusual alloy, or the earth in which it had lain possessed a strange virtue, for its polished surface shone with a brilliant, faintly greenish radiance, such as might glow in the reflection of some cool, mysterious well.

THE back of the mirror was a masterly swirl of design — the fire-bird rising from tempest-tossed seas to a resplendent sun, skilfully mimicked in gold. An inscription ran around the edge. After much scratching of his frowsy head, Professor Wasserstock had managed to unravel its meaning:

ONLY THE DEAD CANNOT SEE
THEMSELVES IN MY LIGHT.

By "dead" the Professor explained that that particular Chinese character did not mean "dead of body," but "dead of soul."

De Peyster used the mirror to shave by, to brush his hair by, to tie his tie by. He had had a special lacquer stand constructed for it.

It stood obliquely by his bedroom window, facing him as he lay in bed. But from his pillow he could not see himself in the mirror. It was one of the annoyances of his life. If only the bed had been eighteen inches higher or the mirror eighteen inches lower! However, by sitting upright he could easily catch his reflection. He felt it a mistake to alter the design and proportions of either the bed or the stand merely to have the occasional satisfaction of catching sight of his face as he lay there reading his paper in the morning or his book at night.

"After all," he decided with a noble philosophy, "one can't have *everything* in this weary world, even if one does manage to have most things most times!"

But this particular evening—or morning, for it was well past two—Paul was not suffering from any sense of resignation. In fact, the world seemed to him a very smooth place indeed—smooth and shiny, like a huge parquet floor on which to one-step with the right partner to the right music, whispering the right words—indefinitely—eternally.

"Moraska—yes," he mumbled half aloud. He went up to his writing-table and picked up her photograph. He had begged it of her early in their acquaintance. It was the one photograph he had ever permitted to intrude on these esoteric surroundings of his. The infinite grace of her slender neck, gently

weighted by the beauty of her drooping head —as a stem is weighted by a flower in its pride—had decided him finally to break his rule about photographs.

Later, when their friendship had ripened and she had become more, much more to him than merely a beautiful woman, the picture seemed to begin slowly to crowd every other object out of the room. He would sit in front of it a long, long time before going to bed, gazing and gazing. He would imagine himself with her under all sorts of fantastic conditions. See himself crouched by her side, his arms about her, on a magic carpet flying far away—far away—back to the sunrise of his youth!

His youth? Nonsense! He wasn't old. He was sixty—but not really sixty! He was like other men of forty-five. He was strong, he was passionate, he was extraordinary. She had said so herself—only tonight she had said so! Just before she asked him for those pearls of his mother's.

He looked at the picture again. Those pearls! She was right. She would know how to wear them. She of all women alive. But how *could* he? How dare he give them to her? The memory of his mother had shone throughout these many years immaculate—undefiled! What right had he to give her pearls to Moraska—to clasp them about that neck—that soft flesh which must have been kissed and kissed by many men? No! It would be a desecration—a sullying of something deep within him. It was the only thing he could not do for her. Everything else yes—but that? And yet—how wonderful they would look on that most perfect of all throats!

The door opened and George appeared with the brandy and soda on a salver. He brought a note as well.

"I forgot to say, suh, that Mrs. Green called tonight. Mrs. Green and Master John. They're goin' to call again tomorrow. Most important."

"Oh, they're in the city again," De Peyster grunted, opening the note with a bored look.

"Yes, suh. And a fine young gen'leman Master John's grown to be, suh!"

"Dearest Cousin Paul," Paul read aloud with a sneer, sipping his drink between sentences. Fancy this coming just now! Poor old Sally Green!

And he thought of his fat, faded cousin—the only relation left him in this world except her son. She had married very badly—a teacher of mathematics in a little college up State.

Sally was a widow now, with a boy who must be nearly grown up. They had a way of coming and worrying Paul. Sometimes he gave the mother a little money. More often than not he sent them both away with advice after a heavy luncheon. They bored him. They were dreadful; they were dreary, unornamental.

Once the boy, when he was twelve, had stayed with him for three days. Paul had asked him to pass the matches and the little fool, in his eagerness to be polite—obviously the mother had impressed Paul's wealth on the child's mind!—had upset a table and shivered a priceless fourth-century Athenian drinking-cup into a thousand bits. He had hated little John ever since. In fact, had refused to see him again. That was more than five years ago.

And yet Cousin Sally had a claim on him; that ridiculous old claim of the days when they were children and his mother had made him kiss her.

"If Paul never marries, these pearls shall be yours." Here was Sally actually quoting his mother's words in her letter to him.

"I'm not asking for myself," she continued, in her vapid, characterless hand, "I'm an old woman now."

And a fat and flabby one, Paul thought.

"I'M thinking only of my son," the letter went on. "John is exceptionally gifted. I am not saying this because I happen to be his mother. I *know*." Underlined. How he hated underlining! "He wants to be an architect. To go to the Boston School of Technology. Years ago you told me you'd left me the necklace in your will. I gladly renounce the claim I have to it—at least to the whole of it, if only for John's sake you could possibly spare a *few!*"—Underlined again!—"of the lesser pearls *now!*" Underlined twice!

A pretty idea! Break up the necklace! That perfect matchless string! Ruin *that* just to start a lout in an already overcrowded profession! The woman must be a lunatic!

"Get me my pearls, my mother's pearls!" Paul ordered George, who was obliterating himself patiently behind a high Venetian armchair.

George turned to the wainscoting and pressed a hidden spring. A piece of paneling swung back, disclosing a little safe in the wall. He clicked out the combination of the lock, with which only Paul and he were acquainted. His long, loyal service had made him an absolutely reliable machine in the eyes of his master. In another moment he had brought the pearls to De Peyster.

Meanwhile Paul had taken a sheet of paper and written a note. He opened the case, glanced at the pearls a second, looked at the clock and murmured, half-aloud, "She can't be asleep yet!" Then, turning to George, he said curtly, "I'll ring for you later."

"You'se burnin' the candle at both ends and in the middle too, Mr. Paul!" George remarked reprovingly as he slipped from the room.

Paul took up the telephone and tapped it with impatience till he got his connection.

"Darling! Have I pulled you out of bed?" he said softly. "I couldn't go to sleep without reading you something. Listen to what I've just written." And he held up his note:

"Moraska—dearest! You are right. You are the only woman in the world to wear my mother's pearls. They are yours. I love you with all my being! Paul."

There came a gurgle and a gush through the telephone that made Paul blush like a schoolboy. They talked for quite ten minutes.

"Very well," he finally said. "They shall be with you when you wake up. I'll send them by my chauffeur as soon as he calls in the morning. I'm just longing to see them on that heavenly throat of yours! I adore you!"

"I adorre you, also!" he heard her say—and she had rung off.

He laid the note on the pearls with a quick gesture of decision, then shut the case with a snap.

It was done! Tomorrow the pearls would be Moraska's! Hers—not Cousin Sally's! He must take that old clause out of his will, leaving them to her—to Sally Green. Sally Green—what a name for a De Peyster to change to! What cheek to write him that sort of a letter! He'd teach her to beg and to flatter and to remind! And for what? For whom? For a clumsy oaf of a son! A smasher of priceless Greek vases! Thank you, *no!* No pearls for *him*—that silly dolt! Pearls were for loveliness. For grace. For the eternal feminine!

Yes, he had done the right thing at last. He was certain of it. The only thing. It was absurd to have the slightest doubt, the least qualm about it. Ridiculous—to allow the faint memory of his mother to worry him in the least. Sentimental—squeamish—Puritan—bourgeois! What had he lived for the whole of his life but his sense of art? The right combination of the lovely with the lovely! Here was the real, the extreme test of proving his convictions. The sacrifice of antiquated prejudice to perfect beauty!

Besides—what a glorious sensation of flinging away, at last, his eternal self-control! Why shouldn't he walk into the trap, hear it snap, feel himself a prisoner, a slave to Moraska? What did it matter? He had lived his free life. It would be something new to be bound—to serve a woman like her—to be squeezed dry and flung away!

There were not many years ahead of him! But the few, the last, they should be splendid, reckless, magnificent in madness. He would be young as the youngest, only far more astonishing, far more terrible—with all the wisdom of his years and all the strength of his miraculously vigorous body. People should see! New York should have something rich to talk about—at last!

HE tossed off his drink. He drew in his breath deeply. He slapped his full chest exultantly as he stared hungrily at her picture, whipping himself into a frenzy at the flagrant appeal to his senses. He chuckled! He laughed! He stretched his arms outward from the elbow and back again, delighting in the pinch of his biceps as an athlete does. Who would ever think that he had lived his sixty years? Never—never would he grow old! Never!

A desire seized him to feed his vanity still further by contemplating his features. He stepped across lightly to the T'ang mirror. The inscription on its back shot into his mind:

ONLY THE DEAD CANNOT SEE THEMSELVES IN MY LIGHT.

"The dead of soul" the stodgy old German professor had said. Not "the dead of body."

Well, Paul would never be dead of soul nor dead of body! Never! Never!

He switched on the light by the mirror. He came close to it. He looked and he looked and he looked.

What was the matter? Was his sight failing? He could see nothing—nothing of himself. It was just as if he were not standing in front of the mirror at all. There was no reflection of him in it—not a sign of a reflection whatsoever. And yet he could see the room in the polished metal. He could see it perfectly. The carving of the top of his bed—the wall on either side of it. The pictures on the wall opposite the mirror. What, in Heaven's name, did it mean?

This revelation of the T'ang mirror is destined to change the course of four lives. How its mystic power lifts the story to a towering climax is told in the concluding installment in next week's Liberty.

MRS. HULBERT, at extreme left, and party of her guests, with Mark Twain and H. H. Rogers in the foreground.

Other Celebrities

By Mary Allen Hulbert

Author of THE WOODROW WILSON I KNEW

Further Intimate Revelations of Her World-Famous Friends

WHEN, in the fall of 1908, accompanied by my three children, a maid, and innumerable trunks, I boarded a ship for Bermuda, I found a note from some English friends there running something like this:

> Glad you are on your way down. Our barrel of oysters is on board, too. So mind you get in on time. We want you for dinner the night you arrive to meet the new Governor, Sir Walter Kitchener.

So it was that I met that kindly, simple gentleman, Sir Walter Kitchener, Governor of Bermuda, and brother of the more famous Kitchener of Khartum. There followed an invitation for dinner at Government House.

General Sir Walter Kitchener was a quiet, soldierly man. The Governorship of Bermuda was the reward of a long, hard military career, chiefly in India. He had been retired from the army and, as was customary with retired generals, Britain had repaid him with the Governorship of a colony. In his instance, since his health had been impaired, he had been given Bermuda, which not only has a blessed climate but is incredibly remote from the distractions of the world. Woodrow Wilson said to me once of Bermuda:

"The days here have been of that perfect sweetness and variety of loveliness which surely only Bermuda knows. Such days stir me to the very sources of all emotion. Every day seems like an emotional experience."

So Kitchener had been made a happy exile to this land. In appearance he was a rugged, lean man with a fierce military mustache which, one discovered, belied much gentleness and kindness. He was quite deaf, an affliction that he ascribed to those many difficult years in India.

"It was so fearfully hot there," he told me, "that we would have to soak the pillow at night with cold water to sleep at all. I think that is what made me deaf."

Kitchener was a widower and had three children, a son who went to McGill University in Montreal, and two daughters. One of the girls went to Cape Cod every summer to study art. The other he used to call his "rich relation" because she had inherited a little place in England from some relative. Kitchener, of course, like so many retired British soldiers, had only a meager income. As for his military career, I have heard that he was a brilliant general but that his prestige was dimmed by that of his great brother.

He once said of his brother:

"My brother, now—I wouldn't be he for anything in the world! All he cares for is work, work, work! Do you know what he's doing now? He's taken up China!"

I was impressed because from the remark I assumed that the great Kitchener was planning some gigantic military coup for Britain in China. But a few minutes later I learned

that it was Wedgwood and Bristol ware and such things with which the great General was concerning himself.

Sir Walter died very suddenly in Bermuda in 1912.

I cannot write of those days without mentioning Captain the Honorable Maurice Bourke. He was Lord Mayo's son and one of the handsomest men I have ever seen—the perfect physical expression of high breeding. And such audacious wit!

The grounds around Government House are large, with many fine cedars and charming glades in which were kept a few fallow deer. After tea, one day, we stopped to admire one of these pretty creatures. That night I was taken in to dinner by Captain Bourke. After we had finished our soup the gentleman on the other side said in an undertone to me:

"You remember we were all looking at one of the deer at Government House this afternoon? Well, don't let Bourke hear—but it went off and died just after we were there."

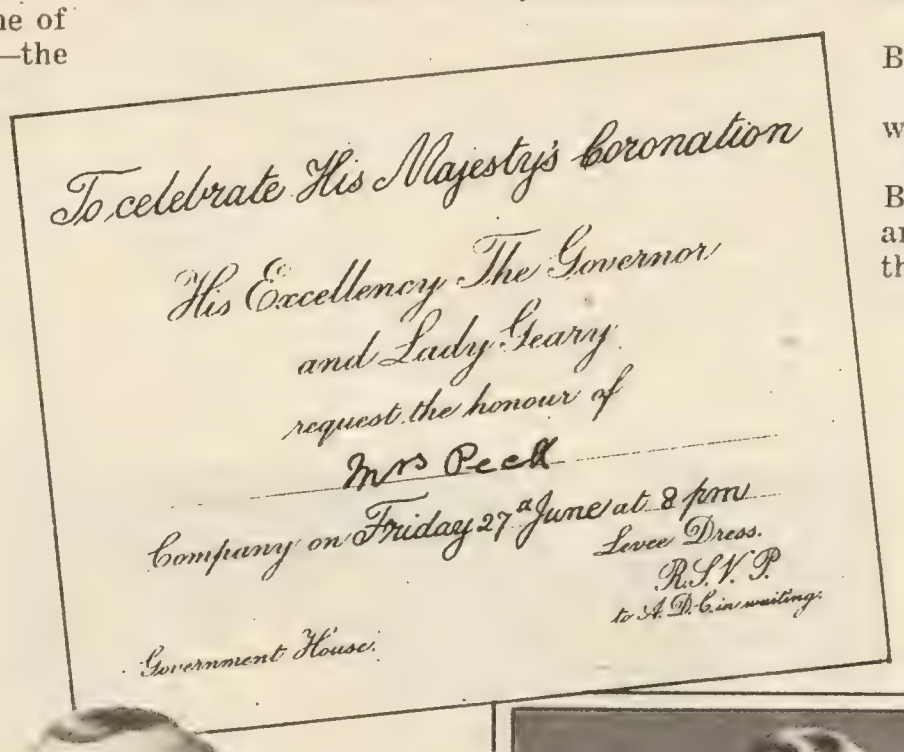
SEEING that I failed to understand the connection between the deer's death and Captain Bourke, he went on to explain to me that Bourke imagined himself to be possessed of the evil eye. He believed himself to be an "I-never-loved-a-sweet-gazelle" victim. Everything with which he was concerned or identified seemed to be accursed. Every ship he had commanded, through no fault of his own—for he was irreproachably courageous and wise—had been overtaken by disaster.

He had been in the terrible disaster of the Victoria and the Camperdown off Tripoli in 1893. Bourke was a midshipman on the Victoria, which was Admiral Tryon's ship. Admiral Tryon, who was just out of hospital and still not wholely recovered from an illness, was commanding some maneuvers of the British fleet in the Mediterranean. The story goes that he gave an order. An officer looked at him in surprise, since the order meant that the Camperdown might collide with the Victoria, and said:

"But, sir, do you mean that?"

Admiral Tryon, it is said, indignantly insisted that his order be obeyed. The result was that the Camperdown cut into the Victoria, which sank with Tryon and 358 officers and men. Only two were saved—Bourke and another.

In those days it was one of my parlor graces to read palms. On Bourke's hand there was strongly indicated an early and sudden death.


To celebrate His Majesty's Coronation

His Excellency The Governor and Lady Geary request the honour of

Mrs Peck

Company on Friday 27th June at 8 p.m.

Levee Dress.

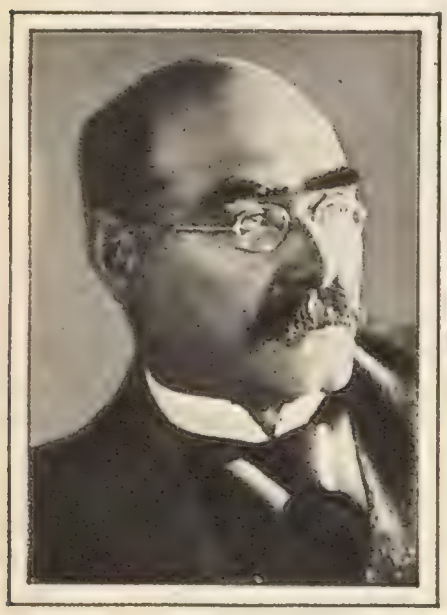
R.S.V.P. to A.D.C. in waiting.

Government House.

An invitation from Government House to celebrate King George's coronation.

Captain Maurice A. Bourke, the "Man with the Evil Eye."

Sir Walter Kitchener, Governor of Bermuda.



P. & A. Photo.

Rudyard Kipling.

And so it happened. He died a few years later very suddenly in London, Admiral Fisher told me.

I remember when Bourke raised his flag as Commander of the Newfoundland Squadron. Since it was during a week-end visit to Admiralty House, then occupied by Admiral and Lady Fisher, I witnessed this gala ceremony and most colorful it was.

Lady Fisher, the Admiral, and I steamed in the barge out to Grassy Bay and alongside the Cordelia, Bourke's flagship. The instant the Admiral's foot touched the last step of the swinging ladder, the plaintive "piping the Admiral over the side" was heard. At the last wailing note, with a fine, smooth rush, the ship was under way and we were cutting through the water out abreast of St. David's head.

It was a picture one does not forget, as we steamed between the lines of battleships, crews standing at attention, guns firing salutes, bands playing, and the picturesque figure of a Highlander in the prow of the Cordelia, his plaid and kiltie moving in the wind, bagpipe skirling.

"But why the Highlander?" I said to Bourke. And he answered comically:

"A maiden greataunt of mine was a Scotswoman, I believe."

Mr. Henry M. Flagler, the maker of Palm Beach, was indefatigable in his hospitality and effort to assemble the "right people" at the point of his latest venture. Bourke liked to tell me how he and all the other British naval officers were once guests at Flagler's new hotel and had a wonderful time.

"So many pretty ladies!" said Bourke rapturously. "And all chewing gum! And," he continued gleefully, "the papers said my father had been Lord Mayor and my brother was now Lord Mayor!"

Lord Frederic Hamilton.

This delighted him immensely. He was the son of Lord Mayo, a great Irish peer. To him and to the British in general to be the son of a Lord Mayor was little more distinguished than to be the son of an alderman.

It was my privilege to meet Rudyard Kipling in Bermuda. A great to-do was made over him by the British army and naval officials there. But Kipling on these occasions was always silent, almost morose. It was said that he nursed a deep grudge against all his countrymen who were distinguished socially. One heard it was because he had been snubbed in India by some society people and that now he was resentful because they acclaimed him and attempted to take him to them on account of his writings rather than for himself.

BUT however it was, although he was cold and downcast among the gentry, when he went to dine at the barracks he became illuminated, brilliant. The Tommies, hanging on his every word, jammed the place and the windows were filled with more Tommies who, unable to get in, were straining to catch a word or two.

Another vivid memory of those years was Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) and his crony and old friend, H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate. Mark Twain, of course, was always in white. His hair was thick, soft, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[OTHER CELEBRITIES Continued from Page Thirteen]

snow white and had the outlines of a full blown chrysanthemum. He was old then, at least seventy. But in spite of his age he had the most delicate rosy skin of the finest texture, and the huge brown cigar that was everlastingly in his mouth always seemed to me terribly incongruous against that soft infantile complexion.

That year Mark Twain stayed at the Princess. He liked to play cards, particularly the game of Hearts, and many a time Miss Lyons, his secretary, would "command" us to play cards with "the King," as she always called him. This sobriquet, I believe, had some reference to the King, that old rapscallion in Huckleberry Finn. But it always rather puzzled the English people in Bermuda.

One night, when I had been at the Princess for dinner, Miss Lyons came to me begging that I would go to entertain "the King" for a while. He was blue and half sick.

ARRIVING at his suite, we found Mr. Clemens at the card table ready to play. Mr. Rogers was the fourth. Mark Twain liked to win and was childishly pleased when he did so. But to lose made him grumpy and he would begin to growl that "it was no use fighting the cards."

That evening, however, he worsted the rest of us and, his love of conquest satiated, he tired of the game and took up a book of Kipling's verse. He began to read aloud. It was delightful reading, so very delightful that I said:

"Oh, Mr. Clemens, what a pity others can't hear you read these things!"

Immediately he said:

"I'll read for you at your house if you wish."

Then and there we decided upon an afternoon when he could come to Shoreby, as my house was known. I asked informally about thirty friends. Although Miss Lyons had several times warned me that I must not depend on "the King," he arrived an hour before the appointed time. When I came down he was lying in the hammock, as he loved to do, looking lazily at the little islands out in the blue harbor. Often he and Mr. Rogers appeared at my house unannounced—because, Mark Twain said in his slow drawl:

"We like to come here, Mrs. Peck, for we can walk in whether you are here or not and your servants never bother us. It's such a friendly place."

When the guests were assembled he came quietly into the little drawing-room, greeted them all, and began very simply to read the lines he loved. It was bitter-sweet to see that rather fragile, white-haired old man sitting there reading lines so full of lusty youth and battle—and hear the wistful note in his voice when he said as he paused for a moment:

"I'd like to have written that!"

We listened avidly to all he said and his long-drawn-out drawl lent to every remark a humorous significance. For example, once when he lighted a cigarette for me I murmured:

"I suppose I shouldn't smoke. It's so shocking." (My trace of New England conscience, that my family accused me of possessing, was always nagging a bit. It must have been an inheritance from a great-grandmother whose obituary read: "At the age of fourteen she felt herself to be a lost and undone sinner.")

Mark Twain, while holding the match for me before lighting his own ever-present cigar, said—each syllable drawled out for a full second:

"Why stop? Why be a moral pauper?"

It sounded terribly clever—clever enough to remember. I don't believe I ever understood it or really thought about it—just gathered it in as the greedy feminine does and accepted it in its spirit.

Mark Twain and Mr. Rogers were inseparable. It was the year before Mr. Rogers' death, but the vestiges of his extraordinary force were still apparent in him. He was tall and lean and good looking, with a fierce hawk-like nose. His hands were curious. All the fingers were almost exactly the same length, which I have been told is supposed to indicate great acquisitiveness.

He was famous for the variability of his temper, and one could tell his humors by the twist of his mustaches. "One end up" meant a fairly even temper. "Both ends up" meant ferocity. And "both ends down" meant peace and serenity and kind-hearted good humor.

THEN there was Lord Frederic Hamilton, a member of a great British family. He had been secretary to embassies in Buenos Aires, Berlin, and Petrograd. He was then about fifty, a bachelor, a man with an airy take-it-for-granted manner.

Lord Freddy, as we called him, liked to tell of the visit of two Bermudian ladies to England—clever, prim little maiden ladies who were members of one of the oldest Bermudian families and in possession of a beautiful place with the finest tennis courts on the Islands. There every distinguished visitor who came to the Islands was a guest. King George and his brother, the late Duke of Clarence, visited there as little boys.

These two ladies always wore white kid gloves, and the present King of England used to say confidentially to his hostesses:

"Oh, Miss G——, we hate those hot, white kid gloves. But our grandmother [Queen Victoria] makes us promise to wear them always."

When at last these two maiden ladies (whom people called affectionately "Love Forty" and "Deuce") left their native island for the first time to visit England, Lord Freddy, who was in England then, met them at the boat in a luxurious automobile. One can only appreciate their sensation when one realizes that they were to see for the first time an automobile, a locomotive, a river, a brook, even a circus, a lion or tiger or a serpent. For there are none of these things in Bermuda. Least of all serpents, for Bermuda is a true Paradise, even to the absence of snakes.

"Such pluck!" said Lord Hamilton. "We went at sixty miles an hour. Not a word out of them. White, tight-lipped and proud. The only indication of what they had endured by the experience was shown when they announced after dinner that they would like to retire early, since they were a bit fatigued by their sea voyage."

LORD HAMILTON'S debonair social manner was most vividly brought out in the presence of Woodrow Wilson. These two met at my house—Lord Hamilton facile and debonair, and Wilson by contrast so withdrawn. I am certain that Wilson disliked him for his very liveliness rather than for anything else.

And yet physically Wilson was rather graceful in spite of his raw-boned frame. And his leathery, lantern-jawed face with its loose skin was really capable of great beauty. For sometimes there was such repose and nobility in it, a transfiguration. His fine gray eyes were marvelously lambent and his mouth in repose was beautiful—a nineteenth-century mouth, I used to say it was, tranquil and sad and full of fine curves; not the grim, tight-lined mouth of the twentieth century.

Once I spoke of my appreciation of his good points in looks and thereafter he would often say in his letters: "The beautiful mouth has been making speeches."

He could never bring himself to use slang. In those days the slang expression "going some" was everywhere current—so much so that the most precious grammarians found it useful. Sometimes even Wilson condescended to it. But he could never bring himself to utter the words in their original terse vulgate; so he always said "going it some."

My last winter in Bermuda was 1912-'13 and since then I have never once returned. But even if I could I doubt if I would.

Now, if my hair were assayed it would show more than "a trace of silver." The feet that used to dance so gaily drag a bit in shoes that are the orthopedist's delight. Nearly all of the dear friends have gone on.

But Bermuda remains, its little islands of emerald in waters of sapphire and amethyst, all swimming in the ambient light of a Puvis de Chavannes atmosphere. Its quiet wooded drives! The smell of cedar and the bitter-sweet of oleander! And the old longing comes to lie on the face of those blue, blue waters—and rest.

THE END

Admiral Lord Fisher and Lady Fisher, with their daughters, and Captain the Honorable Maurice A. Bourke of whose tragic life Mrs. Hulbert writes feelingly.

Ask for them by name

When you ask for "corn flakes" always specify Post Toasties. These are the original Double-Thick Flakes that stay crisp in milk or cream. PostToasties belong to the famous line of Post Health Products. They are made by the makers of Post's Bran Flakes and Grape-Nuts, the largest producers of health foods in the world. Oven-fresh from Battle Creek they come to your table with their crispness and flavor protected by three wrappings: ① an inner bag; ② a cardboard carton; ③ a wax-paper seal. Look for the famous red and yellow wax-wrapped package and get genuine Post Toasties, the Double-Thick Corn Flakes! Send for free test package and make the Milk or Cream test for crispness and flavor.

Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. L-1-T-326, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products; Post Toasties (*Double-Thick Corn Flakes*), Postum Cereal, Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate and Instant Postum. In Canada: Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, 2, Ontario.

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Post Toasties *Double-Thick* Corn Flakes *stay crisp in milk or cream*

Natural Loveliness

Is ever the reward of sensible skin care—to safeguard your children's complexion and your own, just follow this simple daily rule

Palmolive is a beauty soap made solely for *one* purpose; to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is the second largest selling soap and has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Remember those facts when tempted to risk an unproved soap on your skin.

NATURAL beauty, simple and alluring, is the beauty standard of today.

The modern mother starts early with protective skin care for her children . . . and preserves her own youthful freshness in precisely the same way. That is, by the exclusion of artificial methods, often so hazardous to the skin.

Skin beauty starts with skin cleanliness; pores kept healthfully clean with the softening lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive. World's leading specialists on skin care agree to this.

Nature's simple rule to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. Let the final rinsing be with cold water. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

3095

THE shell detonated almost against the car.

Their Biggest "Kick" in the WAR

Such Incidents as These Made Up the Greatest Drama in History

By NORMAN S. HALL

Pictures by CAPT. JOHN THOMASON, JR.

THE ambulance driver compressed his lips and gripped the wheel. Behind him in the careening body of the car rode two wounded men, privates in the One Hundred and Second Infantry, Twenty-sixth Division, from a regimental aid station out on the Plain of the Woevre. He was headed through the darkness for a field hospital near Rupt-en-Woevre.

For a bad third of a mile enemy shells were digging up the road. He opened the throttle and zigzagged through the shell holes. Just another hundred yards and he——

"Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-zau—Bang!"

The car lurched to a halt. The driver leaped out. The shell had detonated almost against the car, killing instantly the two wounded men inside.

He got back in his seat. As he left the section of shelled road behind, he throttled down. Speed wouldn't help those torn bodies in the battered ambulance. Just then from inside the ambulance there drifted the wheezy notes of a mouth harp wailing, Where Do We Go from Here?

The hair began to creep on the back of the driver's neck. He "flattened her" and the car leaped forward. For a moment the music stopped, then it picked up again.

The driver crunched his car to a halt and stumbled out. The dead men's music picked up a steadier beat. Cautiously he approached the rear of the car.

There on the tailboard, quite oblivious to his surroundings, squatted a grimed buck. At sight of the driver's white face he took his harmonica from his mouth, slowly wiped it across his blouse, and grinned.

The driver gulped. "Wh-where'd you come from?"

"I joined up with you when you slowed down back there; thought I'd catch a lift to Divisional." He returned to his music.

"If you've got to play that damn thing," said the driver, "you play it up here in the front seat with me, where I won't be getting funny notions."

That was the greatest kick Earle E. Radikin, an ambulance driver of the One Hundred and Second Ambulance Company, Twenty-sixth Division, got in the war. Radikin, painter, poet, and roamer of the world, told me he can never forget that sensation of dead men's music out there on the Plain of the Woevre.

And to every man or woman who was in it there was the one greatest kick, the one big emotional jolt that left the sharpest impression of all. Invariably the entire war is summed up in these episodes, often tragic, sometimes grotesquely funny. A few of these supreme kicks are recorded here.

Harold Arthur Argles, of Toronto, was sixteen when he enlisted in the Royal Air Force; eighteen when he was made a captain.

Dawn. A billowing roar and the flight is on, Teddy Gerard in the lead.

A thousand feet. Two thousand feet. Three. A kid riding the clouds. Stray, irrelevant thoughts. His dad, acting colonel of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, dead at Ypres. Mumsie. A girl in Toronto.

Then, tense, alert, young Argles catches the "Hun sign" from Gerard's plane. He sees them now. Eleven Fokkers. Up, up, up—then a sickening side slip for position and the sustained grunt of his machine gun. A Fokker in flames falling, falling, falling. A short spiral, a quick, deft turn, and another climb.

Out of the east six more Fokkers bearing down on them. Gerard—good old Teddy—

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

HEALTH *You Admire*

Buoyant, vital, they banished their ills—found fresh joy in life—*with one simple food*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-27, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

Dancer praises simple food for digestive ills

"DUE TO THE STRENUOUS DEMANDS that my life as a dancer makes on me, I found myself very run-down. I was so very tired that I could not assimilate food. A friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast, so I decided to try it. In three weeks my digestion had improved remarkably. In six weeks I was as good as new. Nowadays as soon as I start feeling overtaxed, I take three cakes of Yeast a day to straighten me out."

CECILE D'ANDREA, Yonkers, N. Y.

BELOW

Ex-Mayor of St. Louis finds Yeast beneficial

"BEING SOMEWHAT FAGGED through close application to the many duties devolving upon the office of mayor, I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. Much to my gratification, I found the results most beneficial. It toned up my whole system. The great amount of Yeast consumed by the people of the United States indicates undoubtedly to my mind the wonderful medicinal properties in Fleischmann's product. It is no wonder that everywhere we meet enthusiasts about Fleischmann's Yeast."

HENRY W. KIEL, St. Louis, Mo.

Buffalo railroad man finds Yeast valuable in clearing complexion

"SKIN ERUPTIONS had broken out all over my face and body. I went to a doctor to see what he could do for me. He told me to take Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so for about two months. It was like magic. Now I have as fine a complexion as any one could wish. In addition Fleischmann's Yeast gave me a new lease on life. I was generally discouraged. Seemed to have no ambition and was thoroughly wretched. Now I am in the best of health and there is not a minute of the day that there is not some Yeast in the house."

HENRY W. EICH, Buffalo, N. Y.

RIGHT

Graduate nurse recommends Yeast

"I AM A GRADUATE NURSE. Necessarily eating all sorts of food, I became very constipated. I would not take cathartics, knowing the dangers of their continued use. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In a very short time my constipation was gone. The nicest part is the wonderful difference in my appearance. Now all my friends greet me with the remark, 'How well you look'. I recommend Yeast to many of my patients."

MRS. C. M. BULL, Columbus, Ohio

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation

THIRTY feet ahead of him a German private, the hugest man he ever saw.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

soaring down the air with both guns going and his throttle wide open. Gerard—killed while playing polo in Mesopotamia after the war—banking to get into position for another German flier. Suddenly, no Germans. Then he got the kick. Let him tell it:

"I looked down toward the earth and it was the sight that I saw then that really gave me my biggest thrill. The trenches reaching out like a scarf streaming from a lovely lady's neck—the illusion of calmness and serene peace—the last shells of an early morning 'show' biting into the ground—the poetry of the scene—that is a thrill I can never forget."

ARTHUR ROBINSON, noted magazine writer, went out with the famous "Silk Stocking" Seventh Regiment of the New York National Guard. He was commissioned and assigned to the Twenty-eighth Division.

The Twenty-eighth had pushed up the valley of the Marne from Chateau-Thierry. Day after day the guns of the division smashed the feverishly bolstered works of the Germans in retreat. Night upon night the infantry slogged out through the shell-churned fields and routed them with the bayonet.

But it had been a costly advance. Army Corps Headquarters sent down a hand-polished staff officer who drawlingly imparted the information that the Corps Commander wanted absolute possession of every inch of ground south of the Vesle.

Divisional Headquarters gave Robinson M Company of the One Hundred and Tenth Infantry to work with and northern France to work in. M Company went forward in three waves. They pushed Jerry to the Vesle, into it, beyond it; then, mindful of the counter-attack which was certain to follow, retired to a narrow-gauge railway.

Robinson's report was terse: "M Company has pushed the enemy beyond the Vesle. No Germans remain south of that river." To assure himself of the truth of this, M Company's commander made a lone tour of the captured territory. Not a German.

Good job. Good bunch of kids. Good—night!

Thirty feet ahead of him a German private—the hugest man, says Robinson, he ever saw—roared the German equivalent for "Who the hell is that?"

Robinson prayed that he could unlimber his automatic before the German loosed a "potato masher." The gun came out. He pulled the trigger. Click! Still that gigantic form stood there. He jerked back the sliding barrel and pulled the trigger again. Click! By actual count, he says, he pulled that trigger 6,482,538 times and was rewarded by as many clicks.

The German, convinced perhaps that he had given Robinson ample time to shoot him, wheeled and disappeared in the gloom.

Captain Sydney Gumpertz, now of New York, in the Reserve Corps, was First Sergeant of Company E, One Hundred and Thirty-second Infantry, Thirty-third Division.

The Argonne Drive was on. On the night of September 25, 1918, E Company had taken Forges Woods. It was a salient position in the plan of attack and orders came down to hold it at all costs. E Company held.

Somewhere out ahead an enemy machine gun "br-r-ruped" intermittently and the increasing casualties were begining to tell on E Company's morale. Gumpertz volunteered to put it out of action if two men would accompany him.

"You probably won't come back," said his captain, turning to a group on the fire step. "Sergeant Gumpertz wants two men to help him silence that machine gun," he added.

As the hammer responds to the trigger pull, came a quick, "I'll go, sir."

Just a mite of a man was standing in the center of the group. It was Corporal Paul Siclar.

"Me too, sir," and Sebastian Emma, Paul's buddy. Pride filled the company commander's eyes. Good kids!

OTHERS in the group were finding their feet. Paul wheeled on them: "You guys sit down. Me and Em was first."

There was no handshaking nor good-bying, just a cheery, "So long, fellas!" And Paul Siclar and Sebastian Emma, "a couple of wop kids from out Chicago way," wriggled out over the parapet in the wake of their first sergeant.

© A. H. Photo.

Mario Chamlee of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

They neared the machine-gun nest before the shells came down. Once Paul Siclar rose to his knees, took deliberate aim at the concealed nest, and pressed the trigger.

Sheer, gutty defiance, that! Thirty seconds later, his head crushed in by a fragment of shrapnel, he weltered in a shell hole—dead. Not far away lay Sebastian Emma, dying.

Gumpertz jerked his automatic out and let it spit its entire clip into that clump of bushes and sandbags. The clump of bushes and sandbags spat back.

He slapped home a fresh clip and was up and running—one man, crying from rage, charging a machine-gun nest to make 'em pay for those two kids dead back there in the mud!

Single-handed Gumpertz silenced the nest and took eleven prisoners. General Pershing decorated him with the Congressional Medal of Honor. Proud of it all? You bet he is. But listen to this:

"I'm most proud of those two kids. Why, there was something about the way they stepped forward that was holy—far and away beyond any thrill I have ever known. They gave me the biggest kick I'll ever get out of anything—the way those two little onions stepped up and volunteered to die."

MAJOR-GENERAL John F. O'Ryan commanded the Twenty-seventh Division, New York National Guard. Twenty-odd thousand units of grinding, smashing power. It was the accomplishment of this unit that gave him his greatest kick in the war.

General O'Ryan knew his officers, his noncoms, and his privates. The abilities of every platoon, the potentialities of every gun crew, were familiar details. "O'Ryan's Roughnecks!" Twenty-odd thousand of them, ready to fight, fish, or fly kites.

On September 27, 1918, the Roughnecks went into the Tunnel Sector. O'Ryan had his orders:

"Smash the Hindenburg Line."

Seven times picked shock troops of the British Expeditionary Forces drove against the massed soldiery of the Kaiser. Seven times the Germans flung the British line back.

In reserve O'Ryan's Roughnecks and Major-General Read's Thirtieth Division waited. After the seventh repulse of the British, the Twenty-seventh and the Thirtieth moved in.

Miss Isabel McCaw, who served in Macedonia.

Followed one of the most moving spectacles in the history of the world. The Hindenburg Line was smashed.

The participation of the Twenty-seventh in that feat gave Major-General O'Ryan his greatest thrill. As he expresses it:

"It was a thrill of pride in my men and the men of General Read's division, that they, called upon in a grave emergency, succeeded in penetrating for the first time the hitherto invulnerable Hindenburg Line."

Miss Marion Royle of Winnipeg was one of the few Canadian girls to be commissioned a lieutenant in the British "Waacs"—Women's Army Auxiliary Corps—later Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps.

Abbeville in March, 1918. Constant streams of broken men working their way back from that vague, terror-filled realm—the Line. The last draft, red-faced kids from England—home!—plodding through the mud to dice with death.

"Waacs" doing a thousand and one jobs that more men might be tossed into the caldron of battle. Just girls, all of them, but girls with old faces and tired, lack-luster eyes. The enemy was very close to Abbeville in March, 1918.

So close, in fact, that the British General Staff was seriously considering removing the girls to England and safety. This the girls resented. The General Staff liked their spirit and withheld the order.

The rain ceased on March twentieth. The phone in the Waac commander's office buzzed.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

A Brand New HOTEL SHERMAN
NOW IN CHICAGO

TODAY THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK

Hotel Sherman — the Travelers' Shrine

Hendrik Willem van Loon

Hendrik Willem van Loon

When I came home from Europe there were seven large boxes filled with mail. Of course, one could have used them as "anthracite substitute," but somewhere or other among those seven boxes there lived a check for royalties. You know how it is. You write a book and someone publishes it. Then, two years later, he sends you a statement that he has sold eight copies and that he owes you seventy-six cents. And again, two years later, if all goes well, he sends you the check, certified and everything. One of those checks was somewhere in that pile.

There was nothing for it but to open every invitation for a free lecture; peruse every letter asking me whether my name was pronounced Loon or Luhn or Loan or Lawn; read every envelope containing the remedy for all future evils which people insist upon sending me, probably under the impression that any one who knows so much about the idiocy of the human race in the past ought to take an interest in the unavoidable foibles of the times to come.

And then, in the midst of this giddy avalanche of flubdub was a letter announcing that the Byfields and Frank Bering had built a hotel, actually built it, full of homey features—features for busy people and tired people and hungry people—things I had so often hoped to find in an inn. Among these are beds "long enough for tall people" . . . . "beds seven feet long" . . . . "sheets wider than nine inches." I read no further. I thought and wept. I thought and wept over 73,298 hours of sleep I have lost trying to behave like an individual sardine served on a toothpick. Surely this new Hotel Sherman will become the travelers' shrine.

Hendrik Willem van Loon.

Homelike Atmosphere in New Sherman

THE New Hotel Sherman proves that a huge modern hotel *can* be home-like. Here you find a friendly atmosphere, a sense of being welcome, a feeling that every attache is concerned with your comfort and welfare. This is not a matter of chance—appreciation of true hospitality and years of experience in serving the traveling public has brought it about.

Immediate room assignment under all ordinary circumstances is a popular new policy.

Plenty of high-speed elevators, a passageway direct from the street to the desks and elevators, a special floor for women, a floor with extra long beds for tall guests—these are only a few of the innovations introduced for the guest's comfort.

Housekeepers on every floor

Most Central of Chicago's Hotels—Nearest Theatres, Shopping District, Public Buildings, Boulevards.

◆ ◆

New, large sample rooms

1700 Rooms — Each With Bath

75% at the HOTEL SHERMAN'S most moderate rates

NO WAITING FOR ROOM ASSIGNMENT

under all ordinary circumstances

"The House on the Roof," a magnificently furnished, eight-room Georgian dwelling above the twenty-third story, formally opened by President and Mrs. Coolidge with a reception during a recent visit to Chicago. Hotel Sherman's contribution to the entertainment of distinguished visitors to Chicago

Four Nationally Known Restaurants

THE COLLEGE INN, internationally famous for its cuisine and a gathering place for notables, has Abe Lyman and his famous orchestra as its musical attraction during the season of 1925-26.

The BAL TABARIN, Chicago's smartest supper club, has a beautiful new home, decorated by Tony Sarg. It features the leading cabaret attractions. Reached from the Lake Street Entrance.

Another notable restaurant is the OLD TOWN COFFEE ROOM, decorated by Tony Sarg with a huge cartographer's map of Chicago in 1852. It is one of the show places of Chicago. It serves the famous Hotel Sherman food at coffee shop prices.

A larger and handsomer CELTIC CAFE on the lobby floor offers the food and surroundings business men like. It's very popular.

◆ ◆

JOSEPH BYFIELD
President

◆

FRANK W. BERING
Vice-President and Managing Director

NEW HOTEL SHERMAN

RANDOLPH · CLARK · LAKE · & · LASALLE · STREETS · Chicago

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

The commander, a tall, matronly woman, answered.

"Enemy planes sighted." She turned to Lieutenant Royle. "Shelter pits," she said. The girls, many with nothing but uniform greatcoats over their pajamas, scurried into the pits.

In one of the trenches a girl's rich laughing cockney voice piped up, "Awh, moiy, Oiy dawn't want to doi. Oiy wants ta gawh 'ome." A bomb detonated several hundred yards away. Again that cockney voice, "Gor bli'me, Fritzie must 'av' been tyking lessons in shootink."

Miss Royle located the voice, "You take command here," she said, "I'm going into the next trench."

"Right ho, mum," came back the cockney.

Miss Royle, her body a fine target in the moonlight, wriggled to the next trench, and the next, assuring herself that the girls under her command were safe. A Gotha bombing plane, its motors roaring, hove in sight. She jumped up and ran for the shelter where she had left the cockney girl in command.

There was a flash, an all-consuming wave of sound, and the earth seemed to heap up about her. She struggled free, spat dirt and pebbles from her mouth, and continued toward the trench. At the bottom she found her cockney. The irrepressible one lay on her side as though asleep. A whimsical smile bent her mouth. But there was a seeping dark stain on the blouse of her uniform and her pulse was still.

Ambulances came to take away the wounded. There was no fainting, no hysterics.

The next day the commanding officer read General Haig's decision:

"Yesterday has proved the valor of the members of the Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps under fire. Being soldiers, they will not be removed from battle areas nor from France till the war is over."

MARIO CHAMLEE, tenor in the Metropolitan Opera Company, was attached to the Three Hundred and Fifth Field Artillery, Seventy-seventh Division.

Eleven o'clock on the morning of November 11, 1918. The outskirts of a battered village in the Argonne. No more war! No more cooties! No more nothing! Somebody started to sing. Somebody else had an ear for music. It was he who yelled, "Tie a mess cup over the front of that guy's head. He can't sing. Get Mario. Hey, Mario! Come on kid, warble a few."

And Mario did. He sang a song that is guaranteed to make every soldier audience sit around with its faces cupped in its hands and stare pensively at nothing—The Long, Long Trail.

Mario had waved them in and they were bellowing that last line —"long, trai-ai-ai-l with you," when there came the too familiar scream-bang of a shell, and another crater smoked in the shattered town.

THE men who three hours before would have dodged with accustomed promptness into their dugout, stood helpless and amazed. For once in his life, Mario's voice finished on a flat note.

That was just a beginning. All

TOOK deliberate aim and pressed the trigger—sheer, gutty defiance, that.

that afternoon shells plopped down in the little village. A detail coming in from outpost duty, hilariously celebrating the Armistice, was hemmed in between the stark walls of two partly demolished buildings and killed to a man.

And the shells were coming from the rear! That night a patrol scoured the shell-scarred woods and miles to the rear found the mystery gun. With its communications cut off the crew had no means of knowing an armistice had been declared.

That belated bombardment gave Mario Chamlee his greatest thrill and, he believes, provided the supreme kick for many others in that detachment of the Three Hundred and Fifth Field.

Miss Isabel McCaw of Montreal was decorated with the Serbian Distinguished Order and the Scottish Women's Medal for her services in Macedonia and Serbia while attached to the First Serbian Army. She drove an ambulance in the Serbian Transport Unit of the Scottish Women's Hospital.

A bearded Turk and a thirsty blade! An intrepid woman in male attire and a violated Turkish tradition! They nearly spelled disaster.

In search of fresh eggs for wounded British Tommies, Miss McCaw, Mrs. Green, the hospital administrator, and a Serbian cavalry major made a trip into the interior. While Mrs. Green haggled over the eggs Miss McCaw strolled through the picturesque village.

Narrow, mysterious alleys. Great gloomy arches leading to courtyards where the barred harems glinted dully in the gloom. A half-sleepy, half-sinister atmosphere that edged curiosity.

Trimly erect in her olive-drab uniform, efficiently shod in high, rough boots, and with a soldier's kepi at a rakish angle atop her cropped hair, she looked every inch the adventurous young soldier. As she walked slowly up one of the narrow alleys, a door opened and six women slipped out. Their snowy yashmaks veiled everything except their heavily penciled eyebrows and onyx eyes.

At sight of Miss McCaw they hesitated, seemingly unwilling to pass her. Quickly she unlimbered the camera she always carried and snapped the group. As she swung the camera over her shoulder there was a bellow of rage behind the women of the harem and a short fat Turk, brandishing a scimitar, charged toward her. Explain? Not with that blade cutting circles in the air! She turned and ran, the Turk hot on her heels.

Once she fell and for a heartbreaking second expected a blow from that curved blade. But she was up and away before the Turk came within striking distance. She turned from alley to alley, realizing she did not know where she had left Mrs. Green and the Serbian major. She raised her voice in a yell of fright, tripped, and fell again. She felt the rush of a body hurtling over her, heard a man shout, and recognized the Serbian major's voice as he yelled commands at the bearded man with the scimitar.

SHE scrambled to her feet and watched the Turk, anger still dominating his countenance, stride away. The major was laughing, but Miss McCaw couldn't see the funny side of it. The major explained.

"You see," he said, "the old fellow thought that you were a young British Tommy trying to get fresh with his women. When I told him you were a woman, he was for slicing at me with that half-moon saber of his. I had to give him my sacred oath before he would believe me."

Miss McCaw glanced down at her male attire, gingerly rubbed a bruised knee, and admitted that skirts have their uses—even in time of war.

THE END

SCIENCE has conquered the air surrounding the earth. It has also conquered the hair surrounding the face. The former is called aviation, the latter dermutation.

The airplane, like Mennen Shaving Cream, established new standards of speed. But flying is still nerve-wracking, expensive and dependent on Nature's mood.

Shaving, thanks to Mennen, is now comfortable, economical, and divorced from natural conditions such as weather, or the temperature and hardness of water. No pulling or scraping—just clean, smooth, speedy de-whiskering.

Mennen science also offers Skin Balm for after-shaving luxury. Mere words can't describe the tingling bite of it, the flood of cooling comfort it brings to the face, the refreshing man-style odor.

And while it's giving your face a treat, your skin is getting an antiseptic treatment. Comes in tubes, sells for 50c.

And afterwards, Mennen Talcum for Men. Soothing, healing. Doesn't show on the face. Absorbs moisture. Protects against the elements, to say nothing of a scraggly collar. Two bits for a large tin.

Your druggist sells this modern science over the counter. Get some to-day.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

Dermutation
makes shaving a soft snap

no trespassing on leisure

A little job here, a little job there. Moments slip away from leisure. And presently it's too late for the matinee, the shopping trip, the call.

The Premier Duplex never trespasses on leisure. It needs no after-hours care. Its motor and brush are both ball bearing. They need *no oiling!*

And the Premier Duplex makes big jobs seem little. Its double action cleans so fast and thoroughly. The motor-driven brush *brushes off* threads and lint, and *brushes loose* mud and grit. Then powerful suction bags the dirt. Housework is over, and leisure begins!

Premier Duplex

Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto, and distributed also by the Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto.

• • •

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Masque-Ball

Pictures by W. B. KING

The Adventure of a Girl in a Borrowed Dress

By

Samuel Hopkins Adams

EXTRAVAGANCE is the only term for it; wild, unwarranted extravagance. But she was so tired. That overtime at the office for the third night running had sapped her and the taxi looked so festal with its tricolored lights, blue and green and red. No vehicle for a poor but honest working girl with a dangerous resentment.

If she did take it she felt in her heart that the step would be determinative, the beginning of surrender. She foresaw every succeeding process of the evening—the scrabbled-together supper in the cheerless room on the obscure side street; then perhaps she would cry a little, and then she would go out and send her telegram.

A car clanged toward her. She started for it. Even at that evening hour it was stuffed full of the mosaic of long-suffering humanity. And the taxi looked so roomy, so restful. With one desperate motion she yanked open the door and hurled herself in.

She sank back into the impersonal embrace of luxury. The next few hours were still hers, anyway, and she was still her own. She would resolutely put aside more disturbing thoughts and savor to the full her enjoyment of her feelings of delightful guilt.

Perhaps it was a subconscious realization of that which, all unnoted by the conscious sense, stood so close to her; but she suddenly felt a yearning so reckless as to be almost criminal for one wild fling with life before she sank out of sight. The cab swerved at a turn and the other occupant of the seat fell flat in her lap.

It was a box of a character unmistakable to any feminine eye. Even without the name and West Fifty-seventh Street address it told its own story in a faint seducing exhalation of costly fluffiness. Nothing but a party gown in the heyday of its glory breathes out that aroma. The twinkly lights, green and blue and red, began to perform a firefly dance within her brain. She sat staring, speculating, making pictures for herself, when the taxi slowed up for a blockade and came to a halt before a tall, radiant house whence issued the clamor of revelry by night. It was a party. Undeniably it was a party.

The alcove was occupied by a ventriloquist in a silk hat with a blonde doll on one knee and a brunette doll on the other.

The policeman who had been leaning against the awning looked up. He was a long, young, thoughtful appearing policeman whose philosophic calm was unshattered by the catapultic impact of a slender girl and a fashionable-looking box.

So violent was the collision, so dangerously near to assault and battery that, had he been an authentic policeman, he might have ar-

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rested her then and there. Instead he hastily pulled the top of his coat together to conceal a most unofficial-looking black dress tie and stiff white shirt.

"What," said the girl breathlessly, "shall I do with this?"

Said the policeman with awakening interest: "Is it the missing papers or the dismembered body of the lost duke?"

"I think it's a party dress."

"Then wear it to the party."

"This party?" she faltered.

"Why not?"

"I don't know the people."

"Need that matter?"

"But it isn't my dress."

"Need *that* matter?"

"I didn't know they developed minds like yours on the police force," said the girl admiringly.

"Still, we must give conscience a fair shake," he pursued. "You ask the taxi man where he got it and I'll have a look inside."

WHILE she was conducting the inquiry he opened an end of the box and exhumed from one corner a small paper which he read with manifest surprise and which, upon swift and concentrated thought, he pinned hurriedly into the dress, assuming an air of convincing ignorance as the girl returned with:

"He doesn't know anything about anything."

"A taxi driver isn't supposed to," answered the policeman. "It saves him trouble."

"Well?" queried the girl.

He tapped the box with a rhythmic finger. "I know what you're thinking. You're thinking 'Suppose it fitted me.'"

"Don't!" said the girl.

"Brown-red hair and red-brown eyes," he resumed, contemplating her with the eye of a connoisseur, "and a complexion like ivory with a flame back of it. The green and gold of that gown would just set you off. You'd be as pretty as a speckled hen in it."

"Oh, shut-tup!" wailed the girl.

"But if it *should* fit?" he whispered insinuatingly.

"Yes," gasped the girl.

"I'll be waiting right here," said the policeman.

No sooner had her taxi disappeared than he passed into the house and called a number on the phone. A crisp and decided young voice answered him.

"Is that you, Adele?" said the policeman. "Do you love me?"

"Madly. Who is it?"

"Bingo. Are you coming to the party?"

"Which? The Weatherbys'? I don't think so."

"Well, your dress is." He explained as well as he could until he got to an attempt at description, when he became almost incoherent.

"What's all the fever about?" inquired Miss Adele Trainor. "Who is this world-beater?"

"I don't know. But she looks as if she'd just hatched out of an angel egg."

"Easy around the curves, old boy! I thought you were girl-proof."

"Yes, but this isn't just a girl. It's something else again, and if it doesn't dodge I'm liable to marry it. Will you stand by?"

"To the last orange blossom if she gives me the chance. You think she'll call up?"

"I'd bet on it. You can tell at the first look that she's the kind that does the straight thing. You'll hear from her as soon as she finds the address."

"All right. I'll give her a running start on the party. Bingo, do you know Philip Falkener?"

"No. Who is he?"

"Your rival. You're going to spend the rest of the evening trying to find him."

"Am I! I'm going to spend the rest of the evening with that red-brown angel-chick if she comes back. What do you mean Philip Falkener?" he added suspiciously, for he had heard her chuckle, and when Adele Trainor chuckles it behooves men and angels to mind their step—but particularly men. With that chuckle she rang off.

The policeman mounted a chair and bellowed melodiously: "Has anybody here seen Philip Falkener?"

Within an hour she was called again, this time by a desolated girlish voice.

"Yes; I'm Adele Trainor. Who is this?"

"You wouldn't know me. I've got your dress. From Perous'. I found it in a taxi."

"That idiot of a maid of mine! Well, where is it now?"

"It's—it's on me. You see, I didn't find the paper with the address until it began to tickle my ribs."

"Does it fit?"

"Per-(gulp)-fectly."

"Well, that's nothing to get sobby over. Were you going somewhere in it?"

"I—I did think of it."

"Well, go ahead."

"What? In your dress?"

"Unless you've got a better one. Whose party is it, if you don't mind?"

"I don't know their name. It's on East Sixty-eighth Street."

"If you don't know 'em, how do you come to be going?"

"A policeman asked me."

"Fair enough. See here: I want to know something about the effect my dress is going to have. Are you good looking?"

The subject of this somewhat personal query hesitated. Then she thought of the policeman's definite opinion, and said with deep conviction:

"I'm as pretty as a speckled hen."

"Very splendid. Well, I've an idea that I know about that party you're bound for. If you see Phil Falkener there——"

"Who?"

"Philip Harkness Falkener."

"Why should I see him there?"

"Why shouldn't you? He's easy to see, and just as likely to be at one party as another. For that matter he's likely to be at all of 'em, one after another. After you find him, kiss him once, gently but firmly——"

"Wh—wh—why?"

"Why not? He's easy to kiss. Try it. Halfway between the collar button and the eyeglass. Also he's safe, being engaged."

"Are you sure?"

"As sure as anybody can be," returned Miss Trainor with a chuckle.

"Oh!" said the voice. "I see. But I meant, are you sure he's safe?"

"Hard-boiled. Try him and see."

"But if he's engaged to you why should you want me to—to——"

"Try and find out! Good-by and good luck."

The telephone clicked on the thanks of the voice at the far end.

SAID the long, young, expectant policeman joyously: "It fits like a glove. But why the black patches on the so-easy-to-look-at face?"

"I've come as a speckled hen," explained the girl.

"High thinking! High thinking!" commented the policeman. "But how did you know it was a costume party?"

"I figured that you were much too good to be real. So I peeked. I'm going to peek again."

The girl gazed with enchanted eyes down a long succession of lofty rooms filled with color and movement and the intoxicant hum of life speeded up like a huge, smooth engine whose vibrations throbbed in the quick blood and swayed in the suave rhythm of the confused and joyous figures.

"What about host and hostess, if any?" she asked.

"Couldn't find 'em if we tried. Likely as not they've gone to bed or on to some other party. That's the way it is in this house."

"I rather like it that way. My next move is to find Mr. Falkener."

"Who?"

"Mr. Philip Falkener."

The policeman began to think rapidly. This was Adele's doing, of course. But just what was Adele up to? He'd best go slow and play safe.

"What does this Falkener blight look like?" he inquired.

"I don't know. I never saw him."

"Oh; that's different. That being the case, we'll go about crying: 'Has anyone here seen Falkener?' It'll probably take us all the evening," he added cheerfully.

"Let's begin right here. Maybe that's he—with the monocle."

"I hardly think so. I remember hearing that the Falkeners are all in modified mourning—about one-half of one per cent. Therefore we'd better look for a man whose second shirt-stud counting from the top is black. The Falkeners are awfully good form about these things."

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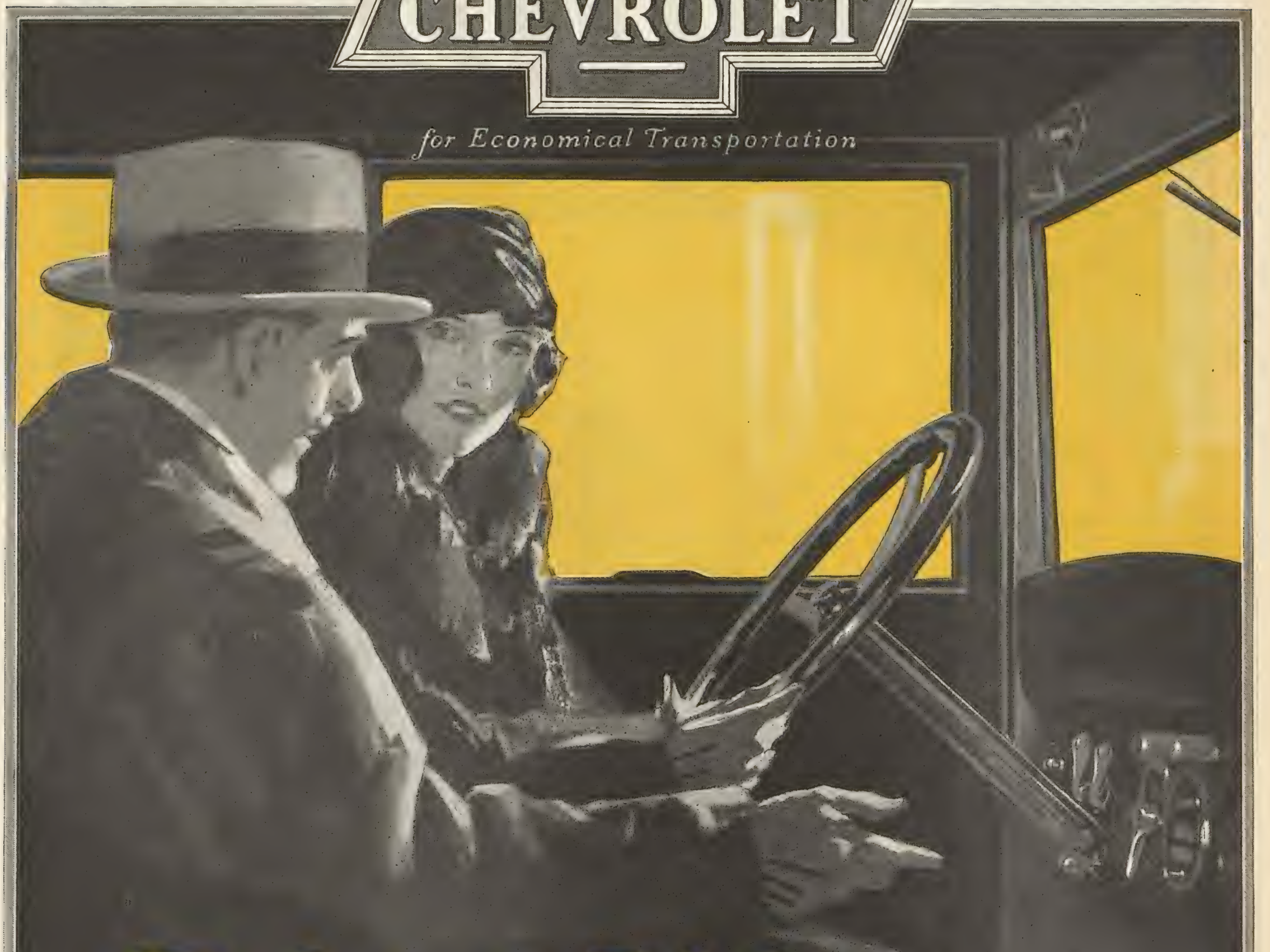

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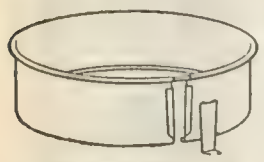

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Star-Points of a Fine Spring-Form Torte Pan

The Material—Extra thick, hard pure aluminum; the kind that makes *all* Mirro utensils long-lived and economical.

The Finish—A high, lasting, mirror-like polish. Prevents foods sticking; resists scratching; makes cleaning easy.

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The Price—Only $1.40. Just 14 cents per year for the first ten years—nothing per year afterward—that is all you pay for the satisfaction of owning the best.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

"I see. What are his other shirt-studs likely to be?"

"Black too, I suppose. But as I was saying, they're strong on family ties and always wear their dash of black after death. You understand, don't you?"

"Perfectly."

"Then I could learn to love you in ten easy lessons."

"The crazier they are, the more I fall for 'em," said the girl. "If it weren't for the Falkener man, I'd be awfully inflamed about you already. But I've got a date to kiss him this evening."

"Is that so?" replied the policeman thoughtfully, and repeated himself with a slightly different stress: "*Is* that so! Let's go." He held out his hand. "Falkeners," he explained, "are always stalked hand in hand. It inspires confidence in the shy creature."

Thus linked they passed from room to room. Sometimes they danced and sometimes they walked and frequently the policeman mounted a chair and bellowed melodiously, "Has anybody here seen Philip Falkener?" and then dragged his companion rapidly away lest someone answer in the undesired affirmative.

"TAKE your arm away from that g o w n!" commanded its rightful owner in quivering tones.

Nobody did answer in the affirmative, and nobody seemed to care at all or to pay any heed. So the searchers passed on to an alcove where they intended to sit down and rest. But it was already occupied by a ventriloquist in a silk hat with a blonde doll on one knee and a brunette doll on the other. The dolls' voices were as natural as if they had been alive—which, as a matter of fact, they were.

"Ask me," said the ventriloquist. Out of courtesy they asked him.

"Anesthesia," said the ventriloquist to the blonde doll, "where is Philip Falkener?"

"Ask Cornucopia," said the blonde doll. "She has just finished the directory."

The brunette doll lifted a rapt face to the policeman. "I don't know your lost friend or what he is wanted for, but in the conservatory anteroom there is a short young man with a black eye who has just had his fortune told by a plumber's assistant. If he is not Philip Falkener I don't know who is. Now kiss me and go forever, for I can bear no more."

Whereupon the ventriloquist kissed her (which seemed to do just as well) and the searchers proceeded upon the clew. At the designated spot they found the young man with a black eye, peering into a globe.

"There he is," said the girl. "Aren't you Philip Falkener?"

"Discovered!" said the young man, staring at her with unmitigated admiration. "Did you ever teach a goldfish to whistle?"

"No."

"Then I don't see how you can be of any use to me."

"Leave us," said the girl to the policeman.

The policeman sulkily withdrew. The young man projected his blackened eye over the globe again. "They're very dull on the uptake," he complained. "I can't even make them understand the rudiments of the art, which is to pucker properly. You try it."

Obligingly the girl tried it and the young man signified his approbation in a prompt and emphatic manner.

"Don't," said the girl. "I don't like it."

"Is that the proper spirit to come to a party in?"

The girl's conscience stung her. "Of course, as you are Philip Falkener——"

"Never heard of him."

"But you said 'Discovered.'"

"Oh, that was just my obliging disposition. We strive to please. So I was willing to be whoever you wanted me to be. Don't you like me?"

"I like the policeman better."

"Help!"

The policeman appeared at the door.

"Take her away," ordered the piscatorial instructor. "She kissed me."

"I didn't. I don't like your face."

"It's a grand face when it's in repair. But she likes yours better," the pedagogue informed the policeman. "Would anyone believe it! Take her away."

The policeman took her away.

"Why did you let me think that was Mr. Falkener?" she demanded.

"Thought I might as well lead you up to the truth gently."

"Then you knew he wasn't?"

"I at least suspected it."

"You knew. I can tell by your look. How did you know?"

A deprecatory and self-conscious smile overspread the policeman's features. He struck an attitude. Then it flashed upon her.

"You're Philip Falkener yourself!"

The policeman grinned more broadly. He held up a finger and with it marked the rhythm of a deep-voiced clock somewhere in the distance. "The mystic hour has struck,"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

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The famous Phoenix Number 368 has made the wearing of fine hosiery an *inexpensive* enjoyment.

This beautiful stocking is made of the long strands of pure Japanese silk, accurately *full-fashioned* and cleverly reinforced at the heel and toe, where the stress of the wear is greatest. It has a full garter top, an invisible *stop-run*, and comes in all of the popular colorings.

In all the stores this famous No. 368 retails for only $1.85 a pair.

PHOENIX

PHOENIX HOSIERY

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he observed. "The quest has ended. 'Journeys end in lovers meeting.'"

"What do you mean lovers meeting?" demanded the girl indignantly.

"You said that when you found Philip Falkener you were going to kiss him."

"That was yesterday. Today is something else again."

"Then you're going to renege?" he queried.

The girl said abruptly: "I wish I hadn't come."

"Why?"

"I like it all too much. I don't want it ever to stop. This is my last night and I want it all to be as good as it's been so far."

"It might even be better. But what's the core of the last-night-on-earth thought?"

His manner of speech was light but there was an intentness in his eyes.

"Oh, I'm sick of being a failure and I might as well face it now as later."

"I know a grand little poem against that."

"Against what?"

"Against what the headlines would call your rash resolve. I've forgotten the title but the refrain is: 'I think I will not hang myself today,' and the moral is——"

"The moral wouldn't do me any good because I wasn't thinking of hanging myself."

"No? What, then? Poison? The river?"

"Telegram."

He studied her face and his own became graver. "Saying 'Yes'?"

"You're uncanny, Philip Falkener."

"Well, marriage is a form of hanging, except that you put the noose around your soul instead of your neck. Unless you're crazy about him, that is. I can see him now. He's old and rich and miserly and greedy and he has clammy hands——"

THE girl rose with dignity. "He's as young as you are and much better looking and he's very generous and kind and he's been crazy about me ever since we were children, and—and—and——"

"And you just—can't—quite—stand—the—thought—of it," said the policeman brutally. "Don't do it."

"Do what?" said the girl.

"Hang yourself today."

"I've got to," said the girl.

"Think," he adjured and kissed her.

"I can't think at all when you do that," she complained.

"That proves it, doesn't it?" he cried triumphantly and kissed her again.

A low, freezing moan interrupted further proceedings. Both whirled. Outside the door in a tragic pose stood a beautiful creature. No need to ask who it was; fiery conscience told the girl.

"Wretch!" said the newcomer.

As this observation might appropriately be regarded as personal to either or both of them, the pair answered together, the girl more to the point than the man, who said merely, "Urh!" in a startled grunt, while she put up a defense, such as it was:

"I forgot all about you."

"So it would seem," said the apparition.

"Well, didn't you tell me to—to——"

"I didn't tell him to."

"I didn't have to be told,"

stated the policeman, which was no more than the truth.

"You did not," confirmed the intruder. "Oh, Philip Harkness Falkener!"

"Eh?" gasped the person addressed. His chin fell; his eyes popped. He made a desperate clutch at the nearest object, which happened to be the slender golden waist of the girl beside him.

"Take your arm away from that gown!" commanded its rightful owner in quivering tones. "Remember how many times it has been there in other circumstances."

"I thought it was a new gown," feebly interposed the wearer.

"Well, other gowns, then. Lots of 'em. Hundreds of times."

"It's a lie—a mistake," averred the policeman fervently.

"It's as true as that your name is Philip Falkener. Isn't it?" she challenged.

"I can explain," he began, and observed that there was nothing to explain to. The girl had vanished from his side.

"Now look what you've done!" groaned the policeman.

Adele Trainor sat down and laughed until she gasped. "It's certainly going big," she cooed.

"Going big! It's gummed."

"Not a bit of it. Does she look as good to you as she did at first sight?"

"Better. I'm mad about her."

"Then go in and win."

"Yes, with your help—I guess not!" retorted the policeman bitterly. "Why did you tell her I was this Falkener person?"

"Why did you?"

"I—how did you know I did?"

"I figured it out that you probably would—with my self-oiling brain."

"I'll admit it's self-oiling! What an awful wife you'd make, Adele. But why did you make out we were engaged?"

"Just to make it more interesting."

"It was interesting enough before you came. Who is this Falkener, anyway?"

"There isn't any. I invented him for the evening, and he's certainly going big."

"Adele, if you pull that line again I'll beat you up with my night stick."

"Save your gentle attentions for her. She's certainly a charming thing, Bingo. Are you sure your intentions are noble?"

"It's no good if they are. She's going out to hang herself——"

"*What?*"

"I mean to say she's going to get married to a wart-hog from darkest Michigan or somewhere that she doesn't give a damn about——"

"Then stop her."

"How'll I stop her if I can't find her?"

"I'll find her for you."

She did.

The two beauties joined the waiting policeman at the door.

THE girl put out her hand to Adele Trainor. "Thank you so much for the frock," she said quietly. "It was lovely. I'll send it back tomorrow."

"Don't. Keep it—for your wedding dress."

"*This* dress?" The girl looked up, then looked away. "Oh, I couldn't." Her voice broke on a little sob.

"You've got her going," whispered Miss Trainor in the policeman's ear. Aloud she added with quite intolerable magnanimity: "Phil, you may take her home."

"I don't want him to," said the girl.

"Oh, but it's much too late for you to go alone. And I'm sure I can trust you with him—now," cooed Miss Trainor.

At that the girl's spirit flamed—as the wily Miss Trainor had planned.

"Come," said the girl. She turned to Miss Trainor. "You gave him to me to play with tonight," she said, "and it's still tonight. You can have him tomorrow and I don't think he'll be much damaged."

"Where are we going?" asked the policeman.

"To the nearest telegraph office."

The sleepy telegraph attendant was too inured to strange combinations to show any surprise at a very pretty and rather desperate-looking girl in evening dress accompanied by a policeman. Probably a swell "moll" wiring for bail.

The girl dashed off an address,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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For twenty years I have been a food demonstrator. I have met lots of people — about 25,000 a year. Men, women, and children. Notables and common folks. I served Postum to them. They liked it. "Mrs. Blanchard, that's the best drink I ever tasted." Thousands have told me that.

That set us thinking. If people became so interested in Postum when I told them about it face to face, why shouldn't I reach an even larger number through the newspapers and magazines?

That is how I happen to be talking to you now.

I wanted everyone to find out the effects of caffein on *themselves*. So I originated the thirty-day test, and told people about it as I am telling you. I received bales and bales of coupons from those starting the test. They came by the hundreds in every mail.

Last year over 200,000 men and women made the thirty-day test.

At the end of thirty days, they measured their own physical gains —how much better they felt, how much better they looked. *And four out of the five decided never to go back to caffein.*

It seems to me, with all the advantages on its side, that you must want to make the thirty-day test of Postum, too.

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Let me send you one week's supply of Postum, free, to start you on the thirty-day test. I will include my personal directions for preparing it in the most delicious way, both with boiling water, for yourself, and with hot milk, for children.

If you would prefer to begin the test today, you'll find Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

For one week's free supply, send me your name and address, indicating whether you prefer Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup, with boiling water or hot milk), or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

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[MASQUE-BALL Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

a single-word message, and a brief signature.

"St. Paul, Minnesota. Straight telegram. Eighty-seven cents, please."

After a moment's search the girl turned to the policeman. "I haven't any money," she said in a small and shaky voice.

The policeman took out a roll of bills. She handed him the blank. He questioned her with his eyes. She nodded. He read the message.

"You're sure you want this sent?"

"*Yes.*" She ran blindly to the cool outer air because there wasn't enough inside to keep her voice from thickening.

The policeman went to the desk and briefly edited the blank. Stepping to the door, he thrust forward the amendment.

"What is it?" asked the girl drearily.

"Read it."

"I don't want to read it again."

"Then I am authorized to send it as is?"

SOMETHING just a little too bland in his voice stopped short the "Yes" on her lips. She read the unchanged message; she read the unaltered signature; then she read the address and saw the substitution.

"Who," she demanded in tones of suspicion, "is Richard Carter Kinney?"

"I am."

"You can't be."

He produced a card, letters, an initialed handkerchief. None of them had any indication of Philip Falkener. They were unanimously true to the initials, R. C. K.

"But you said you were Philip Falkener."

"Need that matter?" said the policeman persuasively.

"Of course it matters. And Adele Trainor said that you were engaged to her."

"Need *that* matter? She's the prize liar among my cousins. I'm engaged to you."

"You're *not*."

"I will be if you send that wire."

The girl reflected.

"No; I can't send that wire. But I'll send another. Give me half a dollar and go outside; this one isn't for you to see."

He obeyed.

Presently she joined him, looking very demure.

They got into a taxi.

"Well, that's Nuh York," said the telegraph man, looking after them. "A skirt comes in in a pinch, she goes out in a clinch, and between the two she wires a guy on Park Avenue that she won't hang herself till later. I hadn't oughta put such guff on the wire."

But he sent it just the same.

THE END

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Inside BASEBALL

John McGraw *tells* play *by* play *How He* wins critical Big League Contests

McGraw and his assistant, Hugh Jennings, coaching a rookie at San Antonio.

from McGraw *to* *Hugh Fullerton* to YOU

JOHN J. McGRAW, Manager of the New York Giants, who is the greatest baseball general and leader in the history of the game, consented to give me this article for the sake of the kid baseball players of America. He agreed to take a real game and play it over, play by play, man by man, stage by stage, in order that the youngsters may learn how games are planned and directed by the Major League managers.

The game he analyzes here actually was played between the New York and Pittsburgh teams at a critical stage of their pennant struggle last fall. Here it is in his own words:

PITTSBURGH and New York were battling for the pennant late in the season. Pittsburgh practically had the championship clinched, but there still was a mathematical possibility of New York's winning. At that stage a defeat for the Giants meant the extinguishing of the last hope. Pittsburgh could afford to take a chance on losing a game. New York *had* to win or the race was over.

The first preparation for this game naturally was to figure which pitcher McKechnie would use against us. His pitchers were working pretty well in rotation, and it was a foregone conclusion that unless Morrison had a sore arm or was not feeling well he would pitch the game.

Usually I plan which pitcher to use, watching the pitchers warm up, and get reports from them and from the catchers as to what their form is that day, but I make snap judgment in a great many cases. Of course, if a man is arm weary or if his curve lacks keenness or his speed is dull, he is out. But when pitchers look to be near their real form I play a hunch.

In this game I wanted a right-hander with a fast curve because a pitcher of that style is always likely to stop Pittsburgh.

Fitzsimmons fitted the requirements of this game. He is comparatively a youngster and doesn't know opposing batters as well as some of our pitchers do, so it became necessary to instruct him and to signal him more frequently than is the case with older pitchers.

Fitzsimmons was in fine condition just then, pitching well, and we figured that he would hold Pittsburgh to a low score. That had much to do with planning the battle. If your own pitchers are not in form and figure to be hit freely, it is necessary to plan an attack that may result in getting a bunch of runs in one inning. If the pitcher is good and figures to pitch air-tight ball, his manager plans to play for what we call "one run at a time."

I use a simple, easily detected and easily read system of signals—a touch of the hand to the hat, fingers held up in plain sight, or even shouted orders. I make them so plain that no batter or base runner can mistake them and I use them so that anyone on the opposing team may see them. As a rule I transmit them direct to the players; at other times, to make more certain, I give them to the coaches, who are on the base lines, and they transmit them to the batter or runner.

In this game the Giants started with the idea of getting one run and putting the Pirates on the defensive. In other words, our orders were to wait Morrison out, feel him out to see whether or not he had control, and to make him pitch as many balls as possible. In our team I always tell a batter before he goes to the plate what to do.

FIRST INNING.—Young was leading off. My instructions to him were to "Get on," which meant that he was to wait. Morrison evidently figured this and put the first strike over.

It was no use signaling. Young knew that it was optional with him, with one strike called, what to do. He took a ball, then another ball. To a new man I would have signaled to take a crack at the next ball. It was unnecessary to signal Young. He was set to hit the next ball if it came over, and, with the count two balls, one strike, he hit, pulling one hard down to Grantham.

Frisch is a free hitter, with excellent judgment. He knew the general order and was at liberty to hit any good ball that he liked. He took a ball, figured to hit the next one, and Morrison crossed him by hooking a curve and making him pop out.

WITH two out, the order to Meusel was to use his own judgment and make Morrison pitch to him. Morrison got him handicapped by cutting a strike across the corner, which Meusel took, perhaps thinking the ball would go off the plate. Morrison tried to pitch on the corners and Meusel outguessed him, getting two balls, and then hit the next one, a hard crash that went to Moore to finish the inning.

Before our team went to the field I cautioned Fitzsimmons as to how to pitch to Thompson, a youngster whose style he might not know, and told him to get it over. Thompson evidently was under orders to wait it out.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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A new model: "Roman"—a flat, diminutive case in heavy chased nickel, lined in purple velvet and silk—silver-plated razor, strop and blade containers, ten blades and strop, $5. Other models up to $25.

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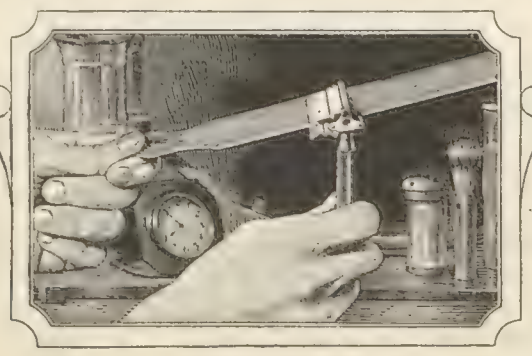

The Razor That Sharpens Itself

[INSIDE BASEBALL
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

The first two balls went off the plate. Then Fitzsimmons got the range and pitched two strikes, forcing Thompson to hit. He hit down to Frisch, who fumbled and let him reach first.

With the first runner on first base, our infield came six or eight feet closer toward the plate. I gave no signal because it was not necessary. With a new team I would have signaled the infielders to play closer, to make a double play more probable in case the ball should be hit to an infielder sharply.

The pulling in of the infielders has a double object—to make a double play more rapidly and to block the steal. The first baseman held the runner close to first, the second baseman and shortstop were in position to cover quickly. This playing the middle distance with a runner on first is so well understood that signals are unnecessary.

The order to Fitzsimmons was to keep the ball inside to Carey, and he did. Carey tried to break up the game by hitting the first ball, and pulled it to Kelly, who made the stop too late to force Thompson at second, and tossed the ball to Fitzsimmons at first for the out. The infield dropped back, save that the second baseman and shortstop stayed close enough to keep Thompson near second, and the third baseman shortened his field so as to cover third in a hurry.

Fitzsimmons was signaled to use curves and keep them on the corner, or outside, and Cuyler struck out. With Barnhart coming to bat and Moore following him and a runner on second, the problem was simple. Fitzsimmons was told not to groove the ball; that is, not to let Barnhart hit a good ball. He obeyed and the result was Barnhart walked, refusing to hit balls off the corner. Moore tried to break up the game and hit the first ball; luckily a fly to Young.

SECOND INNING.—With Terry leading on, he was instructed to "Get on," meaning to use every legitimate means in jockeying with the pitcher to reach first. He made Morrison pitch five balls, hitting with the count two and two. One of those balls was close to the corner, and had the umpire given it to him, he might have reached first. He drove a long fly to Cuyler. Kelly tried to wait, but Morrison got the first one over for a strike and had him handicapped. He hooked two more and Kelly struck out.

Southworth went up with orders to use his own judgment, meaning he was at liberty to hit any ball that looked good. With two out it was good judgment to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Jim, I wish we had *a better-looking bathroom"*

"JIM," said Mrs. Williams one morning, "now that you are getting ahead so splendidly in business and bringing home important new friends to be entertained, I wish we had a better-looking bathroom. Guests notice things so. I see such wonderful bathrooms in other women's houses, all white tile and white fixtures. Of course, I don't think it would pay to have ours made all over. We may build before long. But I wish I could find some easy, inexpensive way to make our bathroom look better. It's my greatest problem."

"You'll solve it," Jim told her. And as a matter of fact, she did. In the simplest possible way. Simply by replacing the old, dark-colored toilet seat with a handsome, modern, all-white "Church" Toilet Seat.

The improvement which this made in the appearance of the bathroom was quite astonishing. Its beauty and refinement are qualities which every woman wants in her bathroom—a room she can be proud to have guests use.

The Church Seat stays permanently white. Its handsome ivorylike surface won't crack, splinter, chip, wear off or stain. It washes as easily as porcelain. You can install it on any toilet in a few minutes. Obtainable at any plumber's.

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Are you proud to have guests go into your bathroom?

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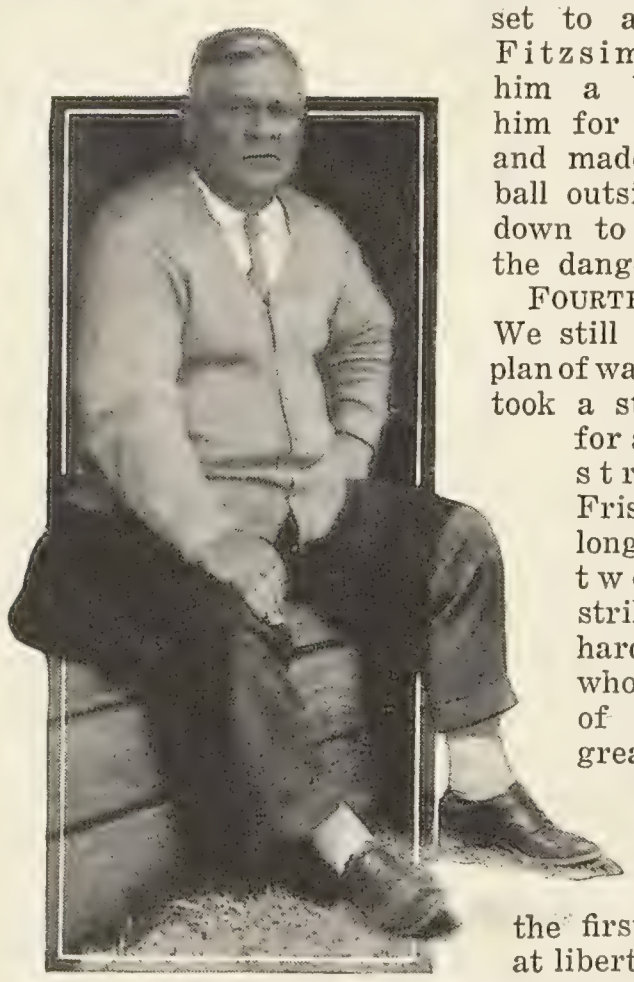
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

swing hard on any good ball, and he did. He cracked a hard fly to the outfield.

The only order necessary to start the second half of the inning was to tell Fitzsimmons to keep the ball over on Wright. He got two strikes on him and was signaled not to groove one. He pitched wide, got the next one just off the corner, and Wright hit to Frisch. That was an easy inning for the manager. It was only necessary to caution Frisch, the captain, not to let Fitzsimmons get the ball in the groove. He didn't and the next two flied out.

THIRD INNING.—We still were waiting and making Morrison pitch in the third, with Lindstrom leading off. Morrison evidently was pitching with instructions to get the ball over. He got the first strike over on Lindstrom, who waited for one ball and then hit a fly to Carey. Snyder also took a strike, fouled the next, and then struck out. Fitzsimmons struck out after taking the first one.

Morrison had perfect control and was working the corners, so our plan of making him work hard was not doing very much good.



John J. McGraw on the Giants' bench.

Fitzsimmons was ordered not to pitch any high balls to Morrison, who is liable to hit a high one a mile. He got two strikes and a ball on the batter and forced him to fly out to Kelly. Fitzsimmons tried to skin the corners too closely pitching to Thompson and failed to get the first two balls over. He stuck the next one through the plate and Thompson crossed him by singling with two balls and no strikes.

With Carey up the situation was dangerous. Fitzsimmons was signaled not to let him pull the ball and the infield was brought in six or eight feet to stop the steal and make a double play faster. They had to come closer as Carey is fast and speed is needed to double him. Carey drew one ball, and hit the next sharply past Frisch, who knocked down the ball enough to hold Thompson at second.

Right there we pulled a play that probably saved the game. Usually such a play is signaled for, but with Frisch, Kelly, and Snyder in the game no signal was necessary. Thompson is a youngster and the situation was ideal for the play—a young, over-eager base runner and a tight situation. We call it the "Back Up." The shortstop and second baseman let Thompson off the base, the shortstop jockeyed with him as if trying to get back of him and reach the base, and after a couple of feints he walked farther. Thompson, watching him, followed. Frisch covered second base like a flash as Fitzsimmons whirled and threw, catching Thompson off the base. That play probably turned the game.

The danger wasn't over yet. Cuyler is a dangerous batter. The order was "Work on him"—which means not to let him get set to a good ball. Fitzsimmons gave him a ball, hooked him for two strikes, and made him hit a ball outside the plate down to Frisch and the danger was over.

FOURTH INNING.—We still stuck to the plan of waiting. Young took a strike, fouled for a second, and struck out. Frisch waited as long as possible, two balls, a strike, then hit hard to Wright, who robbed him of a hit by a great stop. Meusel tried to cross Morrison by smashing the first ball, being at liberty to hit anything he wanted, and was out.

Pittsburgh evidently planned to change tactics. Barnhart waited it out to three and two, then hit to Fitzsimmons. Moore cracked the first ball and popped out, and Wright hit with the count two and nothing for an out. They evidently were trying to get Fitzsimmons guessing as to what they would do.

FIFTH INNING.—We made no change in plans for the fifth. Terry took a strike, a ball, then hit to Wright. Kelly took a strike, then fouled to Gooch. Southworth worked Morrison for a pass. Lindstrom cracked the first ball for a single. It was optional with him whether to hit or wait, two being out.

Carey fumbled the ball, and Southworth, who was running when Lindstrom hit, reached third and Lindstrom took second on the throw in. Snyder was free to hit the first good ball, but Morrison crossed him and struck him out.

Pittsburgh switched again and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Some women that are wearing short dresses must never have looked backwards over their shoulder into a long mirror. The reason they go to see the girls in Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies is not that we show any more than the street, but that Ziegfeld picks the ones you see here, and the ones on the street pick themselves.

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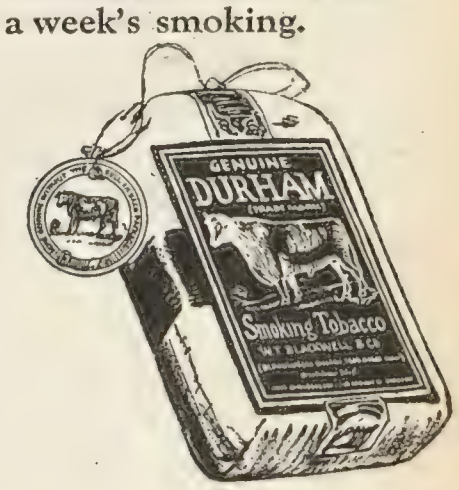
Every sack of "Bull" Durham is shapely, perfect and uniform. It's picked with the same care as a Follies Girl. Smoke a National Institution.

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece in this paper soon. Look for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.



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[INSIDE BASEBALL
Continued from Page Thirty-three]

commenced "first balling." Grantham hit the first for a single. Gooch cracked the first ball pitched down to Frisch, forcing Grantham. Pitching to Gooch, Fitzsimmons was signaled to pitch inside. The hit and run was tipped and Gooch had to hit a bad ball. Morrison took a strike, a ball, a second strike, and then hit a slow one to Fitzsimmons. Fitzsimmons was ordered to make Thompson hit a bad ball, but got wild a bit and passed him. With Carey coming up it was not good judgment to pass Thompson. There was nothing intentional about it except in trying to make him hit a bad one. Carey drew a strike, fouled the next, and flied out.

The game had gone five innings without a score and we had not been able to do anything with Morrison, so it was time to switch and try to get him guessing what we would do.

SIXTH INNING.—Fitzsimmons hit the first ball and singled to center. Morrison outguessed us and Young didn't get a good first ball, but hit the second and flied to Cuyler. He hit right, behind the runner, but got the ball too high. Frisch was told to make them guess. He bluffed at bunting, fouled the next ball, then popped out. Meusel took a swing on the first ball pitched and fouled out. We hadn't accomplished anything excepting to make Morrison guess what we would do.

Young was taken out and Davies sent in, partly because Young's leg was troubling him. Cuyler had a ball and strike when he flied out to Davies, who made a catch where Young might have failed because of lameness. Barnhart hit the first ball and flied out and Moore was called out on strikes. It was plain Pittsburgh was using the same tactics we were.

SEVENTH INNING.—At the start of the seventh Morrison looked a bit arm weary and the order was "It's on"—meaning to hit the first good ball. Terry hit the first ball, a single to right. Kelly hit the first one for another single, putting Terry on second. There was no hit-and-run signal. Kelly is not the type of batter to play hit and run with. He is a swinging hitter and misses the ball too often to take chances on having the runner caught.

Southworth was to bunt, but was crossed, and after two strikes and a ball he flied out. The play was a sacrifice beyond doubt at that stage, but Southworth was fooled, Morrison pitching where he could not bunt properly.

Bentley was sent to bat for Snyder. The reason was that Snyder was in a batting slump and

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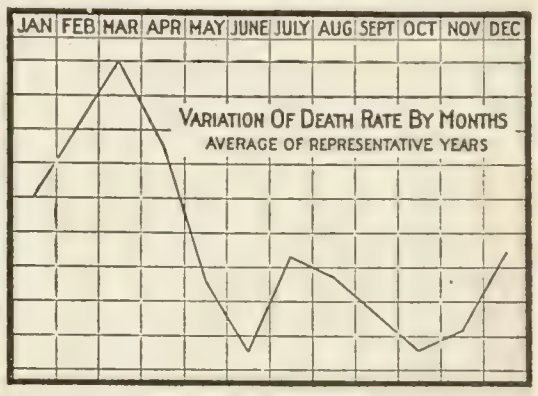
Do People Live *Longer in Florida?*



THEY should according to the chart above, for it proves the most fatal months to be those when King Winter holds the North in his icy grasp.

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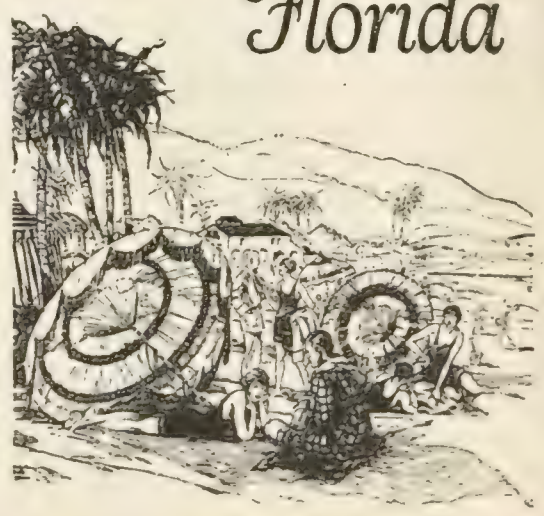

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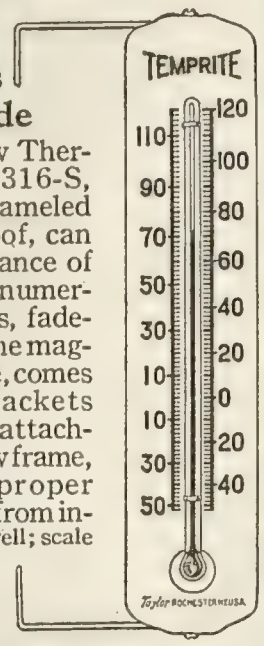

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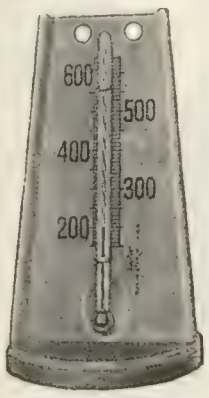

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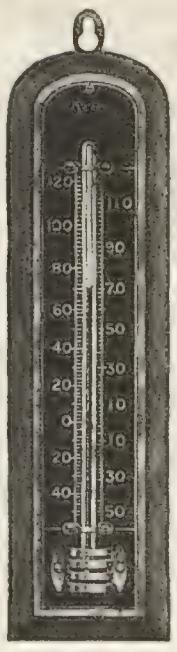

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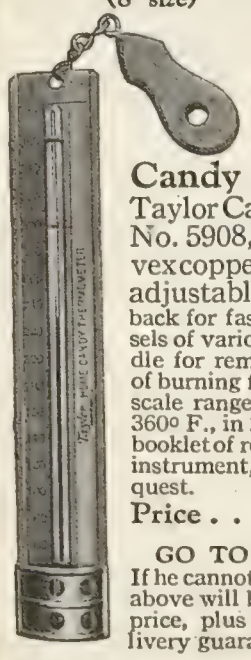

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

had looked bad hitting against Morrison's curve, while Bentley hits that kind of pitching. He was told to wait, since we guessed Morrison would figure him to hit the first one and not get it over. He got two balls, then a strike, and was signaled to hit the next one. He did, and drove out a double, scoring Terry and putting Kelly on third. Our tactics in making Morrison outguess himself enabled Bentley to make that hit.

Immediately Fitzsimmons was signaled that it was off. He drew one ball, a strike, another strike, then hit to Wright, who fumbled and let Kelly score. Davies was told it was on—and hit the first ball and went out.

Beyond cautioning Fitzsimmons to keep them low, pitch in, then out, high, then low, nothing was necessary in Pittsburgh's seventh, as they went out in order.

EIGHTH INNING.—Figuring they would expect us to hit first balls, we switched back. Frisch waited and got two and three before he flied out. Meusel waited and drew a pass. Terry had two and two and was signaled to use his own judgment. He flied out, and Kelly was told to hit the first ball, and singled. Southworth was also told to crack the first one, and doubled, scoring Meusel. Lindstrom hit the first one and went out.

We had Morrison guessing all through the inning, by quick switching of plans, and it helped the batters.

Bigbee batted for Morrison. He is dangerous, and Fitzsimmons was cautioned to work hard to him. He had a strike called when he singled.

Fitzsimmons was signaled to watch for Thompson to hit the first ball. He kept the ball inside and Thompson hit it, lining to Davies.

Carey and Cuyler both hit first balls and ended it.

NINTH INNING.—Sheehan went to pitch for Pittsburgh and we planned to play for one run, but could not get a man to first. In the last of the ninth Fitzsimmons was ordered to keep out of the hole; make them hit. They went out in order, so no more orders were necessary.

That game was played in practically perfect style, both teams playing to orders and striving to outguess each other. The pitching was almost perfect. We got the breaks—but forced them. Catching Thompson off second killed Pittsburgh's best opening, and Bentley, by outguessing Morrison, forced him to put a good ball over the plate and make possible his double, which practically won the game.

THE END

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BONDS ACCEPTANCES SHORT TERM NOTES

The Black COUSIN

By Clarence Budington Kelland

"*SOMEBODY'S eyes," Harries said, "are burning holes in my shoulder blades. I tell you, somebody's trailing us.*"

SUDDENLY, there in the tunnel of foliage, Harries struck upward with a fencer's parrying stroke. His stick encountered a swiftly descending arm. A strange weapon clattered to the road and with it a figure which stooped, clutched, and vanished, leaving behind an impression of long hair and nudity. . . .

This attempt at murder was the most astounding thing which, so far, had marked Worthington Harries' and Rhino Pung's stay in the New England village of Ringboro.

The start of their adventure had come as they were returning from a trip around the world on the S. S. Guilio. On that vessel they had met John Hard, an elderly man on a secret mission, who enlisted their aid. But before he could confide his story, he was killed on the ship's deck by a long-haired, half-nude creature, who dived from the side of the vessel. But before John Hard breathed his last he murmured the words: "*Principessa*—Ringboro—*la cugina nera*. . . ." (the black cousin).

Hot on the trail of the mystery, the two young men hurried to Ringboro, where they met a Miss Estey—young, beautiful, and black-haired—and learned that she claimed inheritance to the mansion, property and fortune of the late Micah Estey, a magnate of the district.

Passing near the Estey mansion one day, Worth was puzzled to see a small white hand waving at him through the leaves of a shutter on the second floor—a hand he knew was not Miss Estey's.

With the black-haired girl was a man named Floresta, a sinister, elderly fop, whose relation to her was a matter for speculation.

Harris and Pung called on Miss Estey and heard from Floresta that the girl was *Principessa* (Princess) Isabella d'Este, the granddaughter of a Sicilian beauty whom Pung's grandfather had loved and lost. When the young men told Miss Estey of Hard's murder, she let it be understood that Hard was her friend and on his way to her when he was killed.

Rhino and Worthington, going home after their call, left their mysterious host and hostess on the brink of a quarrel, brought about by the news of Hard's death.

Chapter Three

FLORESTA and the *principessa* were seated before the fireplace in the vast and atrociously ugly house of old Micah Estey.

"Suppose," said Floresta, "you should break your habit of obedience to me. What then? The consequences might prove disastrous.

"To you," she said.

"To me," he conceded, but after an interval, added, "and to you."

She changed the subject. "Two men," she said, "may fight, knife in hand, to settle some matter which lies between them. One is killed. That is well. That I understand. It is the normal way."

"Among your people," he said.

"And yours."

His lips compressed. "They are no longer my people," he said with a touch of venom. She lifted one shoulder, white, rounded, gracious, and bent her head sidewise to rest her cheek against the coolness of it.

"But murder I cannot understand," she said. "Yet I understand something of it. It springs from fear."

"Or hatred."

"Fear," she insisted. "When a man hates he desires his enemy to see his face in the moment of vengeance. That is so. It would be so with me. No. A stabbing in the dark, by an unseen hand, can be only the fruit of fear."

"Are you, by chance, threatening me, my

A Serial of Laughter, Love, Mystery, and a Feud Fought to the Death for a Vast Fortune

Pictures by
KENNETH CAMP

dear? Is it of your fear of me that you speak?"

The corner of her lip lifted. It was not a smile, not a sneer. "I was thinking neither of you nor of myself. I was thinking of John Hard."

"Who was coming," he smiled ironically and stressed his words as one who utters a veiled jest, "to protect you. It is evident someone desired him not to arrive."

"The hand that held the knife was *His*." She capitalized the pronoun.

"The description was of *His* handiwork," said Floresta. "There is a certain technique which is unmistakable—a certain barbarity, shall we say? A certain savage finesse! Oh, without doubt. And what then?"

"The business of John Hard's life was to be a friend. It was a noble trade. Few men labor at it as he did. I admire him. I think I revere him."

"A noble end," said Floresta, and one could not tell if he jeered or were in sober earnest. "It is a sweet and decorous thing to give one's life for a friend," he paraphrased.

"It was vile," she said, "and no man not a coward would have countenanced it."

"Hard words, but perhaps justified," he said imperturbably.

"The killing," said the *principessa*, "was done in the harbor of New York. Therefore he is here."

"Logical. Indisputably logical."

"How could he travel unseen? How could such as he pass through a great city? How, indeed, did he find his way aboard the vessel and remain there undetected? Such as he do not pass without comment."

Floresta laughed. "Imagine the voyagers on that ship if they caught sight of him! Stepped from a nightmare! Ah, many would have given up drinking in the smoking-room, I assure you. They would think, as the Americans say, that they were seeing things."

Again the *principessa* darted down a new conversational channel. Hers was not a mind to linger in backwater nor to loiter beside a dry spring.

"I like the American young men," she said.

"It suits me you should be pleased with these so-easily questioned young men. They are fools and more especially so is the silent one whose figure is like a packing-box.

"The other glimmers faintly with intelligence. It is fortunate you are beautiful," he said with an appraising glance. "Sometimes I have regretted that accident, but not tonight. The handsome one—he did not regret it either. No, he regarded you as a connoisseur might regard a lovely thing he has just come upon by chance—and hopes some day to be able to add to his collection."

"I," she said, "shall be of no man's collection. When I take a man, he shall be mine, not I his."

"When you take a man, indeed," he said. "But as yet, my dear, I can ill spare you. I would be left lonely and disconsolate."

"After all," she answered, "in your way and in your leisure, you have been kind to me. Economically, it is true. I owe you something, and the debt, perhaps, nears payment. For the rest I do not know why I obey you—yet I do. There are many things in life I do not understand."

"But," he said, "the possession of some millions of American dollars is a matter you understand clearly."

"Very clearly," she said. "But it is not the money which brings me here."

She arose with a sudden, graceful, beautifully lithe movement. She turned to speak over her shoulder and her smile was not of the pleasantest.

"I go to see what does bring me here. At least *that* is a pleasure I may enjoy unquestioned."

"I SHOULD admire," said Worthington Harries fervently, "to sit upon Mr. Floresta's medulla oblongata and drum with my heels on his cervical vertebrae. It would be a contortion, but I'd train for it. I'd do something meaner than that, Rhino. I'd cut his corset strings."

He would have continued in this malevolent strain had not a sudden recollection flashed upon him of the Principessa d'Este as she sat before the fire the previous night, pensive but glowing with subdued flame.

"Isn't she the tip feather on the topknot of the bird of paradise!" he exclaimed.

Rhino uttered a concise warning. "Low bridge!" said that young gentleman.

"Demonstrate low bridge," challenged Harries.

Rhino contented himself by seizing his nose between finger and thumb with the gesture of one who is disturbed by an evil odor.

"Something rotten, eh?" questioned Harries. "I agree. Putrid. Pale lavender smells. Phosphorescent glows, but they arise from the carcass of Monsieur Floresta. The *principessa* is all violets and attar of roses and frangipani. If she's romance for me, Rhino, why not buy all the seats? I'm for it."

"Four reasons," said Rhino.

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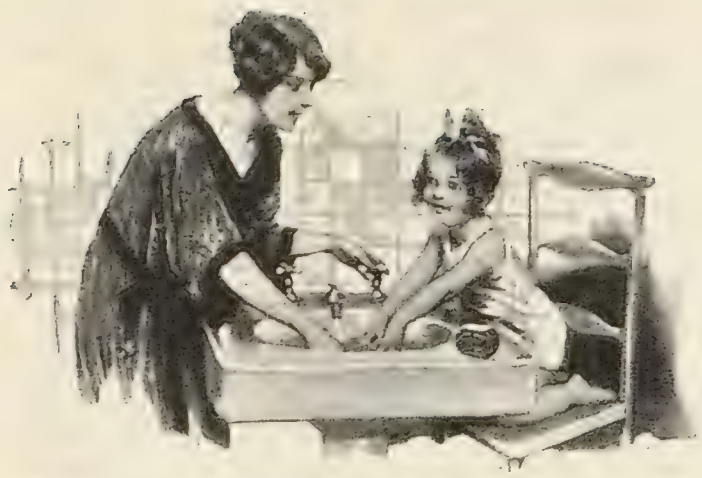

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[THE BLACK COUSIN Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

"Enumerate them."

"John Hard."

"One! Worth bearing in mind."

"Floresta."

"Two. To be abolished if possible."

"The hand."

"What hand?"

"The one that waved."

"Um—three. Intriguing, at least."

"*La cugina nera.*"

"Eh? Four—the Black Cousin. Me no savez black cousin. Make it clear. Who is so denominated in the bond?"

"Don't know," said Rhino. "That's the difficulty."

"Not good enough. Too nebulous. Well, what do you want me to do about it?"

"Wait," said Rhino.

"Now listen to the man! Where's the romance there? Done! Squashed! Out! Here I stand on the springboard, ready to make the plunge, and you say *wait*. All against the rules. If a man's going to fall in love, he falls."

Rhino shrugged. "Come along," he said, and got to his sturdy legs. Harries obeyed.

THEY walked eastward with the swinging stride of youth, and if Harries were a collector of cloud shapes moving along wooded mountain slopes it was a day for them.

Rhino stopped, and with a jerk of his head bade Harries off the road and into the woods with him. There he circled to the left along the hardwood ridge and so again in the direction of Ringboro. Presently, through rifts in the forest, angles and peaks of Micah Estey's house showed themselves, and Rhino slackened his pace. Harries spoke.

"Somebody's eyes," he said, "are burning holes in my shoulder blades." He stopped to scrutinize the ground behind them, but no eyes could penetrate far for the thickness of the growth. Rhino grunted and trudged ahead. Again Harries stopped. "I tell you," he insisted, "somebody's trailing us." Then as he started forward once more he stumbled, and, looking down to see what obstacle had met his toe, he saw a curious thing.

It was a mound of dry mud, conical in form, a foot and a half high and hollowed at the top like a dish. In it were ashes, cold, and beside it lay a bone or two, as if some creature had been cooked and eaten there.

"Now," said Harries, "there's a curious cookstove. Is it indigenous to Ringboro?"

Rhino bent over the cone and shook his head. "Never saw the like," he admitted. It seemed to interest him deeply, for he studied the thing, the workmanship of it, its utility, the skill with which it was constructed, and now he waggled his nose with thumb and forefinger. It was a bad sign, as Harries knew. Rhino waggled his beak only when there was ground for serious concern.

"What d'you make of it? Not a boy scout contraption?"

Rhino, squatting, turned his face upward to scrutinize the trees above them; he scratched his ear, and then, arising, he searched for an adequate sapling and cut for himself a right serviceable cudgel.

"Why the tree tops?" Harries asked.

Rhino made a downward sweeping motion with his arm, singularly expressive.

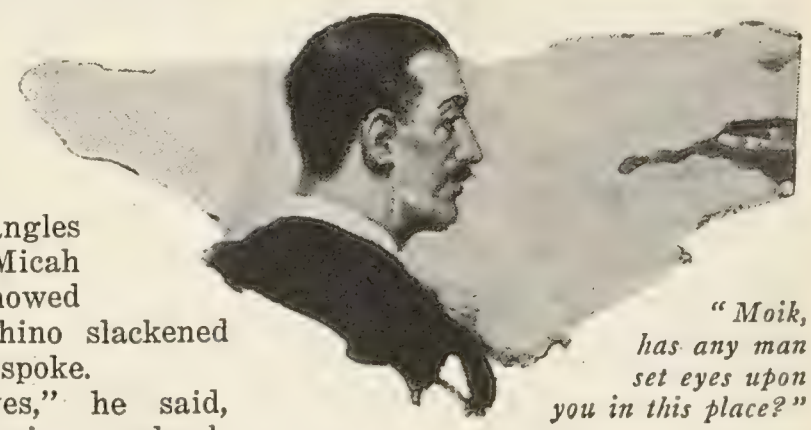
"You mean the thing that swatted at us off a bough last night?"

"John Hard," said Rhino.

"Right as rain! I caught a glimpse of the thing on the ship; another last night. One and the same, for a hatful of sequins. I think I'll cut myself a club, too, if you don't mind the delay. The connection is a bit too obvious for comfort. And I still feel eyes on my shoulder blades."

After a time they bordered the road which passed Micah Estey's gates, but did not set foot on it. Rhino was for stealth and concealment.

"What's the objective of this expedition?" Harries wanted to know, breaking a lengthy silence.



"Moik, has any man set eyes upon you in this place?"

"Point out the window," said Rhino.

"The one, you mean, where I saw the lily-white, fragile hand?"

"Yes."

They were now opposite the structure, which must be called a house for want of an exact word to describe its architectural eccentricities.

"THERE," said Harries, pointing. "Second floor. One, two, three, four windows from the end—with the wooden blinds closed. It was a little hand, able to slip between the shutters."

Rhino looked, then he sat down deliberately behind a sumach and shot off one of his *non sequiturs*. Conversation had no continuity for him.

"Her mother had red hair," he said.

"Red!" Harries seemed to protest at the color.

"Auburn, then," said Rhino with a hint of a grin.

"Whose mother?"

"Isabella d'Este's."

"What do you know about her mother?"

"Lots."

"John Hard loved her."

"Yes."

"Why didn't he marry her?"

"She didn't love him," said Rhino simply.

"Whom did she love?"

"My father," said Rhino, surprisingly enough.

"But your father didn't marry her. He married your mother."

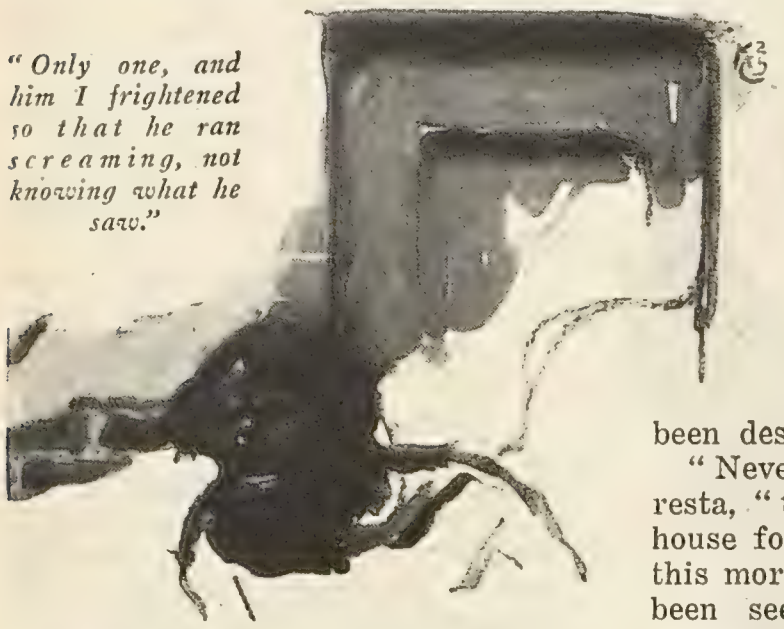
"At fifty," said Rhino, and, when you come to think of it, that was significant and told a story.

"Rhino," said Harries, "you could tell an epic so it would sound like a telegram about the market price of beans."

"Watch for the hand," said Rhino.

Which they did, sitting motionless and silent, but no white hand fluttered; no handkerchief waved.

"All the same I saw it," Harries said defensively after an hour.



"Only one, and him I frightened so that he ran screaming, not knowing what he saw."

"I believe you," said Rhino, and then, after a moment: "Smoke."

"Where?"

Rhino pointed to a tiny billow of bluish white arising from the shrubbery just under the scrutinized window. "Saw it before," he said. "Somebody smoking a pipe."

"He's been there all this time?"

RHINO nodded, and attacked mentally the problem of why a man should sit for hours, with no entertainment but his pipe, under a shuttered window. The conclusion he reached was that the man did not conduct himself so for pleasure, but for profit or of necessity; in short, that here was a watchman, a sentinel.

"This is getting a bit soupy," said Harries. "Who would be shut up there, for instance? Mr. Floresta's insane aunt? Or the Man in the Iron Mask?"

"No good staying here," said Rhino. And so they returned to their hotel, wiser by little than when they left it. They had seen a curious mound of mud and smoke from a watchman's pipe. Slender data upon which to erect a theory!

MONSIEUR FLORESTA left Micah Estey's house by a side door furtively and with backward glances. His desire was that the *principessa* should not observe him, and to that end he had devised precautions. For five minutes he lurked in an arbor, then he skirted the walls of the dwelling to its northerly side, where he paused again, looking on all sides of him with bright eyes which missed no minute detail.

Having satisfied himself he was alone, he whistled softly, following which there was a stirring in the unkempt shrubbery and a large man in corduroy trousers, bushy curly hair, and a pipe of queer shape emerged. Monsieur Floresta lifted his hand and moved his fingers away from him in the Italian gesture which signifies to approach.

"Giuseppe," said Floresta, "what have you seen at the window?"

"Nothing, *signore*."

"There has been no effort to open the shutters?"

"None."

"No hand thrust between?"

"Not that my eye has seen."

"And no strangers loitering?"

"The road has been deserted, *signore*."

"Nevertheless," said Floresta, "two men watched the house for more than an hour this morning. Could you have been seen from the woods opposite?"

"I sat concealed in the bushes, *signore*."

"Doubtless smoking your pipe."

"That is so, *signore*. The hours pass slowly."

"And the rising smoke might have been seen."

"Who knows?" Giuseppe said.

"After this moment you will smoke no more. It is a command I give you."

Giuseppe scowled his disapproval, but shrugged his bulky shoulders to signify disgruntled obedience.

"If one climbs the wall and enters the garden, you will know how to conduct yourself?"

Giuseppe answered in pantomime. He raised great hands with reddish hair profuse upon the backs of them and made with his fingers the unmistakable motion of choking a fellowman.

"There must be no sound," said Monsieur Floresta. "Your mistress does not like sounds, and most especially of that sort. No

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Why hadn't someone told him before?

HE understood at last—understood why he had been left alone so often, why his invitations had been refused. He knew now—but he could have been spared so many disappointments, so many lonely hours—if someone had only told him before.

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[THE BLACK COUSIN
Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

cries, Giuseppe." He smiled ironically. "Your mistress must not be disturbed. It may be two will come spying."

"One hand for each *signore* will suffice."

Now Floresta retraced his steps until he came to a little door in the wall, and this he opened with caution, slipped through it, and disappeared into the woods. For minutes he walked until he considered enough distance had been traversed, when he stopped and put his fingers to his lips. A shrill rising and falling whistle ensued, was repeated twice. After this Floresta leaned against a tree and waited. He did not have to wait long.

THOUGH there was no sound, not the crackling of a twig nor the rustling of a leaf, there appeared startlingly a creature that had no right to sully the clean New England forest.

It was a man, black or nearly black—not negro but Asiatic. The cheekbones were high but the lips were not thick. The eyes were black, gleaming, sullen, under a mop of greasy, gleaming blue-black hair, long, resembling a neglected bob. Something disastrous had happened to the nose so that you looked directly into spread nostrils.

He was in no sense Chinese, yet his manner of wearing clothing reminded one of a coolie newly smuggled into America. His feet were bare and splay, and in his right hand he carried a strange knife, which was not so much a knife as a sort of sickle and tomahawk combined—a weapon with a handle some three feet long, with a slightly curved blade projecting from the side of it. A hasty glance might mistake it for a corn-cutter. Expert examination would disclose that it might be used for stabbing, but more efficiently for gashing, the technique being a sweeping, higherward stroke. It identified the man's nationality to any traveler who had hunted in the backlands of France's Asiatic possessions, for it was that dreadful and efficient weapon, the Moi knife.

This gargoyle grinned yellowly, displaying fangs which many a jungle animal might envy. Floresta, abandoning the Italian in which he had spoken to Giuseppe, addressed the creature in French.

"Where are they?" he asked.

"They sit in the town."

"The tall one and the short one—both?"

"Both."

"Moik, have you been seen? Has any man set eyes upon you in this place?"

"Only one, and him I frightened so that he ran screaming, not knowing what he saw."

"There are reports in the town," said Floresta sharply. "They may reach her ears. The man who saw you is laughed at, but if another sees you, there will be no laughing. Do you understand? You are not pretty to see, Moik."

"Many enemies have said so," the creature responded proudly.

"Moik, think and remember. When your knife hit the man on the great vessel, according to my orders, how was it accomplished? Was he alone and in darkness?"

Giuseppe made the unmistakable motion of choking a fellowman.

"Not alone, but in darkness. Two were with him, as I have said more times than once. They walked together, the old one between, but I, lying upon the roof, struck with skill, and he fell. It was not difficult."

"Ah, but the two who were with him, did they see you?"

"One pulled himself up on the roof while the other remained by the man." He grinned. "There was no need. When Moik strikes there is an end to it. Then I leaped into the sea and swam, passing through many difficulties until I came to this place."

"And the two who are here are the two who were with that man when he died?"

"They are the same."

"I am satisfied," said Floresta. "But you must not again be seen. A thing might come of it. The people of the town would talk and the talk might reach *her* ears."

"She," said Moik stolidly, "has a white neck. It is slender."

"You strike when I command to strike and whom I command to strike, not otherwise. If you disobey there shall be a beating of many strokes."

Moik laughed, or what passed with him for laughing. "It may be," he said, "I have struck already," then, ruefully, "and it may be I have missed."

"Speak," commanded Floresta.

"It was in the night, two nights ago, when the two left the place of stone where you sleep and *she* sleeps. I lay along the bough of a tree, very quiet like a great snake, waiting for them to pass beneath. It was at the short and broad one that I struck, but by chance the tall one saw the stroke and my wrist bears the mark of his blow. It was nothing. Do you desire he should live?"

Floresta stared fixedly at the creature until his yellowish eyes fluttered and dropped.

"Did you so love the prison pens?" he demanded savagely.

"No, master. But the time hangs heavy. A man must hunt or a man must fight."

"This time it shall pass," said Floresta. "That man—the short and broad one—is yours; but in my hour. But beware, Moik, for he comes of a race of warriors."

"Then it were best to strike quickly before harm befall."

"The hour is for me to order," said Floresta sternly. "Tonight and on other nights you shall not wander in the woods. From the fall of darkness until dawn draw a circle about my house and walk it without ceasing. Walk with eyes that do not sleep, nor be seen by any."

"The purpose of this?"

"That if the two men shall come—but more especially the short and broad one—they shall not reach the wall of my house and live."

"Now that is man's work. I shall watch hopefully," said Moik.

WHEN the Indo-Chinese had disappeared in the trees, Floresta retraced his cautious steps to the little door in the wall and surreptitiously entered the house. He need not have been at such pains to avoid the eyes of the *principessa*, for that young lady, following a shrewd guess that she would not find a lonely spot, had walked down to the brookside.

Worthington Harries was at that place, having made the venture hopefully and without taking

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

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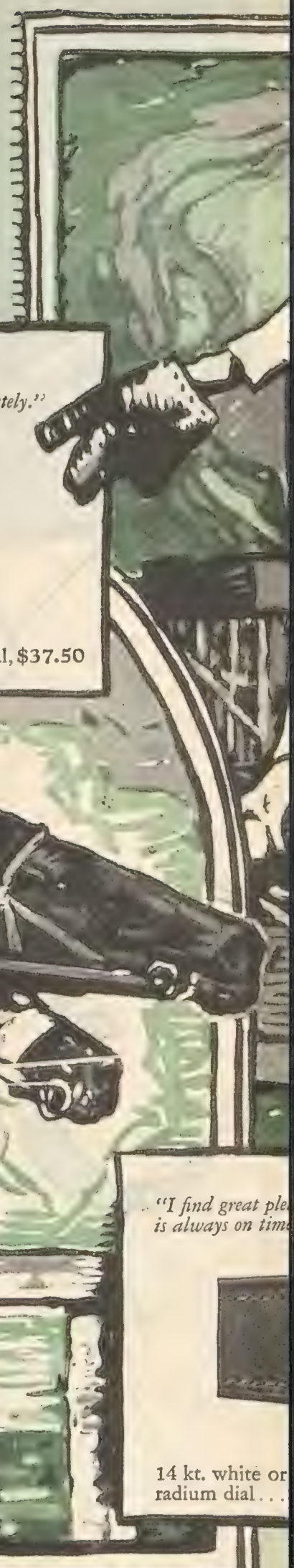
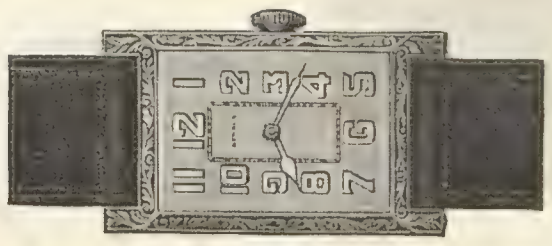


EARL SANDE

"My Benrus strap watch is a thoroughbred. I can depend on it absolutely."



HILLCREST

14 kt. white or green gold filled; beautifully carved; 15 jewels; radium dial, $37.50

GENE SARAZEN

"Accurate timing is about half my game, but it's the whole story with my Benrus strap watch."

PRINCETON

14 kt. white or green gold filled, handsomely carved; 15 jewels; radium dial.....$45.00

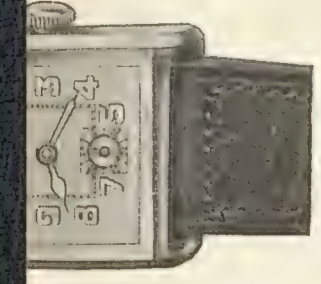
"I find great ple
is always on tim

14 kt. white or
radium dial...

BENRUS

FOR a brawny wind-tanned wrist!

JOHNSON
ring my Benrus watch because it



TON
filled; 15 jewels;
.....$35.00

A BENRUS Watch—

Punctual and dignified in business, yet husky, accurate, even when you take powerful swings with a driver or smash hot volleys over the net!

That's why active men, men who cannot waste time, appreciate their Benrus strap watches.

It is not enough nowadays to have a watch inconveniently tucked away, to consult at leisure. You want to know the time instantly—whatever you are doing.

With a Benrus you will realize all over again what a watch can mean to you. Its handy, supremely accurate service is the last word in a timepiece for a man.

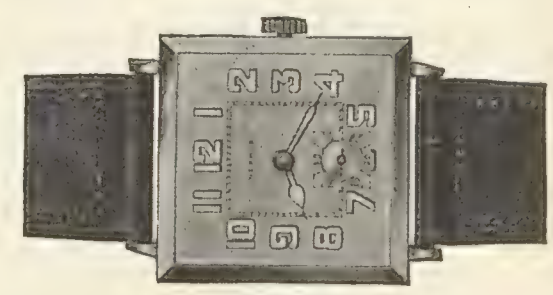
Reliable jewelers carry a full line of Benrus watches. Ask to see them.

BENRUS WATCH COMPANY
New York City

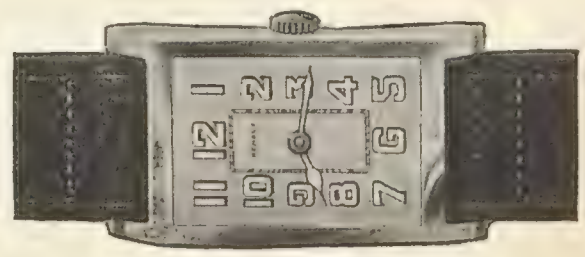
BELMONT
14 kt. white or green gold filled; beautifully carved; 15 jewels; radium dial $37.50

WINDSOR
14 kt. white or green gold filled; 15 jewels; thin model; radium dial...$35.00

MEADOWBROOK
14 kt. white or green rolled gold plate; finely carved; 15 jewels; radium dial $25.00



COLONEL
14 kt. white or green rolled gold plate; 15 jewels; radium dial..... $30.00



CADET
14 kt. white or green gold filled; 15 jewels; radium dial.....$37.50

The strap watch of Sportsmen

in traffic

Bosch Type 600 Ignition gives your Ford a quick start on cold mornings, a quick get-away in traffic and a long, strong pull on steep hills without changing to low.

It saves gas, time and tempers, and you can buy it for $12.75. ($17.50—in Canada)

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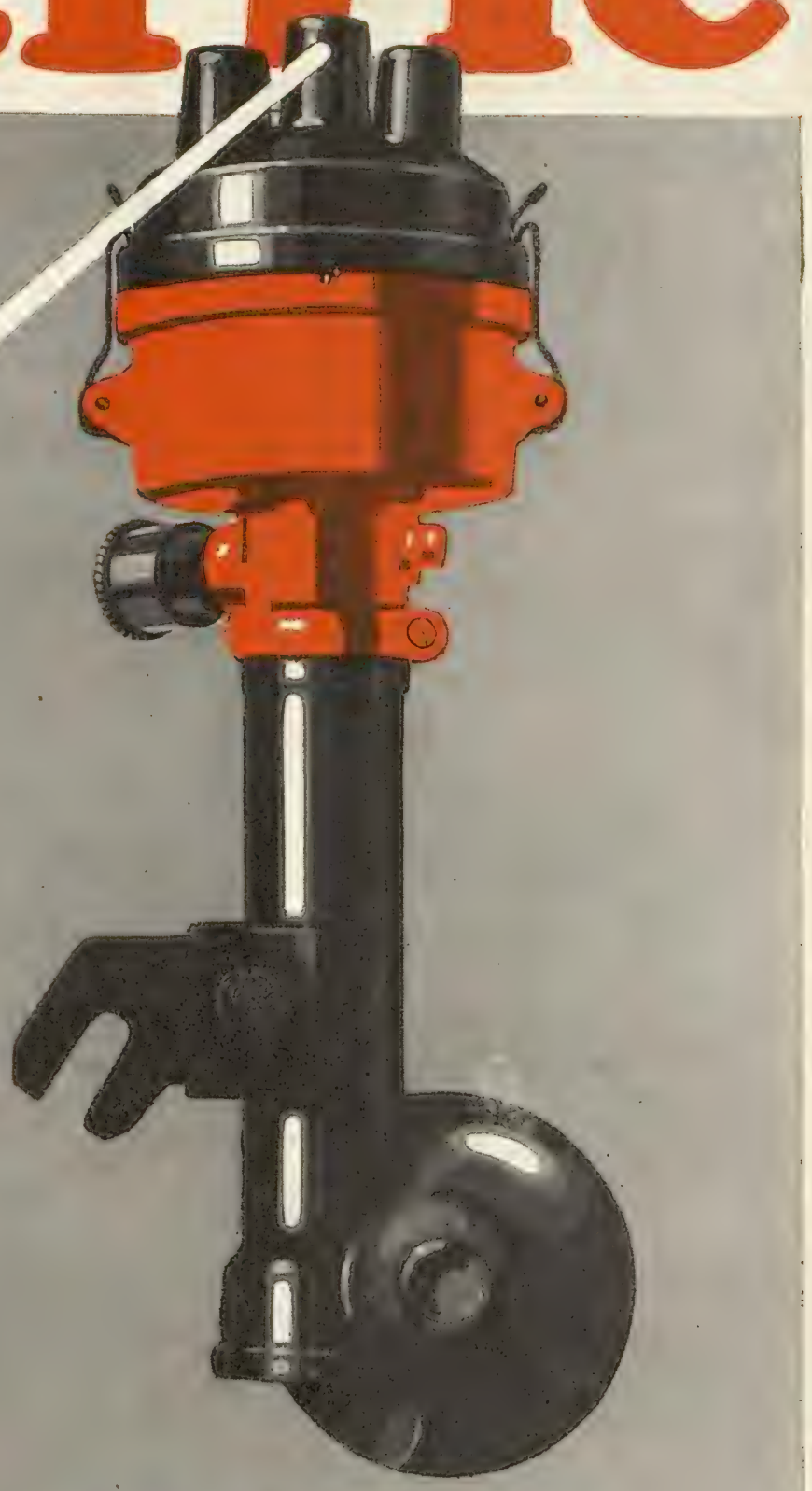
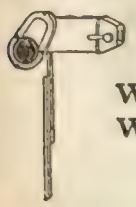
Main Office and Works: Springfield, Massachusetts

Branches: New York Chicago Detroit San Francisco

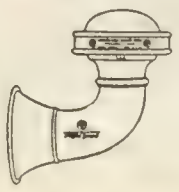


TYPE 600
BOSCH
Ignition
for
FORDS

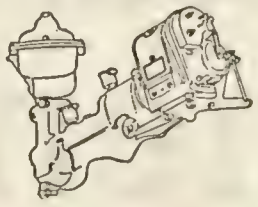
YOU WILL NEED THESE OTHER BOSCH ACCESSORIES, TOO



BOSCH
Windshield
Wiper "*Electric*"



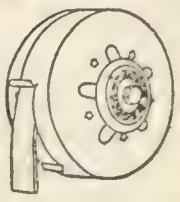
BOSCH
Traffic Tuned
HORN
ELECTRIC



BOSCH
Magneto and
Governor for
FORDSONS

BOSCH
SPARK
PLUGS

BOSCH
SHOCK
ABSORBER



"BUILDERS OF BOSCH RADIO-RECEIVER, REPRODUCER, POWER UNITS."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

Rhino into his confidence. For some reason Rhino disapproved of the Principessa d'Este, and so, while that taciturn gentleman pursued some unnamed errand to the house of an Italian laborer named Cacopardo Zagari, Harries set out upon what was rapidly becoming, for him, a sentimental speculation.

Miss Estey was surprised, almost astonished to find him bowing and smiling there with the air of the cat who has eaten the canary. She was inclined to be distant and was a hint resentful.

"Are you always here?" she asked coldly. "Perhaps it is that you have a particular business on this spot?"

"That's nothing short of intuition," he said gayly. "I have."

"Ah. I am sorry. I intrude upon this business. I shall go away at once."

"THEN my business would become bankrupt," he said, "for lack of a customer. And I am very much afraid of you as you are. Really. Don't become more imposing or I shall grovel, and that would ruin the knees of my trousers." His eyes smiled merrily at her until she relaxed and smiled in return.

"Very well, then," she said, "I am not so angry to find you here. You may stay, and I hope you will say many nonsensical things. I am in need of nonsense."

And so, under the touch of the sun and the spell of Worthington Harries' blossoming ardor, the *principessa* laughed and was young and forgetful. Here was something for which her little hands had reached in dreams; here was lightness, innocence, gayety. Here was the possibility—of which she dared think only with furtiveness and swiftly—of love.

"And now," she said, even when that delightful nonsense at which Harries was so apt was still on the rising arc, "I must go." A shadow crossed her face. A light which had danced too briefly in her eyes grew somber.

"Oh," she said suddenly, "for the odor of lemons growing in the Golden Shell!"

"Eh!" exclaimed Harries, arrested in mid-stride.

"I was thinking," she said, "how happy I should be if I were the daughter of a peasant, with the sea at my feet and the mountains at my back, and nothing to do but work and sigh from morning until night with a little dancing sometimes—and a donkey named Francisco. A bit of red over the door to keep away the evil eye!"

Harries laughed. "A princess sighing to be a peasant and to pick lemons! And for a donkey named Francisco! Now I—I like for you to be a princess. It—well, to be rude and uncultured about it, it gives a kick to the party. Let's check off and see what you carry in stock! You are a princess. It is permitted to say that you are beautiful. I'll fight with rapiers, shotguns, jackknives, rough-and-tumble or catch-as-catch-can, any man who asserts you aren't the most beautiful princess in the world. You're rich. The world is your bonbon. What more can you ask?"

She paused a moment before replying and then said with a touch of grimness, if so lovely lips as hers could convey such a quality. "To escape."

He gasped. "To escape! From what?"

"From what cannot be escaped," she said, and arose to her feet. "I go now. You may come again." She lifted her shoulders. "Why not? It is fair. Everything is fair. Yes, come again—tomorrow. And make me laugh if you can."

"And now," he said, "I shall walk with you to the gate. It is very necessary. Princesses must not walk the woods alone when a wild man is abroad."

She stopped abruptly and turned toward him with a face curiously still and suddenly gray.

"What did you say?" she asked in a whisper.

"I've frightened you. It was only a foolish joke, and I am sorry."

"BUT why did you say wild man?"

"Village gossip. A couple of men have reported being frightened in the woods by something they call a wild man."

"Near this place?"

"So they said. But you mustn't be frightened. It's a silly tale."

"No." She stretched out a tiny hand to touch his arm. "I will say a thing to you, and you must listen, I say it because, for an hour, you have made me contented. You must not come tomorrow nor any other day; you nor your friend. But you must go away. As soon as you can go, you must hurry from this place. Make me a promise that you will!"

Rhino, in danger of his life in the vast and gloomy Estey mansion. A partial glimpse of the owner of the mysterious hand that waved through the leaves of a shutter. You'll find these and other gripping developments in the fourth installment as the mystery moves toward its solution in next week's Liberty.

Sensational Hotel Rate Reduction

Fort Dearborn Hotel
Chicago

Directly across from Chicago's famous Board of Trade and the La Salle Station—near Polk Street, Union and Grand Central Stations

227 Outside Rooms with private toilet For one person— $1.95 Per Day Was $2.50

294 Outside Rooms with private bath For one person— $2.45 Per Day Was $3.00

Double Rates at a Slight Increase

NO HIGHER

Every room in the hotel is available at these rates

The Fort Dearborn Cafeteria Grill

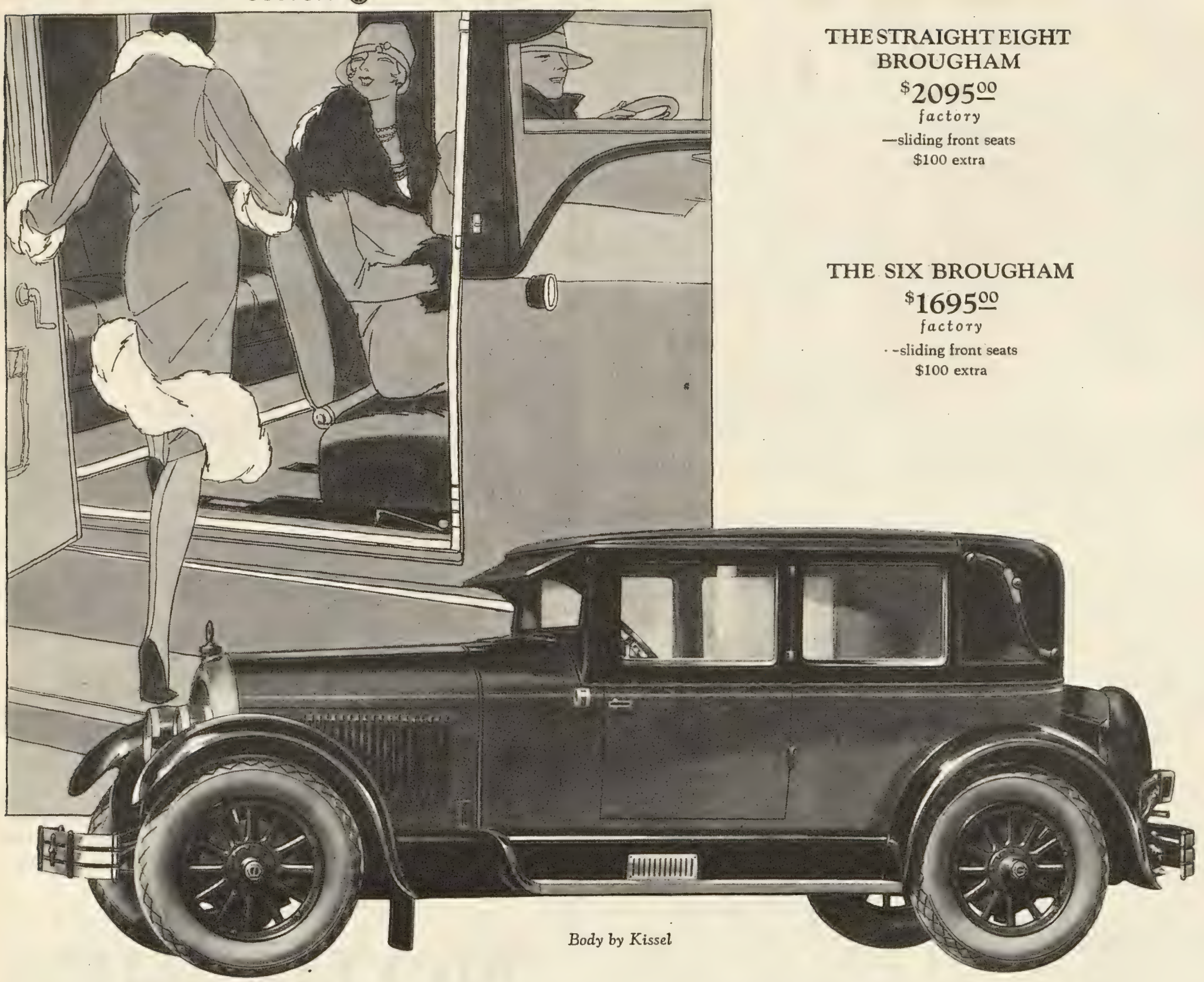
offers delicious food at extremely moderate prices. All other departments of the hotel make equally reasonable charges

La Salle Street at Van Buren in Chicago

HOTEL SHERMAN COMPANY, Owner

KISSEL

CUSTOM BUILT



Body by Kissel

THE STRAIGHT EIGHT BROUGHAM
$2095.00
factory
—sliding front seats
$100 extra

THE SIX BROUGHAM
$1695.00
factory
—sliding front seats
$100 extra

ANOTHER KISSEL ORIGINATION

Sliding Front Seats Which Permit Easy Entrance and Exit

Sliding front seats, which permit easy entrance and exit to and from the Kissel Brougham, have been a strong factor in this car's outstanding popularity.

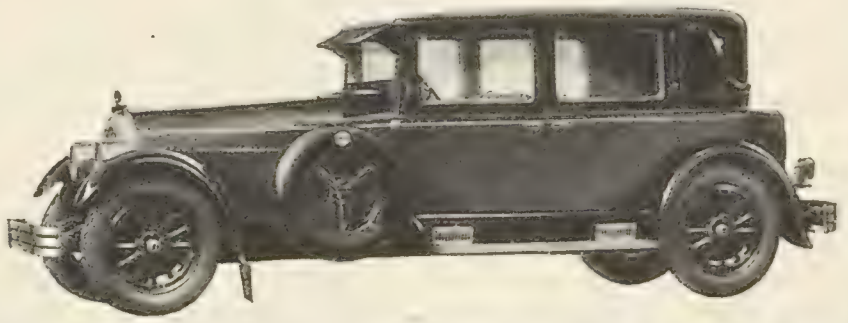
This innovation eliminates entirely the practice of scrambling over passengers. By simply turning a lever, front seats slide backward or forward on a rail, allowing ample room.

Moreover, it is a particularly desirable feature for those who are not average size, because the driving seat may be locked into the position which is most comfortable.

Sliding Front Seats, DeLuxe Velmo Mohair upholstery and a special color combination of deep moleskin with contrasting orange wheels, may be had for $100 extra.

TWO OTHER KISSEL INNOVATIONS FOR 1926—

The new All-Year Coupe Roadster—two cars in one. The two-passenger Six at $1695, the Straight Eight at $2095 f. o. b. factory



Long wheelbase for easy riding, the 137-inch wheelbase DeLuxe Straight Eight Brougham Sedan $2985 f. o b. factory

KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

"YE cud hit a policeman without sin or danger, f'r there wus always a fri'nd to thrip him when he give chase."

Pictures by
ALBERT T. REID

MR. Dooley on CAPITAL and LABOR

THE Old Irishman Finds That All the Fighting and the Fun Have Been Taken Out of Strikes

By
Finley Peter Dunne

"I WONDHER we don't have anny more sthrikes," said Mr. Hennessy wistfully. "It's years since we were ordhered out. I niver see a walkin' dillygate nowadays."

"How cud ye?" said Mr. Dooley. "Th' walkin' dillygate is downtown runnin' th' Shovel Men's Naytional Bank. It ain't twinty to wan that if ye decided to walk out th' prisidint iv th' union wudd'nt be up here at th' head iv th' milishy to prod ye back to ye'er labors at th' p'int iv th' bay'net. Sure, didn't I read th' other day that th' leader iv th' boys that go down into th' bowels iv th' 'arth an' hack out th' coal ivry week or two wint to see th' prisidint iv th' Amalgamated S'ciety iv Locymotive Injineers to ask him to unionize th' coal mines that ar-re owned be th' injineers. Th' pilot iv th' ir'n horse was settin' in his bank compoundin' inthrest but he lent an ear at thirty days to his fellow wage slave. But divvle th' bit wud he grant his demand. No, sir; he says, 'It wud be impossible f'r us to op'rate these here properties at a profit with th' exorbitant wages demanded be ye'er dingy an' lazy followers,' he says. 'Th' railroad injineers will not be dictated to be th' irresponsible an' onscrupulous leaders iv th' ignorant masses.' An' he showed him th' dure to th' sthreet; an' th' leader iv th' miners was that mad he lost conthrol iv his Rolls-Royce an' run over a dog.

"Why shud ye sthrike? Bedad, if ye go out now th' nex' thing I hear will be that there's a sthrike iv th' mannyfacthrin' joolers or that Jawn D. has laid down his tools. Ye can't affoord it. Whin ye were gettin' a dollar-an'-a-half a day ye cud do annything ye wanted to do. A man can do what he likes on a dollar-an'-a-half a day or less. It's har'ly worth figurin' what he loses be l'avin' a job. Anny man that wudd'nt quit wurrukin' f'r a dollar-an'-a-half a day don't know th' value iv money or iv idleness ayether. But whin ye get to th' p'int where ye have to hire a helper to load ye'er pay envelope into ye'er tourin' car, ye become a esne or slave.

"In th' ol' days it cost ye little or nawthin' to walk out. If th' dillygate dhropped in on ye an' left without ordhrin' a sthrike ye wint to th' nex' union meetin' an' denounced him as a spy iv th' preedytory rich. Whin th' hour come whin effort palled on ye, ye stowed th' shovel an' barrow into th' tool shed where ye cud get thim whin ye come back, shook hands with th' boss an' wint home an' said: 'Mah, I'm on a sthrike.' An' she said, 'That's good. Ye needed a rest. An' now we can take th' childher to Downer's Grove.' But if ye wint home today an' tol' her ye were duckin' ye'er

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Hey! Who Asked You to Finish the Box?

"The way *you* act, you'd think you never tasted *real* dog food before in your life!"

No dog can be blamed for being *natural*—and in trying to gobble up all he can get of SPRATT'S, he is only acting on the natural impulse to eat that which he likes *best.*

And SPRATT'S is the *best* food for him, because it is carefully balanced, containing in the right proportions the various elements of nourishment which insure normal development, good digestion and constant good health.

This applies to the dog of the finest breeding, as well as to the lowliest, humblest mongrel; to the big dog as well as to the little dog; to the delicate "toy" as well as to the rugged mastiff—all thrive on SPRATT'S, and there's a right biscuit for each of them.

Start feeding your dog on SPRATT'S *today.* Your grocer or pet-shop can supply you, *and your veterinarian will recommend SPRATT'S or get it for you.*

SPRATT'S PATENT, Ltd.
Newark, New Jersey
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If you love dogs, be sure to write for a copy of this book. Enclose a 2c stamp and ask for book No. L-36.

SPRATT'S

DOG CAKES AND PUPPY BISCUITS

[MR. DOOLEY ON CAPITAL AND LABOR Continued from Page Forty-seven]

sinycure, she'd say, 'What! An' th' installmint on th' runabout due nex' week! Ar-re ye crazy, man-alive? Ye go back to ye'er job or there'll be no lobster Newburg f'r supper tonight.' An' that afthernoon wud see ye on top iv th' slag pile with ye'er fellow mutineers.

"Th' installment plan iv payin' f'r autymobills has done much, Hinnissy, to compose what th' pa-apers call th' thraditional feud between labor an' capital. It's too bad. I can remimber th' time whin a sthrike was th' greatest divarsion iv th' people iv this neighborhood. There was a sthrike ivry day an' ivry hour iv th' day. Sometimes it was th' carpenters an' sometimes it was th' bricklayers an' sometimes it was th' plastherers; but ivry thrade cud look for'ard to at laste wan sthrike a year. Ivry wanst in a while they jined together in wan grand outing.

"THIN th' city took on a carnival appearance, th' schools were closed f'r lack iv attindance, th' entire popylace was in th' sthreets an' rioting an' other recreations wint on day an' night. How often have I see ye prancin' down th' streets with a brick in each hand, an' sare a bit did ye care whose window ye pegged it through. Ye started f'r th' Lake Shore Dhrive to fling it through th' boss's plate glass, but if ye saw my mild face peerin' out iv a tin-cint pane, ye tossed it at me. Ye'er idee iv a brick was that it was something to be thrun an' it mattered little who ye thrun it at. Ye cud hit a poliseman without sin or danger, f'r there was always a fri'ndly fut to thrip him whin he give chase. Th' Pinkertons sint gunmen to take ye'er place. They had a good time, too, 'atin' ragally in th' mills an' playin' peaknuckle to while away th' long summer afthernoons.

"Afther a while th' milishy was called in. Ye fired a few tons iv coal at thim, a pound at a time, an' they retorted with a volley. Th' marksmanship iv th' milishy was always wan iv th' most inj'yable features iv a sthrike. Their volleys wud miss a solid mob iv tin thousan' at thirty yards an' hit a man in th' ear who was settin' at a window a mile away readin' The Life iv Saint Anthony iv Padua.

"No wan iver knew how a sthrike was settled. It wasn't settled. Wan day ye grew weary iv snipin' ye'er fri'nds iv th' constab'lary with chunks iv anthracite. Besides, ye were broke an' tired out be th' vacation. An' so was th' boss. Ye wint back to th' job at an advance iv eight cints an hour, or a reduction iv th' same amount. Ye didn't care

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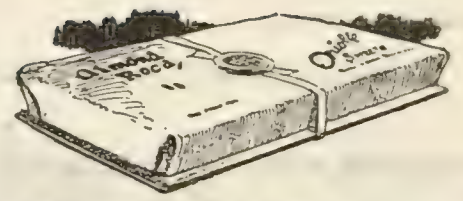

Almond Roca

—it defies description!

Can one portray the soul-stirring renditions of Mischa Elman through a description of the violin from which such music issues? An attempt to convey the distinctiveness of Almond Roca through mention of its component parts would be equally absurd. It is not the ingredients—it is *the genius* of their combination. A dollar and a half purchases a package of Almond Roca—and your money back if you feel you don't get your money's worth.

Our distribution is in the here-and-there stage—Almond Roca is NOT available everywhere—not yet. If you experience difficulty in its discovery, address us direct, naming the dealer who should distribute it. ***
BROWN & HALEY, *Confectioners to the Elect, Tacoma, Washington.*

Almond Roca

—America's Finest Confection

Meyer Both Company, maintaining the most widely known Commercial Art Studios in the World, offers you a practical training based upon 25 years' successful experience in meeting the art needs of leading advertisers. Many of the full page illustrations appearing in leading national magazines are drawn by Meyer Both artists. Our graduates are filling attractive positions in every section of the country. This well paid profession equally open to men and women. Home study instruction.

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Ask the Advertising Manager of the leading newspaper in your locality about us. Send 4c in stamps for illustrated book telling of the success of our students and the unusual opportunity in this attractive and well paid profession.

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Save $300 to $1250
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A Bennett Ready-Cut home saves you the middlemen's profits, also weeks of labor because it is easier and quicker erected.

Highest quality seasoned lumber, machine sawed to perfect fit—no waste. And you know the exact cost in advance.

Desirable built-in conveniences. Firestop construction — double walls and floors—notched wall plates—characteristic Bennett features that assure lifetime service and permanent value.

See the Bennett homes near you—write us for names of the owners.

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Photo illustrations and plans of over 85 charming homes and 10 styles of garages, all sizes. FREE in Ohio, Pa., N. J., N. Y., Md., W. Va., Va., Del. and New England; elsewhere $1.00.

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"I have noticed a marked increase in efficiency and a material increase in the earnings of my Agents since their enrollment." So writes R. F. Harward, District Manager of the Raleigh District of the Durham Life Insurance Company, Raleigh, N. C., commenting on the benefits derived by the sixteen agents shown in the above group from their LaSalle training in Modern Salesmanship. *Yet all these men are seasoned salesmen.*

The widespread opportunities in selling are clearly outlined in a 64-page book, "The Modern Salesman." The information it contains is of priceless value to the man ambitious to make a real success in the selling field. The coupon brings it FREE. Whether or not you have had sales experience, if you have average intelligence and will follow the LaSalle plan, you can quickly multiply your earnings. You have often thought you would send for one of these free books. This time—for the sake of a brighter future—ACT!

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Tell me about your *salary-doubling plan* as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below. Send copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation. ☐ Modern Salesmanship

☐ Traffic Management
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☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking

Name.....
Present Position.....
Address.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT].

which. An' both sides claimed a moral victhry an' set to work to repair its ravages. Ivry victhry is expinsive but there's none costs so much as a moral victhry. Three iv thim wud bust Hinnery Foord.

"'Tis diffrint now. Th' other day I r-read that th' hard-coal miners had sthruck. I don't know what they sthruck about. I know it wasn't f'r an eight-hour day unless they don't know how to put in th' other three hours. Mebbe 'twas because th' static

"Th' on'y throubles th' laborin' class has now is tire throubles."

fr'm th' power plant intherfered with their radios so they cudd'nt chune in on Kansas City. Annyhow, if it wasn't f'r the pa-apers sayin' so an' me coal bill fairly hollerin' it, I'd no more know that these hardy toilers had quit thin if th' faculty iv Vassar Colledge had laid down their chalk crayons an' p'inters. Divvle an explosion iv dinnymite; ne'er a fire or a lynchin'; but these degin'rate sons iv noble sires set at home listenin' to a sthring quartet, or parade in their installment cars, or consult with Gif Pinchot.

"Think, will ye, iv th' sooty hewers iv' th' stubborn rock declarin' war on Capytal, summonin' th' hosts iv labor to battle, an' goin' over to take tay with Gif! I long f'r th' ol' times. Not th' good ol' times, but th' bad ol' times whin Capytal an' Labor on'y let go iv each other's throats long enough to spit on their hands f'r a fresh holt.

"IN my day, whin I was what ye might call a student iv industhreel conditions, th' succissful merchant prince was not th' la-ad that thried to make two tenpenny nails grow where wan had growed befure, but th' expert who bust into tears ivry time he looked at his pay roll an' wanted to ordher out th' Gatling guns whin he see ye goin' home with a beefsteak undher ye'er arm. Manny iv th' bold immygrants iv thim days who vintured acrost th' seas to carve out a fortune niver see money fr'm wan year's end to another, on'y a blue ticket entitlin' thim to a dozen clothespins at th' comp'ny store. 'Love iv money,' said th' economist iv my day,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

J. E. Greenslade
President of the National Salesmen's Training Association

Bigger Pay This Year for Men Who Read This Ad

Let Me Make You a Master Salesman! *This New Easy Way*

I DON'T care what you are now or what you think. The Association of which I am president will take you in short, easy steps and make a Master Salesman of you, put you in the same class with the big pay men who have all the good things of life.

Many have thought that Salesmen were "born." And that idea has kept many men from succeeding. But this Association of Master Salesmen has proved that any man can be taught the rules and principles that make men Master Salesmen.

Easy as A B C

If you are as intelligent as the ordinary mechanic, postal clerk or stenographer, you can quickly master the simple A B C's of selling. There are certain ways of approaching a prospect to get his undivided attention, certain ways to stimulate keen interest, certain ways to overcome objection, batter down prejudices, outwit competition and make the prospect act.

You can learn these principles at home in a short period of pleasant, inspiring study. And once you have mastered these secrets of Master Salesmanship, you can take advantage of the employment department of the Association without charge. This is a real opportunity, for during the last year the Association received calls for 49,880 salesmen from the biggest sales organizations in America.

The book you see below has been the starting point for thousands of men who are now successful salesmen. This book, "Modern Salesmanship," is now FREE, and will be sent to every man who fills out and returns the coupon below.

Rush the Coupon

If I were asking ten or twenty dollars for this book you might hesitate. But I am not. It is Free. And since it may mean the turning point in your life, it certainly is worth the two cents you will have to spend to get this amazing book and read for yourself the astonishing facts given between its two covers. You have everything to gain and not one cent to lose, so mail the coupon today, sure.

Chicagoans are invited to call personally at the Association Building or at our downtown headquarters—Suite 520, at 53 West Jackson Blvd.

SENT FREE

The book that has shown thousands the way to amazing salary increases.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST Exclusive SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION
Dept. C-115 N. S. T. A. Bldg.
Chicago, Illinois

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n,
Dept. C-115, N. S. T. A. Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Send me FREE your book "Modern Salesmanship" and proof that I can become a Master Salesman.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Age..... Occupation.....

Yeasted Malted Milk!

Everyone knows the food and health value of pure malted milk. It is consumed daily by millions—at soda fountains and at home. *Almost* everyone knows, too, the food and health value of yeast. Its magic has brought new strength and vigor to young and old the nation over.

In Yeast Foam Malted Milk is an ideal food consisting of both Malted Milk and Yeast. Not a mere mixture—the yeast is grown in the product, thus giving Yeast Foam Malted Milk an extraordinary tonic value, a delightful flavor, "body" and aid to the digestive processes.

An *ideal* combination—a boon to malted milk drinkers and yeast users alike. Try a bottle of Yeast Foam Malted Milk today. See how delicious it is; how nutritious and stimulating. Observe its soothing and strengthening effects.

If your druggist hasn't this splendid new beverage in stock, send 50 cents for Introductory Bottle. If it isn't the finest drink you ever tasted, we'll refund your money!

RED GRANGE, famous football ace and athlete, keeps in condition only with constant and rigorous attention to his diet. He says, "I drink Yeast Foam Malted Milk regularly and with great benefit; it is my favorite beverage."

USE THIS COUPON

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.

1750 No. Ashland Ave., Dept. J. Chicago, Ill.

My druggist does not have Yeast Foam Malted Milk in stock, so I enclose 50 cents for Introductory Bottle.

Name .....

Address .....

[MR. DOOLEY ON CAPITAL AND LABOR Continued from Page Forty-nine]

'is th' root iv all evil among th' wurrukin' classes.' An' he took good care they were niver inthrayjooced.

"Afther a while this got to be a principle with him. It ain't hard to convart annything convanient an' profitable into an iliventh commandment. He give it out, 'It's against me principles to be conthrolled be labor unions'; but what he meant was, 'I'll be darned if I pay a man two dollars a day whin I can injooce him to wurruk f'r wan ninety-eight.' An' to carry out these here noble ideels he hired Pinks at ten dollars a day an' had th' sojery at th' mills 'atin' up his year's profits in a week.

"I've always thought there were too manny capytalists in th' wurruld. It's an overcrowded profission like th' law an' th' movies. Manny men go into it because they don't like manyool labor or because their fathers wudd'nt let thim play pro-fissyonal baseball. Th' result is that there are manny capytalists who make no more thin a pittance out iv their laborers.

"I R-READ th' other day th' statistics iv' th' class iv nineteen hundherd an' five at Harvard. It showed th' av'rage 'arnin' iv grajates, th' prisidint iv th' univarsity wantin' to know how th' boys got on afther they'd hopped out iv th' lap iv Almy Mather. Th' answers was as follows: 'Futball coaches, $75,600; lawyers, $300; profissors, $200; clargymen, $150; capytalists, $9.34.' My idee is that there ought to be a rigid examination iv capytalists to see if they're fitted f'r th' job. Because, me boy, a incompetint capytalist is more dangerous thin a color-blind injineer. He always runs by th' signals.

"Annyhow, this here method didn't work well. Th' sons iv toil wud rather sthrike thin ate th' kind iv food they got. An' durin' th' sthrike they cud go down to th' store an' help thimsilves to th' canned peaches without turnin' in a ticket. So th' wise men iv our gr-reat industhrees thried other manes iv soothin' th' savage breast iv labor without payin' too much f'r th' lotion, d'ye mind? They built gymnasiums where th' tired worker who'd been jugglin' sides iv beef all day cud relax in th' avnin' be histin' wan-hundherd-pound dumb-bells. Some iv thim wint so far as to build tennis coorts f'r their loyal servitors; but th' loyal servitors didn't use thim much. Th' wurrud 'love' in a score made thim sick at th' stumach an' ye cudd'nt convince a hammer-man that a game was worth playin' where he lost th' match if he pasted the ball a couple iv blocks. Th' ongrateful craftsmen wint on sthrikin' an'

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A touch of Rare Charm

Maybelline

There is nothing else quite like the effect of a touch of Maybelline. Either a brush stroke of the solid form or the new harmless, water-proof Liquid Maybelline and the result is most startling.

Your lashes immediately appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant; your eyes, deep pools of loveliness and amazingly expressive. Try Maybelline—and see what a difference it makes. Perfectly harmless.

Either Solid or Liquid. Black or Brown. 75c at all toilet goods counters.

Maybelline Co., 4750-10 Sheridan Rd., Chicago

Solid form

Liquid form (Waterproof)

How Very Old-Fashioned To Have

Gray Hair

TODAY you won't see any gray heads in society, on the stage, or in business, because women know better. They use a scientific hair color restorer when the gray first begins. You can learn what it is and does by mailing coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

This dainty hair cosmetic (clear, colorless) combs away the gray! Quickly it disappears, natural color returns. No streaks, discoloration, dyed look or interference with shampooing.

Mail Free Bottle Coupon

You get Special Patented Free Trial Kit by return mail. Test on a single lock of hair—see how modern women stop gray hair. Then get full-size bottle from druggist, or direct.

Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

—Please print your name and address—

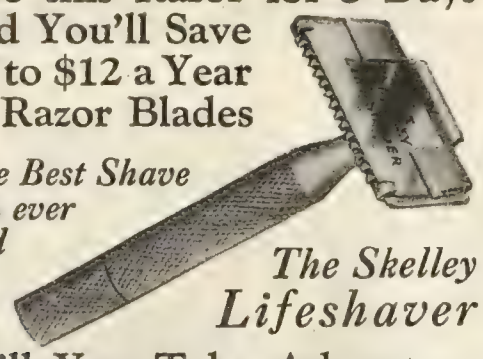
MARY T. GOLDMAN,
924-C Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black.... dark brown....medium brown....auburn (dark red)....light brown....light auburn (light red).... blonde....

Name.....

Street..... City.....

Use this Razor for 3 Days and You'll Save $7 to $12 a Year in Razor Blades



The Best Shave you ever had

The Skelley Lifeshaver

Will You Take Advantage of This Guaranteed Offer?

A perfect shave every day and just one specially tempered Sheffield blade for life! An even keener cutting edge than that of a straight edge razor, yet with the safeguard and easy cutting motion of a safety!

And there are other unusual advantages in the Skelley Lifeshaver: No removable or detachable parts, the blade pivoting from the shaving to the stropping position and the horsehide leather strop is attached to the beautiful calfskin leather case—nothing to forget—nothing to leave behind—no blades to buy!

Send No Money!

So delighted have been thousands of shave-weary men with the Skelley Lifeshaver, that by filling out the coupon below, this wonderful new heavily silver-plated razor will be mailed you C. O. D. Just pay the postman $5 plus a few cents for C. O. D. charges and use the Skelley Lifeshaver outfit for 3 days. If it does not meet every promise and demand, return it at once in good condition and your $5 will be returned. What could be more fair to give you shaving satisfaction and economy?

The strop is attached to the case. No taking apart of razor for stropping or cleaning.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

SKELLEY BROTHERS
Bryant Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me at once, C. O. D., one Skelley Lifeshaver outfit complete. If, at the end of 3 days' trial, I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the outfit in good condition and you will return me my $5.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Always Fresh and Flavory

At all Candy Stores and Counters
Superior Peanut Co., Cleveland, O.

"DON'T SHOUT

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? With THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right."

The Morley Phone for the

DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

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Why STAMMER?

Men with less Will Power than YOU possess have cured themselves at home. My new copyrighted book of instructions reveals the system. A home cure has been proven unequaled. Parents, STOP that child's stammer. Write for further information.

FRED H. WILLMERT, 620½ 28th St.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S
BALSAM
for that COUGH!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

'twas no uncommon sight to see thim smackin' th' Pinkertons with tennis bats. 'This sthrike,' wan iv th' artisans told me, 'has improved me serve. I'll have a fine cut on th' ball whin I go back.'

"Fin'lly wan smart fellow calls a meetin' at th' Naytional Bank an' he says, 'Boys, we have just won a gloryous victhry over th' inimies iv law an' ordher. Another such a thriumph will break us. S'pose we do something to avert it? S'pose we thry payin'

"How often have I see ye prancin' down th' streets with a brick in each hand, an' sare a bit did ye care whose window ye pegged it through."

thim more money? [Hisses an' groans.] Hol' on a minnyit, now. Don't lynch me ontil I've finished. S'pose we pay thim more an' thin take it away fr'm thim! [Cheers.] If ye cud get it into ye'er tired business heads that our best customer is th' toilin' masses ye'd be goin' a far way to'rds solvin' this age-long problem. What diff'rence,' says he, 'does it make how much I hand Mike an' Otto at th' timekeeper's window if I take it away fr'm him at th' gate be sellin' him th' autymobill he's just put together? Thin,' says he, 'there's that large an' pathriotic body iv men that wud rather have fifteen dollars a week sal'ry thin forty in wages. In a wurrud, gintlemen, me gin'ral idee is to make iv'rybody a capytalist because there's no such slave to capytal as a capytalist, an' th' smaller his capytal th' bigger the slave he is.'

"SO, now, Hinnissy, ye're a fi-nanceer, an' I s'pose ye're happy. But did ye ever think iv th' sympathy ye've lost? There was a time whin I cud weep over th' woes iv th' laborin' man, but niver th' sob will I let loose over a downthrodden prolatorio that goes honkin' to his work in a sedan car. Th' on'y throubles th' laborin' classes has now is tire throubles, as th' fellow says.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Afraid *of* My Own Voice

But I Learned to Dominate Others Almost Overnight

SUDDENLY the boss turned to me and queried, "Well, Conroy, what's your opinion?" They all listened politely for me to speak and in the silence I heard my thin, wavering voice stammering and sputtering a few vague phrases. Like a flash Stoddard interrupted me and launched on a brilliant description of his plan. All sat spellbound as he talked—my views were forgotten—and yet I have been studying the problem for months and I was prepared to suggest a sound, practical plan which I knew would solve all our difficulties.

And that was the way it always was—I was always being given opportunities to show my ability and always failing miserably. I was bashful, timid, and nervous—I never knew how to express myself, how to put my ideas across. In fact, I was actually afraid of my own voice! Constantly I saw others with less ability, less experience than I being promoted over my head—simply because they had the knack of forceful speech, self-confidence, and personality—the very qualities I lacked.

In social life, too, I was a total loss—I was always the "left-over"—the one who sat back and watched the others have a good time. I seemed doomed to be an all around failure unless I could conquer my timidity, my bashfulness, my lack of poise and inability to express myself.

In 15 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a powerful speaker almost overnight.

I learned how to bend others to my will, how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by every one, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 15 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can **conquer timidity,** stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, and social standing; and success. Today business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a sales-manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy yet effective training.

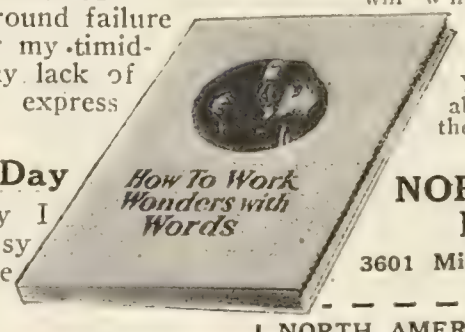
What 15 Minutes a Day Will Show You

- How to talk before your club or lodge
- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to address Board Meetings
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make a political speech
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration
- How to be the master of any situation.

Send for This Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This book is called How to Work Wonders with Words. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions but thousands have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

Now Sent FREE



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YOU will welcome our representative in your home. He brings you an Unprecedented Value in Pure Silk Hose guaranteed free from rayon at only $5.00 for 5 pairs.

Think of it. Only $1.00 a pair for pure silk hose, guaranteed by a bond. Look for the Smartsilk Button, your guarantee of integrity.

The Exclusive Smartsilk Green Ring absolutely prevents garter runs.

Smartsilk Hose Preserver DOUBLES THE LIFE of all silk hose. In dainty IvoryCompositionVanity Box, only 10c, postpaid.

Smartsilk GREEN RING Hosiery

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MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

J. A. Law, Sales Mgr.,
Smartsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., 585 North 3rd St., Newark, N. J.

Tell me by return mail how I can go to work AT ONCE to earn about $35.00 a week—without permanent investment. I understand that I will be able to take advantage of your big, new proposition to be announced in March which will help me double my income.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

TRUTHFULLY TOLD - - TRUTHFULLY SOLD

[MR. DOOLEY ON CAPITAL AND LABOR Continued from Page Fifty-one]

Ye're no longer inthrestin' because ye haven't ayether enough money to be mis'rable or ye have too much. But me heart goes out to th' onforchnit la-ads with th' fixed income. Th' fellow that fixed their income was no union plumber. Ye can bet on that. He fixed thim good. They don't have to be done over again. Ye may say that a man who wud rather have fifteen dollars income thin forty wages must put up with inconvaniences. Nobles obleeg, as th' Fr-rinch say. But that ain't no way iv lookin' at it. Thim boys was th' mainstay iv our governmint.

"IN the days whin Labor had Capytal be th' windpipe, it was thim brave fellows that wint to th' rescue iv par'lized industthree. They dhrov sthreet cars; they braked on th' railroads, an' they jined th' milishy. An' what have we done f'r thim? Th' laws iv supply an' demand take care iv th' shorn hod-carrier. Th' market f'r corn beef an' cabbage fluctuates with his wages. But salaries an' prices ar-re no longer within hailin' distance iv each other an' a clerk that got twinty-five dollars a week whin eggs were a quarter a dozen still gets twinty-five dollars a week whin eggs ar-re on'y to be found in th' Field Museem. An' as we're ra-aly paid f'r our work in food, lodgin', an' heat, they ain't as well off in good times as they were in bad. 'Tis my idee that whin a man applies f'r a job he oughtn't to ask how much money he's goin' to get, but how much liver an' bacon, how manny sacks iv coal an' suits iv clothes, an' what kind iv a spring matthress they're goin' to give him. Thin ye cud ra-aly find out how a man was gettin' on in his job. Ye'd hear people say, 'Tim has got a raise. He's been promoted fr'm spare ribs to lamb chops.' Iv coorse th' fellow with th' sal'ry an' th' white collar has th' glory. But I've noticed, Hinnissy, that glory an' money ar-re not on good terms. Each has its circle iv fri'nds. If ye pursoo wan iv thim with ye'er attintions th' other won't speak to ye.

"I niver cud undherstand this here question iv remooneration f'r sarvices, annyhow. An' nobody can or iver cud. Why does th' shover iv an autymobill get more thin th' scavenger who clanes up afther him? Why is a priest who saves ye'er soul worse paid more thin th' theatrical manager that damns it? Why do they give more to a primy donna that nobody wud look at twicet thin to a chorus girl that ivrybody goes to see? Why is a Sinitor paid annything? Why isn't he fined? I see that some smart fellow has found out that a paperhanger gets more money thin a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Greet Him with EYES that Glow

Clear, healthy EYES, glowing with vitality, reward the use of ***Murine.*** It soothes and brightens EYES wearied by sewing, reading or office work—relieves the irritation caused by sun, wind and dust. ***Murine*** takes away not only the tired look but the tired feeling.

When you use ***Murine*** you have the assurance that millions have used it for a quarter of a century, that it is hygienically prepared, and that every ingredient is beneficial to the EYES.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request.

The Murine Company
Dept. 86, Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

TEST FREE

Dull—Unfit

Watch a sparkling drink change things in an hour

Often men and women rise in the morning feeling dull and unfit, because the system is clogged. The poisons and wastes depress them.

There are long ways and short ways to a remedy, but the shortest and pleasantest is this:

Drink a glass of water on rising, either hot or cold. Add a little Jad Salts. It will make a sparkling, pleasant drink. That will flush the intestines. Note the radical change in an hour.

The results come from acids derived from lemon and grapes, plus lithia, etc. And they are at your command every hour of the day.

Learn what Jad Salts mean to you. How soon they can change conditions. They may save you countless hours of depression. The coupon will bring you a liberal sample. Ask us for it—now.

Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc.,
598 Madison Avenue
New York, Dept. L 12 C

Free Test

Mail me a Free Sample of Jad Salts.

.....

.....

100 fragrant DREAMLETS (panatellas) $3.75

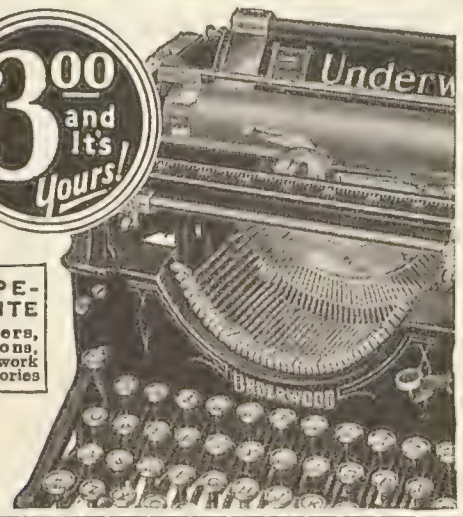
Send Check or Money Order

DREAMLETS (Panatellas) full of that character and mildness so pleasing to the smoker — now offered direct from the manufacturer to you! Hand-rolled of selected long filler tobacco, made in a sanitary factory, backed by 35 years' experience. Dreamlets — 100 in a box — 4 packages — each package wrapped in heavy foil to retain natural bouquet and freshness — delivered anywhere in U. S. or possessions, $3.75 (check or money order).

You will enjoy every puff!

PENN CIGAR CO.
Dept. L-1, 30th & Penn
PITTSBURGH, PA.

$3.00 and It's Yours!



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CLIP THIS NOW! It's your own fault if you go without a typewriter now. There is a bargain price on this Underwood! Totally rebuilt; new type; new platen; new finish; and a *five-year guarantee*. Easiest terms ever—$3 and it's yours.

FREE BOOK! Typist Manual and complete catalog explains whole plan. To first fifty who answer, instructions free in touch typewriting. Mail now to the Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co., 1703 Shipman Bldg., CHICAGO.

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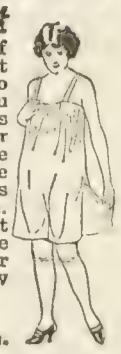
New Credit Plan
Make $50 to $90 a Week
Without Investment



Now you can have a wonderful business of your own without capital—a business that will pay you $2 to $5 an hour spare time up to $90 a week and more for your full time. You simply introduce and take orders for famous World's Star Hosiery, Klean-Knit Underwear and Silk Lingerie, a complete line for the family—direct from Mill. We ship you the goods and trust you. You deliver and pay us when you collect. Your profit begins at once. No experience necessary. No matter what you're doing now—if you want to make more money, all or spare time—write at once for this new plan and complete particulars. How to start Free. *Established 50 years.*

World's Star Knitting Co.
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At Home in Your Spare Time

from the school that has trained so many successful cartoonists of today earning from $50 to $200 and more a week. The Landon Picture Chart Method of teaching makes original drawing easy to learn.
Send 6c in stamps for full information and chart to test your ability. *Also state age.*

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U.S. Presidents

Our historical booklet gives biography of every United States President, principal events and dates of his administration: all the pertinent facts. Send 25c (no stamps) to President Publishing Co., 1110 Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

pro-fissor in Greek in wan iv our l'adin' institutions iv l'arnin'. There's a gr-reat dale iv discussion about it. Some ar-re in favor iv rejoocin' th' paper-hanger, while a few wants to enlarge th' pro-fissor's envelope. If there's anny change 'tis my opinyon th' boy with th' paste-pot will have to come down off his laddher. Th' Greek pro-fissors have been paid th' same since What's-his-name, Hogan's fri'nd, Socrates, stood on his front porch in his bare feet an' lectured his fellow citizens on courage befure goin' inside to be licked be his wife. It was forty

"A sthrike wasn't settled. Wan day ye grew weary iv snipin' ye'er fri'nds iv the constab'lary with chunks iv anthracite."

oboluses thin, it is forty oboluses now, an' it will be forty oboluses whin roastin' chickens ar-re sold in th' joolry stores iv New Haven.

"Hogan studied Greek f'r ten years an' where did it get him? Be rights he ought to be wearin' a little muslin skirt an' sellin' figs. He knows, in Greek, mind ye, that Darius had two sons, that what-d'ye-call-him marched I-don't-know-how-manny parasangs in a day, an' he can hurl th' aorist as far as anny man in th' Olympian games.

"But if he wint around to see Judge Gary about a job an' talked Greek to him, Elbert wud say, 'Get out; I've bought all the rugs I can use this year. As I was sayin', Ida'—an' he'd resume th' story iv his life: 'Up fr'm Wheaton, or Varchue Rewarded; Be Wan Who Knows.'

"I'm told be Hogan, who's full iv l'arnin' an' th' ignorance that so often goes with it, that a fri'nd iv his that he knows downtown be th' name iv Bacon says, 'L'arnin' makes a full man.' I'll l'ave it to anny colledge pro-fissor if that's thrue. He can decide afther anny meal."

"How long will these flush times last, d'ye think?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"They'll last," said Mr. Dooley, "until they break ivrybody."

Mr. Dooley humorously discusses various ways of reducing your income tax in next week's issue of Liberty. He discloses, among other things, that there's a lot of money to be had in raising a large family.

"Jarnac WAS all my skin needed!"

What Jarnac DOES!

(*The Proof is Free*)

WHAT A QUANTITY of complexion creams the modern store displays! One could scarcely try them all.

Yet a hundred thousand women have lately turned to the new cream called JARNAC.

Is it not worth your while to read why?

There is a double reason for such happy results from anything so mild as Jarnac. First, it really cleanses. Second, it attempts nothing miraculous. Frankly, Nature deserves most of the praise being heaped on Jarnac. *The skin that is kept clean and left alone will grow beautiful.* Purge the pores of any skin and it soon becomes smooth and fair. That is why gentle Jarnac whips the dullest skin to a radiant condition of color and texture.

In short, dear reader, Jarnac does all anyone but a physician *can* do for your skin.

What happens when you Use One Essential Cream

Jarnac is so bland, its beauty power is hard to believe. But you soon sense the difference. And you soon see results! The pore-deep cleanliness (which the best soap and water efforts only commence) will tell within a week. The skin has a new softness of its own. You have a new color that stays.

Try Jarnac daily for two weeks! See what happens when you use a cream that is not absorbed. Jarnac cleanses, neutralizes and *departs*. It does not attempt to "feed" the pores, it cleans them—and a clean pore is never distended. Use Jarnac as directed two or three weeks—and you can forget all about coarse pores.

Extraordinary Jarnac couldn't have an ordinary package! It is novel, striking. But more important, *it is pure aluminum*. No chance of broken glass, nor unseen particles in the cream. And a third more cream than a glass jar of same size would hold!

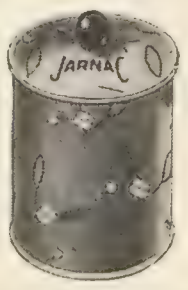
More Good News

And the new Jarnac powder ends all need of "powder base." No more filling of pores with "foundation" creams. No necessity for heavy powders. On a Jarnac-cleansed skin, a unique Jarnac powder *of medium weight*—adheres perfectly, evenly, and for hours! A soft, pure powder of low visibility!

There will always be times when you wish to intensify even the most perfect natural color. Use Jarnac rouge, and the heightened color will still be perfectly natural. A *moist* rouge, that's an actual blood-red. And just as perfect for lips!

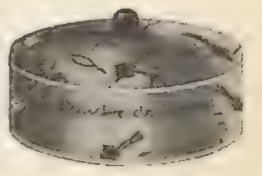
You'll see Jarnac on very nearly every toilet counter today. You'll find Jarnac most moderately priced. Or may try Jarnac at no cost at all! Just use the coupon:

Jarnac's Double Free Offer



JARNAC et Cie
542 W. Randolph Street, Chicago

I would like generous trial boxes of both —Jarnac CREAM *AND* Jarnac POWDER—and don't forget the little Jarnac Book of Big beauty secrets!



Name.....

Address.....

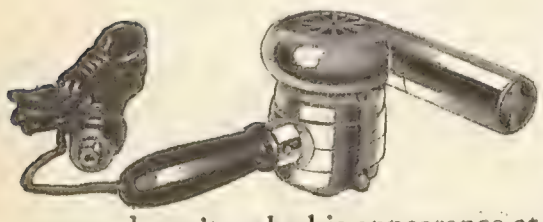
STAR-Rite
Cold Weather Comforters

WHEN the nippy frosty mornings of early spring—and those rainy days that keep us indoors—are with us, then is the time to call on STAR-Rite Electrical products for comfort.

Notice how abundantly the STAR-Rite Family takes care of cold weather needs. There are Waffle Irons, Grills, and Toasters for a quick, delicious breakfast—there are heaters to take the nip out of the early mornings in bedroom, bath and breakfast room. Then, too, here are three items specially suited for those chilly, inclement days—invaluable in every electrical home as safeguards of health, beauty and comfort.

STAR-Rite Hair Dryer

$9.00 *In Canada, $12.00*

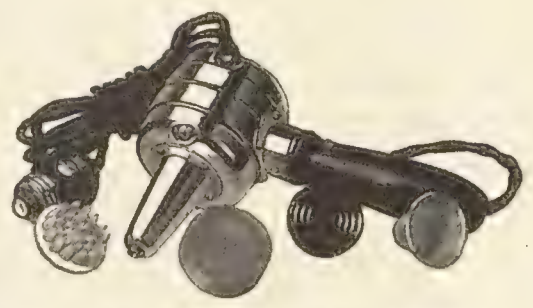


In bad weather the problem of drying your hair after a brisk shampoo is a peculiarly vexing one. In the early, in-between days of spring the sun isn't strong enough, and there's a chance of catching a mean cold; then, there are those gloomy days when the sun doesn't make his appearance at all, and it's a dreary business, draping one's hair over an unsympathetic radiator.

Now a STAR-Rite Electric Hair Dryer provides the perfect way to dry hair after a shampoo in cold or inclement weather. It gives a gushing, warm stream of dry air—dries the hair thoroughly and quickly. This hair dryer is without a rival for quality—start and stop switch in handle, a feature usually found only in much higher priced dryers. It is a sturdy, long-lived dryer that meets the heaviest demands.

STAR-Rite Vibrator

$7.50 *In Canada, $9.00*



It's pretty hard to get one's beauty exercise in the early days of spring—you can't get outdoors as much as you need to keep fit, hearty and glowing.

There's where the STAR-Rite Vibrator fits in so perfectly. It stimulates the muscles, and tissues—encourages a more vigorous blood-circulation, keeps the body firm and fit—in a word, it brings roses to your cheeks and keeps you always keen and fresh.

STAR-Rite Heating Pads

In a time as modern and progressive as today, an electric heating pad is an essential in every electric home. The old hot-water bottle is hopelessly out-of-date, to say nothing of being a nuisance, what with its leaking and constant refillings.

STAR-Rite Heating Pads are available in a wide variety of styles and prices. There's the single-heat pad in tan, which sells for $5.00. In Canada, $6.25. Then the three-heat standard model comes in tan and a choice of three attractive Scotch plaid designs, and may be gotten from any reputable dealer for $7.50. In Canada, $9.00, west of Ontario, $9.50. For those who want the undeniable best there's our "Aristocrat" three-heat pad. This large, over-size pad is made from finest virgin wool in a charming shade of warm old-rose. Price is only $10.00. In Canada, $12.50, west of Ontario, $13.00.

FITZGERALD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Torrington, Connecticut
Canadian Fitzgerald Company, 95 King Street, East, Toronto, Ontario

Loon River Anthology

By Herbert J. Mangham

Decorations by Ellison Hoover

. . .

LAFCADIO LARRABIE

I had known for months
That something was wrong.
I saw it in the pitying glances
Of my friends.
I felt the pall

In eerie moments of introspection.
But when good old Dr. Groody
Told me the truth,
The shock mercifully killed me.
"My boy," he said,
Striving vainly to hide his emotion,
"It's halitosis!"

. . .

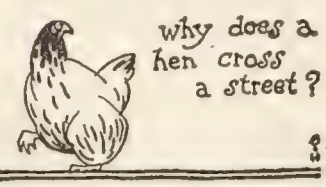
MARIA NOAKES

I had a positive talent—
I could always find cause for complaint.
Every meal, every theater,
Above all every person,
Had quite obvious deficiencies.
But even if I was a little trying
To poor Jim,
A sheet crammed into one's mouth
Is a stuffy death!
The jury acquitted him,
He having pled self-defense.

. . .

CHESTNUT

It was on the ark
That Noah first related me
To the hyenas.
I have been acclaimed since
In every court in the world.
I have appeared in literature,



On the stage, in the movies,
In song, and then
I was broadcasted nightly
From a thousand radio stations.
That killed me.
But grieve not—
I shall arise!

. . .

AMIEL TERWILLIGER

Old man Mott killed me barely in time
To save himself from death
At my hands.
Who began that argument?
I forget . . . But
One said his brand of safety razor
Was better than the other's.

The very smartest women now demand this clear soap

Perfect Pore Cleansing —Then Stimulation

Why are smart society women who prize good looks turning so generally to Jap Rose?

Because beauty specialists have shown them that this clear soap is the one that cleanses pores most thoroughly and stimulates them to normal action.

Jap Rose cleanses so thoroughly because its ingredients are so pure that they dissolve completely in water and can enter tiny pores that coarse soaps clog.

It stimulates because it contains 2 natural tonics.

You can tell that it is improving your complexion by the healthful temporary tingle that follows its first use.

Get it today.

JAP ROSE

The Clear Soap for a Clear Skin, 10c

Accept No Substitutes

Send this coupon and 10c to James S. Kirk & Co., 1232 West North Avenue, Chicago, for full-size cake of Jap Rose.

Name .....

Address .....

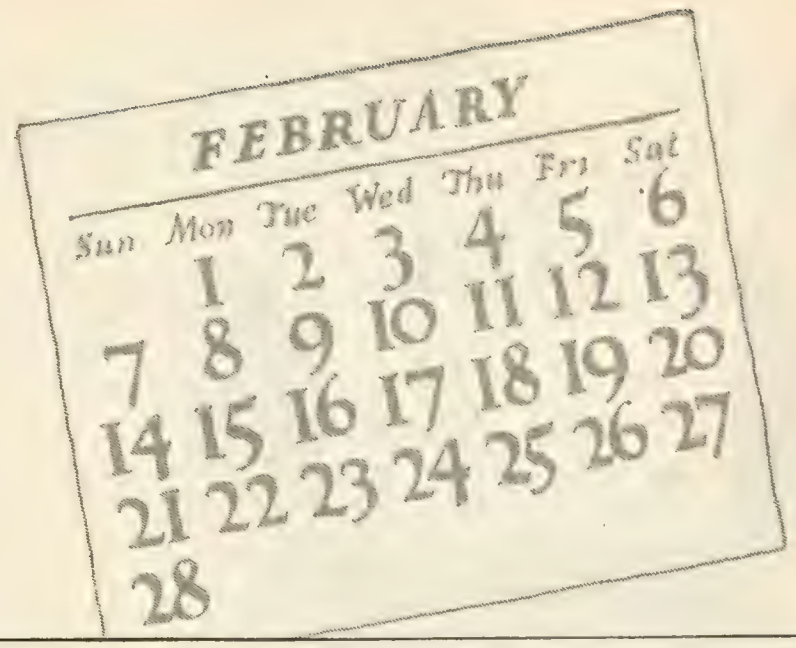
City .....

Shortest Month IS LONGEST on Genius

April and July Contribute Second Largest Quota to Roll of Famous Americans

By

EILEEN BOURNE



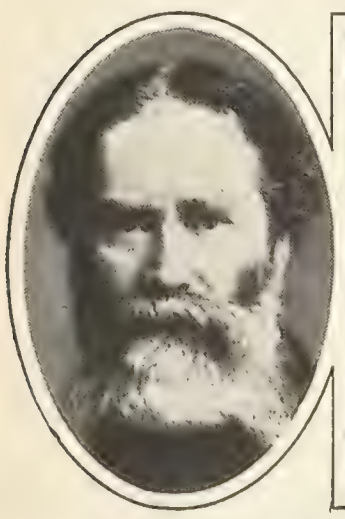
Abraham Lincoln, from a painting by G. P. A. Healy. Courtesy of Mr. Robert T. Lincoln.

IF your baby was born in the month just closed—February—it has a running start toward Fame. For February is the month of genius and the luckiest of all the twelve.

As the richest in production of famous persons the shortest month stands unchallenged in the evidence written into the bronze memorial tablets in the Hall of Fame, New York. February births are there shown to yield a larger number of great Americans than any other month of the year.

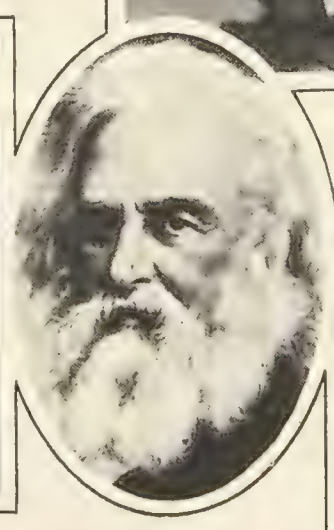
This proves nothing if not that you can no more judge a month by its stature than you can judge man by his. Here is the shortest month standing head and shoulders over the longer months in point of membership in the illustrious circle.

William Tecumseh Sherman.

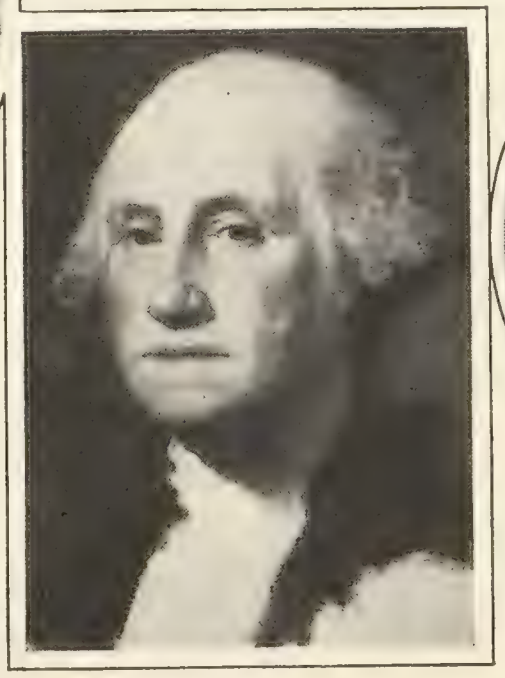


James Russell Lowell.

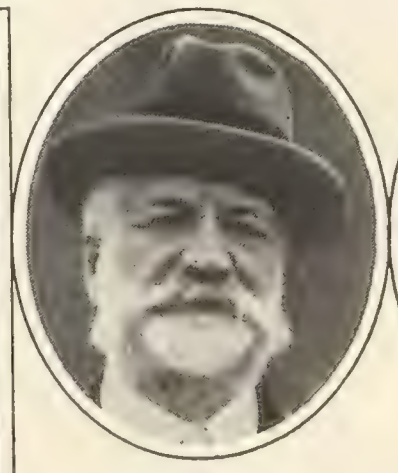
Mary Lyon.



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



One of the Stuart paintings of Washington.



George Peabody.

Peter Cooper

To date there have been inscribed in the Hall of Fame the names of fifty-eight men and seven women, sixty-five in all. The birth month of one only, Roger Williams, theologian, is unrecorded.

Of the remaining sixty-four February claims twelve notable names by natal right. April and July are its nearest rivals, each of those months claiming seven famous personages to do them honor.

None of the remaining nine months can show in distinctive membership in the Hall of Fame one-half of February's claim to superior attainments.

By the same process of calculation, June is the least lucky month in which to be born. The month of brides stands at the foot of the class.

Only two June born have yet succeeded in getting past that distinguished body of electors who decide what names shall be writ into the hundred and fifty panels reserved in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Where Cleanliness is Vital . . . be sure it is

There is more than a suggestion of cheerfulness and good health in the homes where Kitchen Klenzer is used

(43)

I Use Lemon On My Hair—Do You?

By **Dolores Del Rio**

"Before I found out about this lemon rinse, a curd which soap leaves after a shampoo made my hair sticky, limp and hard to curl or wave.

"Ordinary rinsing with plain water didn't remove it, no matter how many times I rinsed it.

"But in a California lemon there is a mild, harmless acid which *will* take it out. Use the juice of two California lemons in an ordinary washbowl of water and you have the finest hair rinse ever used. Follow that with a clear water rinse.

"All traces of soap will disappear immediately from your hair. The hair is really clean—lustrous and soft. The curl or wave will stay."

Dolores Del Rio

Knowing this, most beauty shops of the better class in Hollywood advocate the California Lemon Rinse. Practically all of the moving picture stars depend upon it. And now millions of women who wash their hair at home are adopting it because of the results.

You too will always use it if you try it once.

How To Do It

Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 qts.) and rinse with this, following with thorough rinse in plain water.

DOLORES DEL RIO
Well-Known Motion Picture Star

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Sec. 803, Los Angeles, California

Please send me free book "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

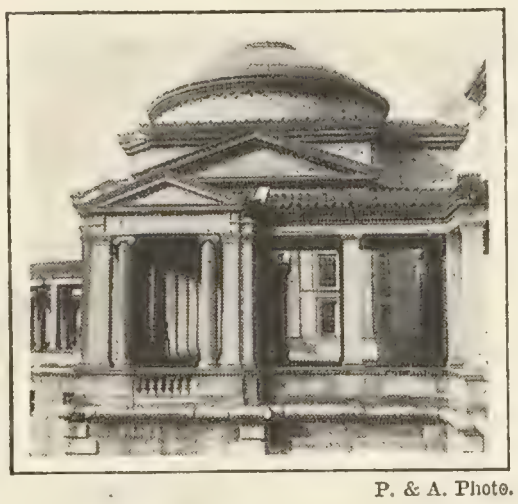
[SHORTEST MONTH IS LONGEST ON GENIUS
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

historic walls on University Heights for America's greatest.

Curiously enough these two happen to be brother and sister—Henry Ward Beecher, preacher, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, author. The latter made the steep ascent to undying fame with her Uncle Tom's Cabin, recognized throughout the world as a powerful factor in the anti-slavery agitation.

A review of the months and their contributions to fame may interest you.

By scanning the following list you may be able to determine the opportunities of your particular birth date as recorded in the Hall of Fame. Besides, it is said that there is in human beings a passion for the best company. Also that "we have a fellow-clubman interest in one born on the same day and month and would boast of them if we could."



P. & A. Photo.
The Hall of Fame at New York University.

With these illustrious ones dead a number of years they can raise no objections if we boast of a natal kinship.

Jan.	11	Alexander Hamilton.
	17	Benjamin Franklin.
	18	Daniel Webster.
	19	Edgar Allan Poe.
	19	Robert Edward Lee.
Feb.	4	Mark Hopkins.
	8	William Tecumseh Sherman.
	11	Daniel Boone.
	12	Abraham Lincoln.
	12	Peter Cooper.
	18	George Peabody.
	21	Alice Freeman Palmer.
	22	James Russell Lowell.
	22	George Washington.
	23	Emma Willard.
	27	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
	28	Mary Lyon.
March	1	Augustus St.-Gaudens.
	15	Andrew Jackson.
	16	James Madison.
April	2	Thomas Jefferson.
	3	Washington Irving.
	7	William Ellery Channing.
	12	Henry Clay.
	15	John Lothrop Motley.
	27	Samuel Finley Breese Morse.
	27	Ulysses S. Grant.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A POST CARD BRINGS IT TO YOU

MY ONLY SALESMAN $2.75 for 50

I DON'T want you to order a quantity of cigars until you try my complete line consisting of 7 brands put up as illustrated above. If after a fair trial you feel that you did not receive at least "DOUBLE VALUE" I'll return your money in full.

HOW I do it. I import my own tobacco and maintain the largest cigar factory selling for cash, eliminating book-keeping, bad debts, etc., and sell my entire output direct to the consumer.

All transportation charges prepaid.

I CANNOT afford to sell more than one trial Sample case to a person at this price.

Mail Check or Pay The Postman.

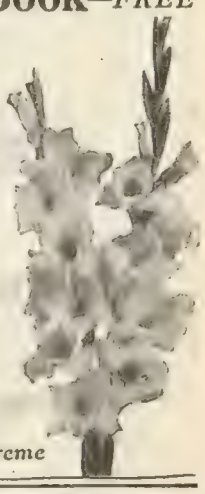
JAMES B. HALL JR.

Dept. A, 176 E. 127th St., N. Y.

New Gladiolus Book—*FREE*

Write for my new Gladiolus Book. Hundreds of varieties are described—the newest and best in Kunderd Gladioli. Read about my "Wonder Mixture"—you will want it. To make success sure, my full cultural directions are given.

A. E. KUNDERD
174 Lincoln Way West
Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.
The Originator of the Ruffled and the Laciniated Gladioli



Kunderd Gladioli
Stand Supreme

INCREASE YOUR SALARY

Hold high salaried position. Study Expert Bookkeeping at home. Our course prepared by country's greatest Accountants. Five months' course will help you triple your income. Moderate tuition. Terms. Money back guarantee. Write and let us tell you how Richard Willman of Philadelphia increased his salary 320% in less than eight months.

MONROE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
Dept. 2, 127 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago

LAW Free Book

Write today for FREE 128-page book, **"THE LAW TRAINED MAN,"** which shows how to learn law in spare time. Qualify for a high salaried executive position or prepare to enter the practice of law. Study at home the Blackstone Course prepared by 80 prominent legal authorities including **CHIEF JUSTICE WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.** Blackstone graduates practicing law everywhere. LL.B. degree conferred. Magnificent 25 volume law library furnished immediately upon enrollment. Moderate tuition fee. Easy terms. Money Back Guarantee.

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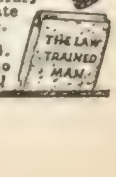
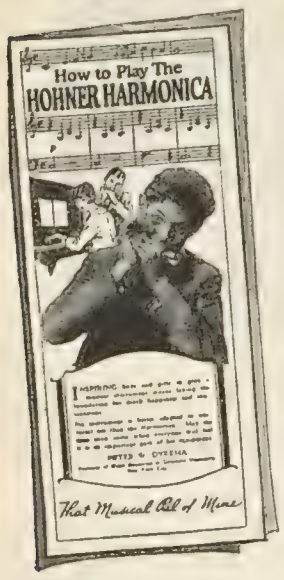
America's Foremost Non-Resident Law School



Now Anyone Can Play a HOHNER HARMONICA



This FREE Book Will Prove It!

Thousands of people of all ages, in all walks of life, are now playing Hohner Harmonicas for entertainment, education and inspiration. Thanks to the new instruction book they are enjoying the popularity that comes to those who can play this fascinating musical instrument.

If there is any greater satisfaction than *listening* to good music, it is surely that of being able to *play* it. This Free Instruction Book, containing charts, pictures and popular musical selections, will enable *you* to play the Hohner Harmonica with an ease that is most surprising. Ask your dealer for a copy today; if he cannot supply you, write direct to M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 157, 114 East 16th Street, New York City.

Leading Dealers Everywhere Sell Hohner Harmonicas 50¢ up.

HOHNER Harmonicas

No Corn

Keeps hurting over 3 seconds

This new way gives world's fastest relief

NO matter how painful a corn or callous you have, you now can quiet it . . . put it to sleep . . . in three seconds or less.

This scientific liquid acts on a corn like a local anaesthetic acts on a paining tooth. Pain stops instantly. Then soon the whole corn loosens. You peel it off like dead skin. Thus dangerous cutting is avoided. Tight shoes are worn in comfort. Millions will tell you this.

Just a touch—that is all. What happens will amaze you. Ask for "Gets-It" at your druggist. Do it now. Enjoy foot comfort in a jiffy.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

Make BIG Money LEARN TYPEWRITING — TULLOSS NEW WAY

LEARN AT HOME QUICKLY IN SPARE TIME. Graduates earn $35 to $45 a week. **SO CAN YOU.** Speed of 80 to 100 words a minute, *guaranteed*. Supersedes old methods—easy for anyone.

WRITE TODAY FOR AMAZING OFFER

Entire course **ON TRIAL.** Complete business training included. Send for **New, Descriptive Book** and limited **Special Offer. ACT QUICKLY.**

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL, 330 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

Baby Loves A Bath With Cuticura Soap

Bland and Soothing to Tender Skins.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

May	4	Horace Mann.
	23	James Buchanan Eads.
	25	Ralph Waldo Emerson.
	28	Louis Agassiz.
	29	Patrick Henry.
June	14	Harriet Beecher Stowe.
	24	Henry Ward Beecher.
July	4	Nathaniel Hawthorne.
	5	David Glasgow Farragut.
	6	John Paul Jones.
	9	Elias Howe.
	11	John Quincy Adams.
	23	Charlotte Saunders Cushman.
	31	James Kent.
Aug.	1	Maria Mitchell.
	9	William Thomas Green Morton.
	29	Oliver Wendell Holmes.
Sept.	15	James Fenimore Cooper.
	16	Francis Parkman.
	18	Joseph Story.
	24	John Marshall.
	28	Frances Elizabeth Willard.
Oct.	1	Rufus Choate.
	3	George Bancroft.
	5	Jonathan Edwards.
	12	John James Audubon.
	30	John Adams.
Nov.	3	William Cullen Bryant.
	13	Edwin T. Booth.
	14	Robert Fulton.
	18	Asa Gray.
	30	Samuel Langhorne Clemens (Mark Twain).
Dec.	3	Gilbert Charles Stuart.
	8	Eli Whitney.
	13	Phillips Brooks.
	17	John Greenleaf Whittier.
	17	Joseph Henry.

SOME special significance might be attached by those who take their horoscopes seriously to the fact that three of the seven women admitted to distinction were born under the February star.

All three of them were educators.

It might seem that some lucky star must have attended these women when you recall they lived in an age when woman's activities were more likely to be lent encouragement if confined to the making of bread and patchwork quilts.

Not a great deal of scientific investigation has been done on the relation of birthdays and intelligence.

What has been completed, however, supports the claim of the shortest month to the richest harvest.

Here and there an occasional student of the subject of seasonal incidence to eminence has compiled lists of the world's most distinguished men and women.

These lists consist chiefly of persons of creative intellects—poets, literati, musicians, paint-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

5-Room ALADDIN $478

NOT PORTABLE

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

You can buy all the materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits, on the lumber; millwork, hardware and labor.

Price includes all lumber, cut to fit; highest grade interior woodwork, siding, flooring, windows, doors, glass, paint, hardware, nails, lath, roofing, with complete instructions and drawings. Freight paid to your station. Permanent homes. NOT PORTABLE. Many styles of year 'round Dwellings, Summer Cottages, and Garages to choose from. Write nearest mail today for FREE Money-Saving Catalog No. 1696.

SAVE
18% Lumber Waste and 30% on the Labor Cost
FREIGHT
Paid to Your R.R. Station

Eight Rooms $959
Large living room, dining room, kitchen, four bedrooms, bath, semi-open staircase. Three-bedroom plan with rear porch at same price. Very high-grade lumber throughout.

Story & Half $789
Story and a half semi-bungalow with second floor available for two bedrooms. Two excellent floor plan arrangements are shown in Free Catalog. All materials ready-cut, saving 18% on cost.

Seven Rooms $956
Large living room with circle-tread open stairway, dining room, kitchen. Three bedrooms, each with clothes closet. Bath on second floor. Any handy man can erect these houses.

THE ALADDIN CO., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN — Wilmington, North Carolina · Portland, Oregon · Toronto, Ontario

CHEX

Super-Toilet Soap

and **Deodorant**

Try this! For perspiration odors, under-arm odors—or any body odor—simply bathe with remarkable Chex soap. Within a few seconds—every trace of odor is *GONE!*—removed for at least 36 hours!

All Odors Banished

Wash Them Away

CHEX—a super-toilet soap, contains an extraordinary vegetable extract, which gives it remarkable power. The creamy abundant lather penetrates to the very bottom of the tiny skin pores, and *dissolves* every particle of the decomposed body moisture. Safe!—Chex is free of dangerous chemicals. It does not close pores, does not irritate the skin, does not hide odors with perfume — or leave any odor of its own.

Use Chex just as you would other fine toilet soaps — for face, bath, shampoo. It improves the skin texture, softening, whitening and beautifying.

You'll decide Chex—is the finest soap you've ever used. All drug and department stores. 50c—a box of two cakes. [If your local stores do not have Chex, mail coupon below with 50c and we will send you regular size box containing two cakes.]

The Pioneer Products Co.,
310 College St., Dayton, Ohio.

I am enclosing 50c. for which please send me regular size box of Chex soap at once!

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

My druggist is.....

Double Keenness!

Double Life!

How Are Your Blades Running?

ALL that science knows of blade-making is concentrated in the Gem Double Life Blade. It is ground from double-heavy steel, double-reinforced. It gives double the shaves of ordinary blades.

You can experience double-perfect shaves. Gem Double Life Blades run 100% perfect to the package.

Experience this double-joy tomorrow — your money back if you aren't doubly satisfied.

Gem Double Life Blades come double-protected and double-sealed. Sold everywhere.

P.S.—Your money does double duty when it buys the Gem de Luxe Razor

GEM *Double Life* **BLADES**

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.

PROTECTOMOTOR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Perfect Positive Protection

Triples the Life of Your Motor

by filtering all dust, sand, grit and other abrasives out of the 9,000 gallons of air that enter the motor with every gallon of gas, thereby preventing wear 75% to 85% and carbon deposits 60% to 75%.

Protectomotor makes it unnecessary to filter the oil. It is better to keep abrasives out of the oil than try to filter them out after the damage has been done.

Protectomotor is an air filter and should not be confused with mechanical devices designed to clean the air by agitating the dust in the air

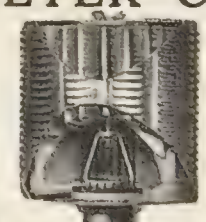
There is as much difference between the Protectomotor and an ordinary air cleaner as between the vacuum cleaner and the broom.

There is no substitute for filtered air
There is no substitute for Protectomotor

See that your car is equipped with a Protectomotor. If your dealer can't do it, send us the make and model of your car and carburetor and we will see that you get one.

STAYNEW FILTER CORPORATION

Dealers and Distributors Wanted



Rochester
New York

World's Greatest Motor Necessity

[SHORTEST MONTH IS LONGEST ON GENIUS
Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

ers, architects, men of science, explorers, inventors, and statesmen. Analysis of their birth dates in every compilation showed February to register a greater yield of genius than any other month.

Why? The theory that out of a greater number of births there would be more geniuses born would not apply to the shortest month of the year, because it is reasonable to suppose that there are fewer births in February because of its comparative brevity.

So one must look elsewhere for explanation. A hint of where the answer may be found lies in the words of Ecclesiastes:

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted."

The farmer sows his wheat at a propitious time and reaps a bountiful harvest. He sows his peas and beans under favorable physical influences and obtains an abundant yield.

IT is therefore to the time of the sowing of the seed that in after days will develop into human form that we must look for the explanation of February's superiority.

Allowing for the nine months' period of gestation, that takes us back to May, the most propitious time for the procreation of children.

May is mating time throughout the animal kingdom.

The reproductive organs, especially the germ cells, are more vigorous during this high tide of spring than at any other period of the year, producing offspring of higher quality.

The revival of vegetation marks nature at this period. The buds break forth and all nature renews itself.

The old May-day festivals, which have suffered at the hands of time, were originally celebrated with the accompaniment of horns and tabor and all possible signs of joy and merriment, because it marked the high tide of sheer animal spirits.

But by some peculiar transition of ideas May, instead of being the most popular month for marriage, suffers a superstition that it is not a lucky month in which to marry. Yet, the very folklore from which the superstition arose gives color to the argument for May as the best of marrying months, since it tells how the fairies are very powerful in that month and on the watch to carry off the handsome girls as fairy brides, the young mothers as nurses for the fairy babies, and the handsome young men as husbands for the fairy princesses.

THE END

All day — their hair looks *right*

HAPPY evenings in front of the fire! Don't let these carefree hours be spoiled by uncertainty over the looks of your hair.

It's so easy today to keep hair smooth, smart—all evening—all day in fact.

Stacomb trains the most difficult hair to lie smoothly in place. Brings out all the natural lustre. Yet never leaves hair matted or greasy looking.

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Please send me, *free of charge*, a generous sample of Stacomb.
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Address.....

Something *NEW* *for* BOBBED HAIR

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind — the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight is. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion — the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. KOBI CO., 660 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

He Listened His Way UP!

Schulte's Millions Are Many, His Words Are Few—Here's the Secret of His Success

By EARL REEVES

I ALWAYS think of David A. Schulte as the man who listened his way to the top.

You may not know David Schulte. Very few do. He had never even met a newspaper interviewer until a few months ago. He had never been photographed until associates forced him to pose.

He has listened his way to many millions, but advertised himself never a whit while on that way. Even today he is scarcely so much as a name to most persons. And yet——

He is A. Schulte Co., and has almost three hundred cigar stores in nearly one hundred cities.

He is Park and Tilford, and sells luxury foodstuffs through chain stores.

He is Vivaudou, selling perfumes and toilet preparations to millions.

He is Alfred Dunhill, owning in England and here the firm that dates back to the dim beginnings of pipe-smoking.

He is the man who bought, casually, a six-million-dollar property in Times Square the other day; who bought Aeolian Hall, one of the landmarks of New York, and sold it for a million profit within the year; and who owns outright or holds leases to about two hundred valuable properties, including some of the choicest corners in America.

And he began, at fifteen, at the elbow end of a broom in a cigar store at the end of Brooklyn Bridge—a store owned by a relative, that same A. Schulte whose name never was taken off the sign.

From there to this:

He sat one day in his office in a cramped little building on Broadway near Canal. On the ground floor, an automat restaurant; on the top, Schulte; and in between, a beehive of Schulte interests.

He sat in a big, bare, walnut-paneled office, between a desk that was bare and a table that was bare. Across the table was one of his executives.

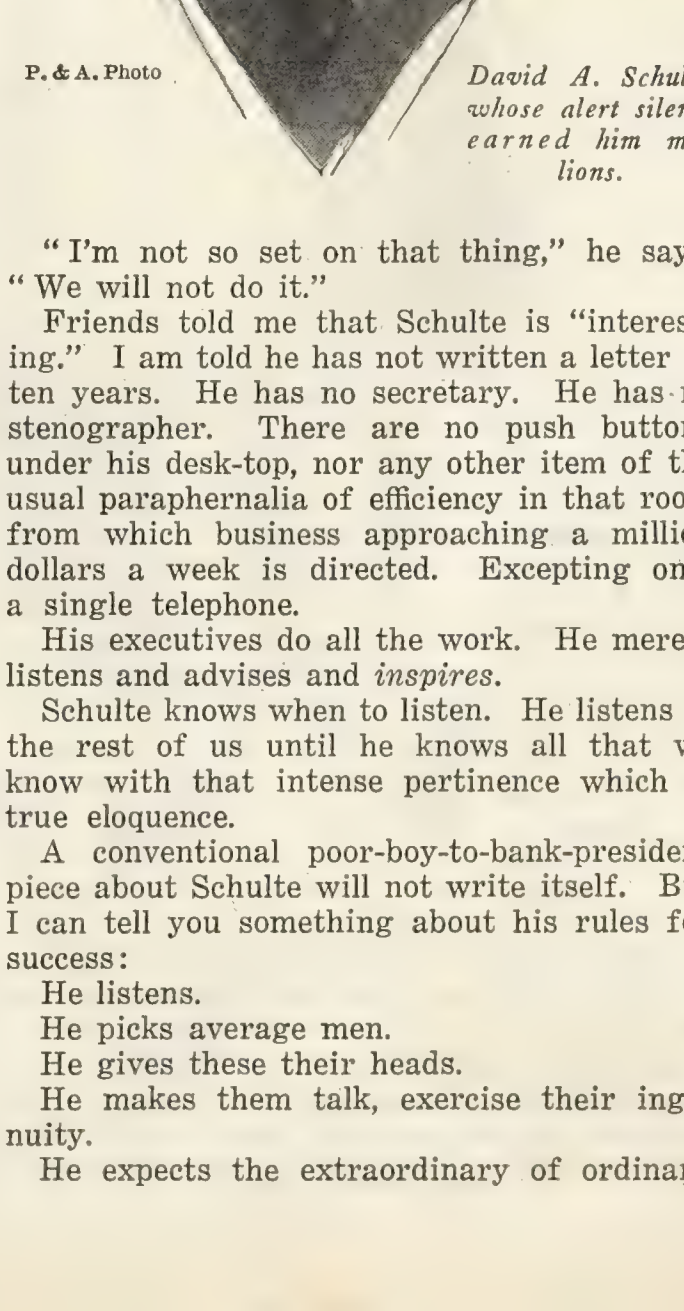
"John," he said—or we shall call him John —"we have done well this last year. I've made a good deal of money. You have helped. Mark yourself up eight thousand this coming year. You've earned it."

Or this may occur:

Around a long table the Schulte business family has luncheons. Here will be some of the top-line executives, a few lesser fry, a store manager or two. Schulte outlines something he thinks ought to be done.

"What do you think about it?" he asks the man next to him. The man tells. Then another, and another—on around the table. The majority are against his plan.

Mr. Schulte and his family leaving for Europe.



P. & A. Photo

David A. Schulte, whose alert silence earned him millions.

"I'm not so set on that thing," he says. "We will not do it."

Friends told me that Schulte is "interesting." I am told he has not written a letter in ten years. He has no secretary. He has no stenographer. There are no push buttons under his desk-top, nor any other item of the usual paraphernalia of efficiency in that room from which business approaching a million dollars a week is directed. Excepting only a single telephone.

His executives do all the work. He merely listens and advises and *inspires*.

Schulte knows when to listen. He listens to the rest of us until he knows all that we know with that intense pertinence which is true eloquence.

A conventional poor-boy-to-bank-president piece about Schulte will not write itself. But I can tell you something about his rules for success:

He listens.

He picks average men.

He gives these their heads.

He makes them talk, exercise their ingenuity.

He expects the extraordinary of ordinary men—and gets it; he rates the collective judgment of average men above his own intelligence; and he works long and hard and joyfully.

"What do you want in men?" I asked him —and this was his answer:

"I put three qualities above all others. They are that a man must be loyal, a hard worker, and have common sense.

"The most brilliant man in the world is not worth much unless he has these three things. There are many brilliant students and theorists; but I prefer the smart man with application and common sense."

Salesmanship is Schulte's philosophy of life, but he puts a reverse English on it.

"If there is lack of interest in my organization," he said, "it is because I have not sold myself to my organization.

"I think salesmanship the most important thing in life. The successful doctor or lawyer or dentist must have it. They must sell themselves to their clients.

"If you have children you will know that a parent needs salesmanship. You must sell yourself to your own child—even that.

The child respects and loves you in proportion as you merit its confidence, win it. That is salesmanship.

"Even in courtship—there is salesmanship there. Though a girl may be beautiful, a certain man may never have noticed her particularly—until she makes up her mind that she wants that man. That also is salesmanship."

He paused.

"Can you pick them—these men that have this thing—the first time?"

"No, not always; not the first time. I have made them come back as many as three or four times—men I have considered hiring. Then I usually know."

Yes, Schulte usually knows! Because he listens. And you may safely bet that he knows whether a man is loyal, a hard worker, and has common sense.

Schulte IS interesting.

THE END

Blonde *or* Brunette—Which

WHY do painters, poets, and most of the remainder of the human race instinctively think of blondes as angels and of brunettes as sirens? Why are cherubs always golden-haired and vampires pictured with raven tresses? Are blondes less calculating and brunettes less seraphic?

When you get right down to it, which would you rather be—a blonde or a brunette?

It is seldom you meet a woman who comes out and declares herself glad she has whatever coloring the Lord gave her. Somebody ought to start. So here goes.

I, personally, am glad that I am dark. I'd far rather be a brunette than light headed. And I know fifty-seven other reasons, the first being because I happen to be a brunette. But I know just as many reasons why you should be glad you're a blonde—provided you are a real one.

I am utterly opposed to the annual turnover of type. Whatever pigmentation of skin you may have, you cannot do better than stick to it or, better still, to accentuate it. Sometimes a dark, homely woman parts her hair in the middle and brushes it down smoothly. This, by right, should emphasize her lack of pulchritude, but she achieves an air of distinction far more striking than would have been accomplished by any compromise she might have effected with mere prettiness.

This much must be conceded by all of us: Blonde children have several advantages over those less fair in complexion. There is a natural freshness and sweetness about blonde children so that they need not be especially pretty or particularly clean to register as delightful youngsters. Blonde hair can never look so terribly messy. A fair-haired little girl cannot possibly make herself look so woebegone and impish as some of the little dark ones can accomplish without an effort.

UP to a certain age the blondes undoubtedly have the breaks. Not that any woman will ever admit having reached that "certain age." In fact, the nearer she comes to it the more uncertain she becomes about it. When, as a matter of fact, what harm can there be in a woman coming out frankly and admitting she is forty—once she's past fifty-five?

But Time, the arch-enemy (so known, perhaps, because of the increasing tendency of the age toward flat feet), evens things up and after thirty the dark forces come into their own. Blonde hair seems to lose its luster and vitality early in its possessor's womanhood, but the worst Time does to dark hair is to turn it gray, which, as a rule, is not an unflattering color. And if gray does not become her—she can easily and prettily become dark again.

The coloring of a brunette does not fade quickly nor does her face so readily succumb to the latest wrinkle. The beauty of a brunette does not depend on an evanescent delicacy which is the first thing to go under the hammer of old T. Fugit. In fact, dark women usually grow more attractive as they become older—the strength and character of their faces having a decided advantage over remnants of blonde prettiness marked down for final disposal.

IF you are a blonde you are also cold, careless, impatient, domineering, fickle, materialistic, and love crowds, spotlights, applause.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

There must be a reason why the blonde is exalted in picture, song, and story. Perhaps this is it:

Primitive man was dark. Many dark races migrated north where the sun's rays were not so strong so that man did not need so much pigmentation as protection against the ultra-violet rays. And so gradually a fairer race was evolved.

In the colder, harsher climates man needed more food, more shelter, more fuel than in the abundant tropics—and these were harder to obtain. Only the strongest, bravest, most intelligent could survive. The weaker were eliminated until a fine, vigorous, fearless blond race remained. It went back and conquered the dark peoples who were less able to protect themselves.

BUT the struggle for existence had left the blond man no time to develop arts or philosophies or religions. The dark races, however, who had leisure to meditate and the patience to delve into all fields of beauty and thought had arrived at a high degree of excellence and good taste in all the arts.

The conquering blonds adopted the culture of the conquered and continued to rule over them—forming a blond aristocracy. And so there came about a fair ruling class over a dark peasantry from which doubtless arose the glorification of the blond in art, in literature, and in the vernacular of the day. And, too, as in many old civilizations the kings were deified, there came into tradition the blond gods and angels.

According to present appraisals, if you are a blonde you are also cold, careless, impatient, domineering, fickle, materialistic, and love crowds, spotlights, applause. You are said to be quick to anger, impetuous, ready to take a chance.

But—on this account—do not rush out to plunge before a train; for, by the same token, you are more forgiving than your brunette sister, more aggressive, more optimistic, more versatile, vigorous, and ambitious. You are credited with being able to plan, create, organize, and rule better—to be more active and have a greater social flair.

If you are a brunette, the stars and other authorities say you are more constant, more patient, more persistent, more affectionate and intense than the fair-haired of the race and

By VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

How Your Coloring Is a Key to Your Character and Your Temperament

Wins?

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

IF you are a brunette you are more constant, more patient, more persistent, more affectionate and intense than the fair-haired of the race.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

more inclined to the spiritual and meditative planes. However, do not pat yourself prematurely on the shoulder because—raven-tressed maiden—you are also inclined to be sulky, vengeful, pessimistic, timid, slow; you are too fond of your comfort, your warmth, and your ease to take a chance on losing them, and if you do lose you do not recover quickly. You do not take your troubles on high but have a tendency to let them overwhelm you.

In the creative realm the dark woman should excel because of her intensity, patience, idealism, and depth of feeling. In fields requiring the interpretative faculty the blonde has the better chance because of her more strongly developed ambition and her greater adaptability.

In the business world the steadiness and patience of the brunette enable her to give more continuously effective service and to hold her position longer. The blonde is inclined to rush through detailed matters in a haphazard manner or—if things don't appeal to her—to neglect them. She is constantly on the lookout for better things in some new territory and because she has an inherent optimism she will not stick to an every-day grind. She always hopes that fortune and adventure are waiting for her around the next corner.

SO the chances are that if she has no real fiber and ability she will go to the canines thoroughly and expeditiously, but if she has these qualities she will jump to a position of authority over her more dependable but less spectacular sister.

In the home the same restlessness characterizes the blonde. She may feel that perhaps in some other man she may find what the present one lacks. The more timid and cautious brunette might stick to the one she had in the fear that the next one would be worse. But the blonde would blithely take the chance.

On the stage, it seems, the blonde is the fair-haired girl. This, of course, does not imply that brunettes are not often acclaimed great beauties. But, as a rule, blondes light up more brilliantly. They are stimulated more quickly by lights and crowds and excitement. The Marilyn Millers, the Peggy Hopkins Joyces, the Grace La Rues, the Lillian Russells are the ideal types for the theater.

I asked one of the foremost producers of musical comedy in New York which had the better chance on the stage, all other things being equal, the blonde or the brunette, and he answered unhesitatingly, "The blonde."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because musical comedies" (that being his particular field, it seemed the whole theater world to him) "are made for men and men like blondes better."

"What makes you think they do?" I persisted.

"Men," he said, "prefer to take blondes out. The very expression 'out with a blonde' makes a man feel like a bit of a devil—which is the way he likes to feel. And blondes, especially if they are petite, beguile men into feeling protective and strong. It increases their mental stature. The truth is that the blonde is often more sophisticated and experienced than her dark sister and the biggest gold-diggers in the theatrical world are blondes.

"For special work, the dark girl. For organization or management or at a point of contact with the outside world—a telephone or an information desk, any place where a good mixer can help—a blonde. On the whole I should say I would rather have a roomful of dark girls working for me—with a blonde girl at the head bossing the outfit."

OUT of forty or fifty men I found a high percentage were more attracted physically to brunettes, although they admitted a preference for being seen out with a blonde. Have you ever compared the tone of voice in which a man mentions "a peach of a blonde" with the tone in which he speaks of "a fine dark girl"? That tells a story.

A consensus of opinion seems to indicate that with brunettes the first kiss may be harder to get, but the second comes easy. Whereas with a blonde the first kiss is easy to get, but you're lucky if you ever get a second!

In other words, a brunette may be slower to rouse, but her affections are more easily touched, after which she is not likely to seek a change. Whereas a blonde may be easier to interest but she loses interest just as easily.

Dark women come from a conquered race—they are submissive to the will of the conqueror—and nothing sets a man so high in his own estimation as playing a conquering role in love.

And the moral of it all is, if you are a brunette, cheer up. The first thirty years are the hardest.

If you are a blonde—I need not advise you not to worry—your disposition won't let you.

But whatever you are, Blondelilah or Homebrewnette, stick to your colors, girls!

Art may be an improvement on Nature, but only when it works hand in hand with the old girl. And though you may think she dealt you an inferior hand—hearts when you wanted spades, or clubs when you wanted diamonds—just don't forget that the poor overworked Law of Compensation has no union card.

THE END

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$10 for Every Letter Printed

THE CLUB WOMAN

Dear Editor: A recent survey showed that some two-and-a-half million women in the United States were engaged in General Federation Club work. It would be a real pleasure and an inspiration to many club women, especially to those in the smaller communities, to know what other club women are doing and to learn how they may improve their own club and community. Why not have a "Woman's Club Hour" once a week and ask leaders in club work in Chicago and elsewhere to speak on some phase of club work? I feel sure that you would have large and appreciative audiences.

MRS. HERMAN DELAPERRIERE.
Hoschton, Ga.

BIRTHDAYS OF GREAT MEN

Dear WLIB: Start every program by announcing: "To-day is the birthday of —— ——, the great American" — soldier, statesman, president, philanthropist, or whatever he may have been. Then tell concisely something of the life and works of this man.

For instance, on February 12, tell us about Abraham Lincoln; on the 22d, about George Washington; on Roosevelt's birthday, tell about him; and tell us about men like John Paul Jones, the great American sea fighter in the Revolution; Commodore Jack Barry, the father of the American Navy; Daniel Morgan, the great rifleman of the Revolution, etc. And don't forget Betsy Ross, Molly Pitchard, Nancy Hanks, and other glorious women. We need lots of patriotic inspiration in America.

M. F. SAMMONS.
700 E. Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

BREAKFAST PROGRAMS

Gentlemen: Why not broadcast breakfast-time programs?

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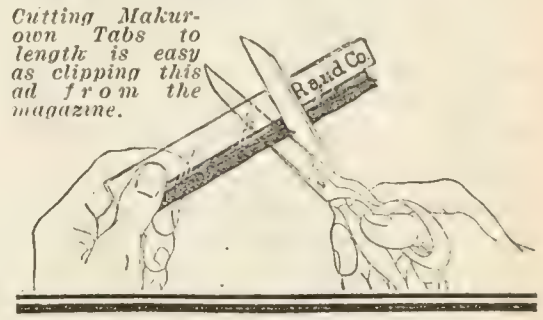


Young outdoor men wanted

To a few sturdy young men—lovers of fresh air and sunshine—who want to get away from the grind of indoor work—John Davey's national organization, The Davey Tree Expert Company, offers an exceptional opportunity. Constantly increasing demand will create a limited number of openings. Those young men selected will be thoroughly trained by the Company and given a permanent position if they make good. If you are single, between 20 and 30 years of age, free to travel, healthy, industrious, having a good practical education, and able to furnish satisfactory references, you have a good chance to qualify. Pay is good at start, advancement assured on merit. We want only men who desire permanent employment in a growing organization and will accept only clean, sturdy young men, thorough Americans, not afraid of vigorous outdoor work. Write for additional information and qualification blank to serve in place of personal interview. The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc., 574 Federal Bldg., Kent, Ohio.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc.
574 Federal Bldg., Kent, Ohio

I believe I am qualified for employment as a member of the Davey Organization in the profession of Tree Surgery. Please send me, without any obligation, a qualification blank to serve in place of a personal interview.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Mr. Dillon: *He Thinks* Only *in* Millions

The Romantic Rise of a New Wizard of Finance

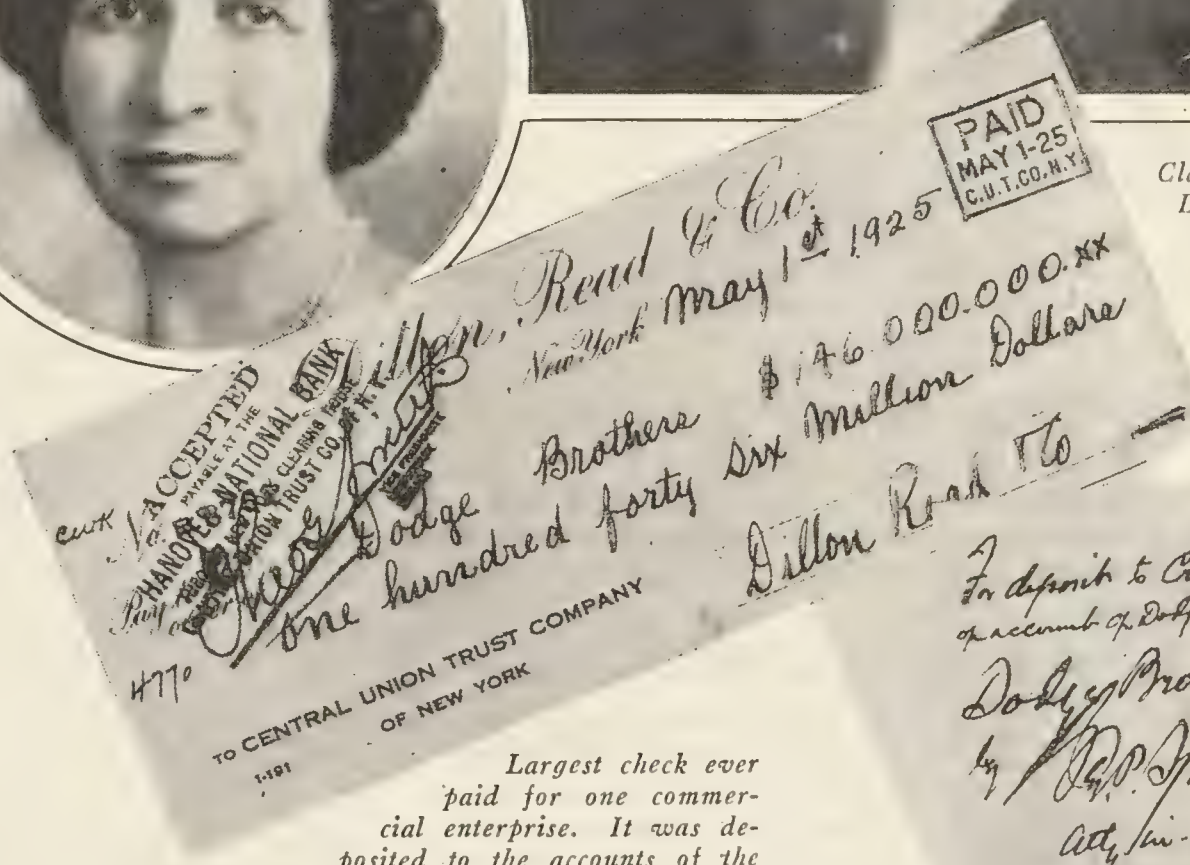
By Walter Davenport

Pirie MacDonald Photo.

Clarence Dillon, head of Dillon, Read & Company, who gave the check for the Dodge plant.

P. & A. Photo.

Widows of the Dodge Brothers, who received the 146-million-dollar check. On left is Mrs. Horace E. Dodge and on right the former Mrs. John Dodge, now Mrs. Wilson.



Largest check ever paid for one commercial enterprise. It was deposited to the accounts of the Dodge widows.

Indorsement of the 146-million-dollar check which completed the transaction.

HE has neither the awesome presence, the immediately dominating spirit, nor any of the physical attributes with which writers love to invest the strong heroes of stirring character sketches.

A very mild man. As I saw Clarence Dillon, he is of the somber type, tending to dark colors, dark words, and a rather dark office. Whether he is a really great financier with wholly new economic formulas is neither here nor there. He revealed nothing of the sort to me, who, it must be added, probably wouldn't have recognized it if it were there to behold and hear.

But the fact that at the age of forty-three he was the head of one of the important banking houses in the Wall Street sector of New York City and had gained his first international reputation by beating the mighty house of Morgan in the scramble for the purchase of the Dodge Motor Car Corporation, makes him worth while considering.

And now he is prominent in the projected merger of two, and possibly more, great banks in New York City—the Mechanics and Metals National Bank and the Chase National Bank being the two most important. That means that he is helping to guide a billion-dollar scheme to a safe consummation.

The latest sensation attached to Dillon's name is his connection with the purchase by Dillon, Read & Company and associated bankers of the National Cash Register Company, which would, according to the Dillon plan, pass out of the ownership of the Pattersons of Dayton, Ohio, into that of a large number of stockholders. The amount involved in this deal is said to be 75 million dollars.

Back in the glossy eighties a banker was a sacred personage and Wall Street was not a section to regard with irreverence. Probably Clarence Dillon typifies the new order. Certainly none of his employees could be less assuming and it is entirely likely that some of them are much more so.

Dillon, Read & Company, of which Dillon is the head, paid the widows of John and Horace Dodge 146 million dollars for the automobile manufacturing plant which the brothers created to be their monument.

The widows were unwilling to bear the weight of business detail which retention of the works would entail and agreed, each owning half the estate, to sell to the highest bidder. J. P. Morgan & Company made two propositions. One was a flat price of 124 millions in cash or 65 millions in actual money and 90 millions in notes which would be taken up at the rate of 10 millions a year, without interest.

It is altogether likely that Morgan & Company would have offered more had they seen fit. But that is all the Dodge concern was worth to them. Clarence Dillon offered the widows 152 millions, minus dividends paid since the first of the year, which is to say, 146 millions in cash.

NOW it is no trifling matter to produce that much money. Men who should know such matters tell me that it was the largest amount of money ever paid for one commercial enterprise. The newspapers became quite enthusiastic about the deal. Pictures of the check handed the women were published from

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Demand

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In only ten to fifteen minutes Feminex banishes habitual pain and saves a day formerly considered lost. Women and girls at home, at business, everywhere — tell one another of Feminex. They also vouch for its effectiveness, for its speedy relief, for its safety. The cost is only 50c for a small bottle that is as easy to carry as a compact; yet contains enough tablets for three months' service. Keep a supply always on hand.

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Feminex is equally effective in relieving other pains which frequently discomfit girls and women. Such as backache, headache, neuralgia, neuritis, etc. Of course, Feminex is safe and free from detrimental effect on the stomach or heart. Nor does it interfere with any of the normal functioning of the system. It is easy to ask for Feminex by name, at your favorite drug store.

Send 10c for One Month's Trial Supply

We will gladly send a sample package in plain wrapper for 10c. Simply tear out this advertisement and write your name and address plainly on the margin. Mail with dime to Drug Store Products, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.

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"ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER"

[MR. DILLON: HE THINKS ONLY IN MILLIONS
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

coast to coast and people like you and me enjoyed themselves telling each other what they would do were they to receive any such document. The vast majority were of the opinion that they would drop dead on the spot.

However, the check was hardly more than a spill with which to fire the popular imagination. The Dodge heirs never saw it, except in the newspapers. Clarence Dillon merely notified the bank that the deal had been closed and the bank transferred the money to the banks designated by the Dodge lawyers.

MR. DILLON is not as wholly Irish as his surname would indicate. There is Irish in his veins, but it is richly blended with Polish, French, and other strains. He was born in San Antonio, Texas, on September 27, 1882, and was graduated from Harvard in 1905.

Mr. Dillon's father was a merchant, a banker, a cotton broker, and a buyer and seller of cotton lands — prosperous but not wealthy.

Clarence Dillon heartily dislikes details—so much so, in fact, that he will permit none to come to his desk. He has no arbitrary rules for success because, he says, success itself is not an arbitrary condition.

He does not watch his employees as a suburbanite does his dahlias. A youth coming to Dillon, Read & Company for work is not subjected to the paralyzing rigors of the set questionnaire. Mr. Dillon does not select new partners; he merely approves of them because they have been selected for him by their associates. And such new partners are not elected or similarly balloted into the firm.

"We seldom go outside of this organization for our partners," said Mr. Dillon. "A man becomes a partner here when he is literally hoisted into the firm by his associates in the offices."

"That," I said, "strikes me as unusual. In open competition I should think that there'd be such keen personal rivalry that jealousies would hinder individual progress and individualism be drowned in constant high tides of politics."

"Doesn't work out that way."

"How do you cultivate this remarkable esprit de corps?"

"I don't know."

Mr. Dillon told me the process of hiring a new man in his firm was a matter attended to principally by the employees themselves; and in this may lie the answer to the question. Wilgus, for example, on the verge of being graduated from college, is occupied with thoughts of a job. Fill-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Every druggist has Stuart's tablets, 25c and 60c. Or, a full box *Free* if you write the F. A. Stuart Company, Dept. 113, Marshall, Mich.

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Children's Musterole-Mild

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CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE is just good old Musterole in milder form. Unexcelled for the relief of croupy coughs and colds; it penetrates, soothes and relieves without the blister of the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

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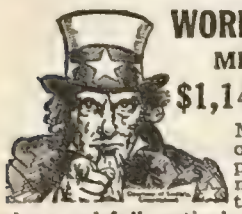

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

inglim, having been graduated one or two years back, is of the opinion that Wilgus would be a good man, as he fancies himself to be, for Dillon, Read & Company.

Fillinglim tells Wilgus that his very best bet is to come in and Wilgus comes. He is hired forthwith—that is, his name is placed upon the auditor's books. If he has the requisite stuff he sticks and advances in direct ratio to the amount of stuff. If he hasn't, he moves on. He doesn't sell bonds, and it follows that he doesn't collect respectable checks from the cashier. Simple. One may not live without adequate income.

You may say what you will about this system, but be informed, please, that it was thus that Mr. Dillon got his job with the firm—and now look at him. When he was graduated from Harvard in 1905, he had certain misgivings about the future. He had what may be said to be a flair for art, although he now insists that the flair was but a flare.

VERY soon after Harvard gave him to the world, Mr. Dillon arrived at the happy situation of being engaged to marry Miss Anne McEldin Douglass, granddaughter of Benjamin Douglass, founder of R. G. Dun & Company, and, as engaged young men will, he made occasional visits to the home of his fiancee. He was employed then by the Milwaukee Coke and Gas Company. One Monday morning, having spent Saturday and Sunday at the Douglass house, he arrived at the railway station to catch a train back to Milwaukee. Miss Douglass' mother was with him.

An express train came hooting by, striking a full grown Newfoundland dog just as it (the train) was approaching the depot. The dog was punted into the air. In its flight it struck Mr. Dillon with such force as to hurl him against Mrs. Douglass, who was floored with such violence as to break her arm. Mr. Dillon came to a halt with his head against a wooden post. He spent several months in bed, but the railroad company paid him eight thousand dollars.

Miss Douglass thereat became Mrs. Dillon, and together they went to Europe, where, as I have related, Mr. Dillon discovered that he would do better to regard art as an avocation. In two years the eight thousand dollars was in the hands of the common enemy and the Dillons returned to America—Milwaukee, to be specific—wealthy in health alone.

A brief but profitable career of machinery manufacturing was Dillon's prelude to his introduction to that most romantic of districts which we call Wall Street. In college he had been on the very

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Little folks love to chew it like Chewing Gum

However much food may be controlled, children as well as grown-ups eternally need correctives to avoid the coated tongues and upset stomachs that accompany digestive irregularity.

A new and happy way to meet the situation (many mothers say it is the best way) is by using—

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The Chewing **LAXATIVE**

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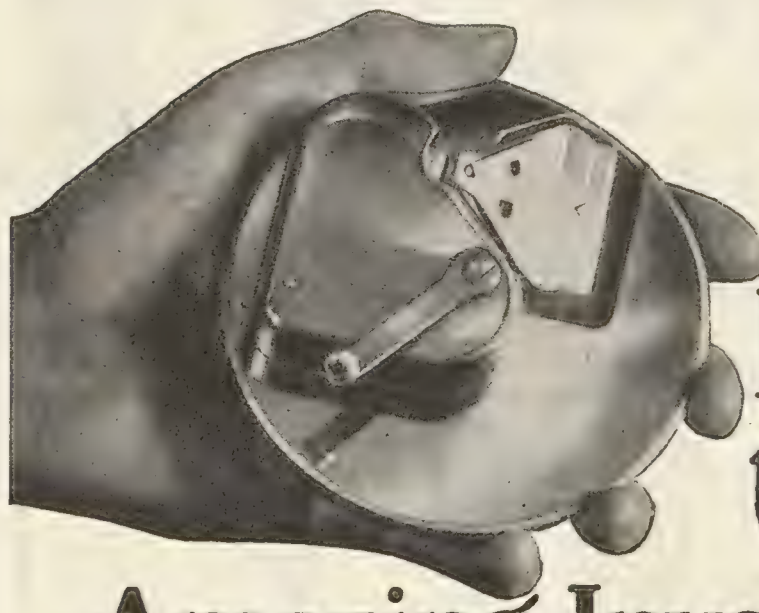

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The steady uniform flow of ink actually improves your handwriting. Won't blot, scratch, leak or soil the hands.

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without smearing, smudging or blurring the paper. Use any color ink.

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The ink dries as fast as you write, because the flow is fine, even and uniform.

PATENT AUTOMATIC FEED
Prevents clogging. No complicated mechanism to clean or get out of order. A year's guarantee certificate with full directions accompanies each Inkograph and is your absolute protection.

AN INSTRUMENT of REFINEMENT
In appearance it is extremely attractive. Its beautifully, highly polished finest quality of hard rubber, its 14Kt solid gold point and feed, gold band on safety screw cap, gold self-filling lever and gold clip make it an instrument of distinctive elegance and refinement. The equal in size, workmanship and material of a $7, $8 or $9 fountain pen. Also made in ladies' size.

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Your name and address and the style number of the Inkograph of you choice are sufficient. Pay postman $2.98 plus postage on delivery. Specify if you want ladies' size. When cash accompanies order Inkograph will be sent postage prepaid. If within ten days the Inkograph does not prove satisfactory return it and we'll refund your money.

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STYLE No. 17 A.V. The Executive, an ebony black rubber, highly polished Inkograph of superb refinement, [the choice of men of affairs.

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That 14Kt solid gold hard smooth round ball-like point, which glides with ease over the coarsest paper and makes it possible to write in ink as rapidly as with the softest lead pencil.

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Here's a Brand New Puzzle. There are eighteen girls pictured here. TWO, and only two of them are alike in every way. They are exact duplicates. See if you can find them.

To be sure they all look alike, but examine them closer. You will see that almost every one differs in some way from all the others. In some the difference may be in the dark or light band on the brim of the hat, or the trimming on the collar. Or, some may wear necklaces or ear-rings or both. Only two are exactly alike. No, it's not as easy as it looks. You must search carefully.

SEND NO MONEY—COSTS NOTHING TO TRY

FIND THE TWINS—Send in your answer; It's all free. No list of words to write, no money to send in, nothing to sell. First Prize $500, 2nd Prize $200, etc. One hundred prizes in all, duplicate prizes in case of ties, and in addition, valuable Gift Bonds will also be given. Find those twins. When you have them, cut them out and submit your answer as soon as possible. In awarding the prizes, judges will take into consideration, neatness, style, handwriting, etc. All answers must be mailed not later than March 31, 1926, and only one answer to a family permitted.

THE NEVERMAN CO. 611 Ryan Bldg. Dept. 25, ST. PAUL, MINN.

[MR. DILLON: HE THINKS ONLY IN MILLIONS Continued from Page Sixty-five]

best of terms with one William A. Phillips. Mr. Phillips had associated himself with the banking house of William A. Read & Company, at Nassau and Cedar Streets.

William and Clarence met, and Phillips prevailed upon Mr. Read to meet his friend Clarence. Thus it came to pass that Clarence Dillon entered the service of Mr. Read at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a month.

Mr. Dillon imparted the news of his latest affiliation to a friend, a lawyer in Milwaukee, who applauded with the information that he thought he had a client for Dillon. When Mr. Dillon announced his intention of calling forthwith upon the prospective client, the lawyer urged against it.

"Let him call on you," suggested the lawyer.

"Why should he?" demanded Mr. Dillon.

"Because if you go after him you will be but one of many. But if he comes after you——"

The pet ambition in the Read offices at the time was to add to the list of the Read clients this man of millions and vast bond-buying possibilities. Many able men, young and otherwise, had tried with no perceptible success to lure him into business relations with the firm. Dillon, as had others before him, resolved to accomplish the impossible and his fellow employees bestowed the customary raspberry upon him.

SO skeptical were they that they bore down rather heavily upon Dillon and he was justifiably cynical when, one day, the telephone rang and a voice informed him that the difficult one was speaking. Suspecting a hoax, Dillon informed the owner of the voice that he, Dillon, was much too busy to come to see him but would not be at all annoyed were the gentleman to call at the offices of William A. Read and ask for Mr. Dillon.

And who do you suppose it was? Right! The lawyer's friend; the erstwhile stubborn millionaire who had not bought a bond of William A. Read & Company. He did call, and he did ask for Mr. Dillon, and he gave Mr. Dillon his list of the securities he owned and Mr. Dillon thereafter was his financial adviser.

The rest is easy. He was taken into the firm. Mr. Read died. In 1921 Mr. Dillon became head of the firm. He promptly made William Phillips a partner. And since then the firm of Dillon, Read & Company has underwritten about 1,500 million dollars' worth of business, which is said to be more than that done by any other such house in that space of time.

It had always been one of my

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

What about this new baseball strategy?

Hugh Fullerton's
new article

WANTED— BALL PLAYERS

NO STARS NEED APPLY

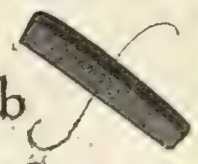
Unfolds a brand new conception of baseball strategy. Already most of the teams have switched their men, weeded out and acquired material that conforms to this new sports psychology. Every fan will have something new to think about—everyone will have something to say about it. Get into the argument early—read this enlightening story

in next week's

5c **Liberty** *A Weekly for Everybody*

AT ALL NEWSDEALERS

Less Hair, *in the* Comb *more* Hair *on the* Head



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This well known healing medicine thoroughly cleans the scalp, pores, and oil ducts—restores the lustre to the hair and stimulates and strengthens the hair roots.

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Jack Ames made $24.00 in four hours. Randle sold twenty-five the first day. Mary Roberts made $10.00 in one evening. Others making good in full or spare time. So can you.

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250 Hoffman Bldg., 2539 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

favorite theories that to make good as a buyer and seller of bonds and stocks, one had to have a certain type of brain or, at least, a certain fugitive sense which intuitively directs your fiscal operations. Mr. Dillon assures me that while this may be so he does not recognize it as a fact.

"I mean to say," said he, "that I am unable to say what sort of a mind is necessary to what you call successful financiering or what qualities the mind must have. Briefly, one may never be sure whether his mind is properly constituted to produce that which he desires until he tries it."

IT is this amiable gentleman's theory that nothing he might ask an applicant for a place in his firm, if by any chance he should ask, would reveal to him the bond-selling potentialities of that applicant. He, Dillon, did not gird himself while in college for a career of finance. He hadn't, upon his graduation, the dimmest ambition of one day being the hero of this or a similar yarn.

The Dodge deal is, thus far, his largest single stroke of business. You cannot call it his crowning achievement because, barring untoward fortune, he has quite a distance to go. He is only forty-three.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

His Chin in the Wrong Place

Buddy fell, striking his chin on the cellar steps, cutting quite a gash in it. His father asked him how he hurt his chin, and he said, "I guess I had my chin where my foot oughta been." —A. M., Dayton, Ohio.

* * *

His Imagination Was Good!

Junior, aged three, claims to be able to read. Recently he asked me to read the "funny" paper to him. In a spirit of levity, I suggested that he read it himself.

"Well," he said, evidently searching his mind for some good and sufficient reason, "I can't read loud enough for me to hear."—S. H., Fort Scott, Kan.

* * *

The Tide Did It!

Junior had often heard his parents speak of the summer resorts and the tide, but never understood the meaning of the latter. Upon his first visit to the seashore, he was playing on the beach while the tide was going out. Presently he discovered the receding water and ran to his mother exclaiming, "Oh, mamma, look! The tide's gone out and took all the water with it."—Mrs. L. C., Calgary, Alta., Canada.

Telephone Preparedness

NINE years ago, when this nation was preparing for war, it found the Bell Telephone System ready for service at home and abroad. The war found the Bell System prepared. From its technical forces so needful to meet our war-time activities in this country, fourteen battalions were organized to carry to the front the highest developments of the telephone art. No other nation had so complete a system of communication to aid in mobilizing its resources. No other nation was able to put into the field a military communication system of equal effectiveness.

Fifty years ago Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, gave to the world a new art. He had the vision of a nation-wide telephone system by which people near at hand and far apart could talk to one another as if face to face. He foresaw a usefulness for the telephone which could not be achieved without innumerable developments, inventions and improvements, to him unknown. But not even he foresaw the marvelous application of telephony which gave to the American armies that fighting efficiency which is possible only when there is instant exchange of complete information.

Since the completion of its service in time of war, the Bell System has devoted itself to the extension of the telephone art as one of the great agencies for the development of the pursuits of peace.

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The Sartorial Swain

By LILLIAN DAY

How a Thunderstorm and An Umbrella Rudely Shattered Love's Sweet Dream

Picture by ROBERT G. JONES

Arthur held the umbrella almost entirely over himself. Once he leaped ahead over a puddle, entirely forgetting me.

SOMETIMES a woman falls for the way a man plays the piano, or on a rebound because he is directly opposite to the last person who has broken her heart, and occasionally that insidious monster Propinquity will unite people who under other circumstances would never have selected each other. Occasionally a girl marries a man because he asks her to.

I think the basis of Arthur's attraction for me was a gratified pride. The attentions of a man whom other women admired flattered me. It was pleasant to see eyes following us around a dance floor and to know that we were referred to by envious onlookers as a "stunning couple."

Arthur's suits proclaimed London tailoring; his shirts were the kind of Parisian commodity that only an American would buy. A Fifth Avenue shop supplied his ties, which invariably matched the clocks on his hose and the monogram on the fine voile handkerchief that showed its corners out of his breast pocket.

A faint tonsorial lilac always hovered about him, and one look at his nails showed that he never tinkered with his car or helped his mother with the dishes. You just naturally associated him with cold showers, talcum, and fine linen.

He played a good game of golf in spite of the fact that he was togged up like the cover of a magazine, and at the eighteenth hole, when the rest of the men were bedraggled and sweaty, Arthur looked as immaculate as when he had driven off the first tee. When he dived every one on the float turned to admire. He was a decided improvement on the ad for Worth While Worsted Wear. He could dance a whole summer evening without the suspicion of a wilt to his collar. All of which was compensation for the fact that he spent the intermissions at the theater reading "What the Well-Dressed Man Will Wear," instead of talking to me.

One evening when we were dining at the Victorian Roof, I had a sense that something was wrong. Arthur looked so queer. I wondered whether he had failed in business, was going to deliver his third final proposal, or announce his engagement to another girl. Finally, I could bear the suspense no longer and asked him what was the matter. He pointed silently and reproachfully to my arm. It seems a pink shoulder strap of my lingerie had slipped down and peeped out below my abbreviated sleeve!

Arthur had a disconcerting habit of giving every well dressed woman the up and down and up again. His chief expressions of approbation were "smart," "chic," and "looks like a million dollars." He would stop in the middle of a sentence to admire a hat, and, what is worse, while I was talking would let his eyes stray around the room.

IT was the second day of the Davis Cup matches at Forest Hills. The stand, crowded to capacity, was a brilliant mosaic against the flawless blue of the afternoon sky.

Arthur wore white flannels with a navy blue coat. His white buckskin shoes were new and his socks had sapphire blue clocks, the shade of his tie and the border of his handkerchief. His Panama had a band of navy blue with a sapphire stripe.

I wore a pearl gray sport dress and a blue French felt that cost enough to be called a chapeau.

About the third set the sky clouded and large drops began to fall. A few people straggled away and the players stopped while a tarpaulin was spread over the courts. Suddenly a veritable cloudburst occurred. We scurried down the steps with the crowd. Those who had motors waiting were indeed fortunate, for there was not a taxi to be had and the station was several blocks away.

We huddled under the grandstand, which offered little protection, until Arthur managed to get an umbrella from an enterprising soda boy.

I shall never forget the walk to the station. Every time my pearl gray slippers sank into the mud my heart sank with them, but I tried to be a good sport. After all, there's no use growling at the inevitable.

Arthur, on the other hand, kept up a running invective against the rain. He held the umbrella almost entirely over himself. When I called his attention to this he held it in such a position that it dripped down the back of my neck. Once he leaped ahead over a puddle, entirely forgetting me.

When we reached the station I was soaked to the skin and my clothes ruined. All the way home in the train he commented on the necessity for reblocking his hat and having his trousers cleaned, and on how subject he was to colds from wet feet, and the measures he would take to avoid one.

Looking back I feel that that particular cloud was lined, not with silver, but with platinum, diamond studded.

Maybe I'll tell you about another beau I loved and luckily lost, in an early issue.

White — for the Home of Your Dreams

You've built it on paper; you've planned the rooms, and chosen the decorations. Many times you've gone with the family to look at the new lot. You've studied the surroundings, planned the landscaping and promised yourself — "In the spring we'll build our home, and it will be painted *white.*"

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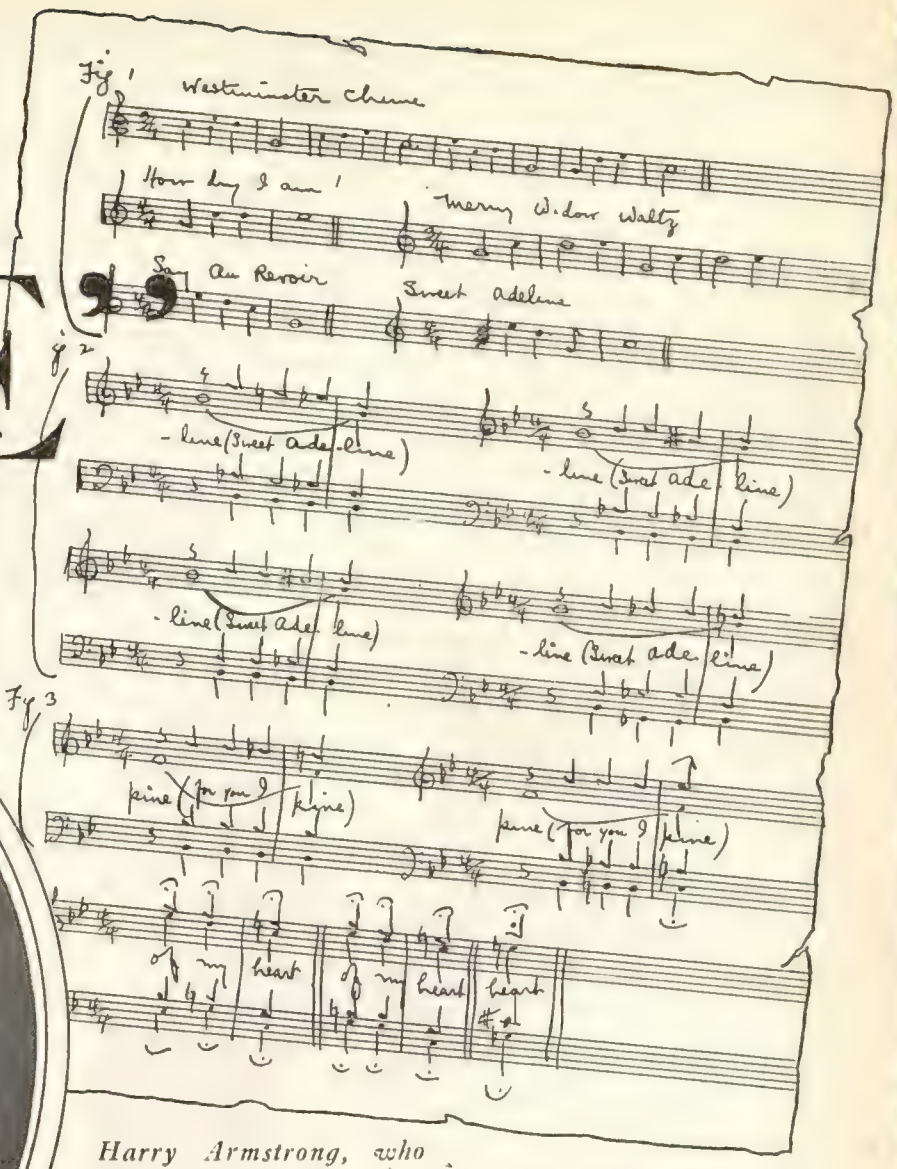
Zinc-O-Lith — *the paint that's* ALL *paint*

"Sweet ADELINE

THE NATIONAL DISCORD

By SIGMUND SPAETH

Dick Gerard, who wrote the words.



Harry Armstrong, who composed the music, as he looks today, and a few musical illustrations showing the simple four-note harmony on which Sweet Adeline is built up.

How the Song That Sets Them All Crazy Gave Its Creator Little Fame and Even Less Cash

"IT acts on the human system like moonshine whisky on an Indian. It is a sort of vocal loco weed which drives its perpetrators crazy. There is scarcely a note in it that cannot be held, tortured, garroted. It is the only song in existence that can be rendered in all keys at once, both major and minor, and usually is. One has only to look upon its executioners, their vacant, expressionless faces raised to the sky, their glazed eyes fixed on nothing, to know that they are intoxicated by a drug more powerful than hashish, bhang, or majoon. In our opinion it violates the Volstead Act and should be suppressed with the utmost rigor of the law."

That is the way a newspaper man in Michigan described Sweet Adeline. He was reporting the trial of a man arraigned for singing the song in Flint at a late hour.

Certainly the intoxication of Sweet Adeline has descended upon millions of men. It has been the sure-fire opening for any and every singing session. Its simple melody and versatile harmony have persuaded many an inhibited soul that its owner was, after all, a great singer, and it has turned every conceivable gathering of men, all the way from a Kiwanis luncheon to an actual session of Congress, into a self-hypnotized chorus of musical interpreters.

Estimating that there are 176,000 deaf and dumb persons in this country and 19,000,411 under the age of five, that leaves exactly 90,823,589 citizens or residents of the United States who have at some time sung the song. Yet, how many of them know anything about the facts of its career?

Here is the true story of Sweet Adeline:

It was published in 1903 by M. Whitmark & Sons, who still control the copyright. The original and complete title was You're the Flower of My Heart, Sweet Adeline. (Let this be a lesson to those who still insist on singing "idol" instead of "flower."

The composer was Harry Armstrong, still active on Broadway. The words were written by Dick Gerard, whose full name is Richard Gerard Husch, as it appears today on the roster of Uncle Sam's Post Office employees.

As so often with popular songs the tune of Sweet Adeline came first. Armstrong had it and vocal chords in his head long before a suitable text turned up.

Unconsciously Armstrong had built this melody from one of the commonest of four-tone patterns, the same as is heard in the Westminster Chime and in such tunes as How Dry I Am (backwards), the Merry Widow Waltz, Say Au Revoir, etc. (Fig. 1.)

As early as 1900 he tried it on Charlie Lawlor, but the man who wrote The Sidewalks of New York could do nothing with it. Finally Dick Gerard worked out a set of words concerning a certain Sweet Rosalie and the song was submitted to several publishers, all of whom refused it.

It was Gerard who suggested changing the name to Adeline and so it was Sweet Adeline that eventually was accepted by M. Whitmark & Sons. A year passed and nothing much happened to Sweet Adeline. Armstrong, disgusted, sold out his share in the song for a comparatively small sum. Gerard stuck to it a little longer and admits that he made about $4,000 before he, too, sold out.

The man who may be considered Sweet Adeline's greatest admirer and most consistent propagandist is John F. Fitzgerald, ex-mayor of Boston. "Honey Fitz" declares he was first elected and later re-elected on a "straight Sweet Adeline ticket." Instead of making speeches he would sing the song in a highly individual interpretation.

Ring Lardner has his own ideas about the bass part, Reinald Werrenrath insists that he is one of the few who can sing the baritone correctly, and the song was also in the confidential repertoire of Woodrow Wilson, who had the illusion that he could carry the tenor.

A national committee of musical scholars, formed to select the fifteen best songs for American community singing, put Sweet Adeline near the top of the list. It has been parodied and rearranged to fit every possible situation and most of the cartoonists of the country have taken a pictorial fling at it.

There is enough possibility of variety in the harmonizing of Sweet Adeline to make it endlessly interesting to those amateur male quartets, impromptu or otherwise, who take their barber-shopping seriously. The first "echo" can be done half a dozen different ways, every one of them good. (Fig. 2.)

The vote on the second line is generally unanimous, but the four-part interpretation of "for you I pine" offers some widely differing effects. (Fig. 3.)

The real climax of the song comes after the word "flower." "Of my heart" permits of several harmonious variations, and there is an ethereal "swipe" on "heart" that should be tried whenever there is an honest-to-goodness first tenor present. (Fig. 4.)

Harry Armstrong and Dick Gerard have seen two generations go by with Sweet Adeline on their lips. They know that to create the simplest of heart songs is the most difficult of undertakings.

Armstrong sits in his office on Broadway and watches the struggle of to-day's machine-like composers and realizes that no one of this age will write another Sweet Adeline. Gerard is more puzzled by the phenomenon of the modern rapid-fire music, but feels that the simple, naive things are perhaps the best after all.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

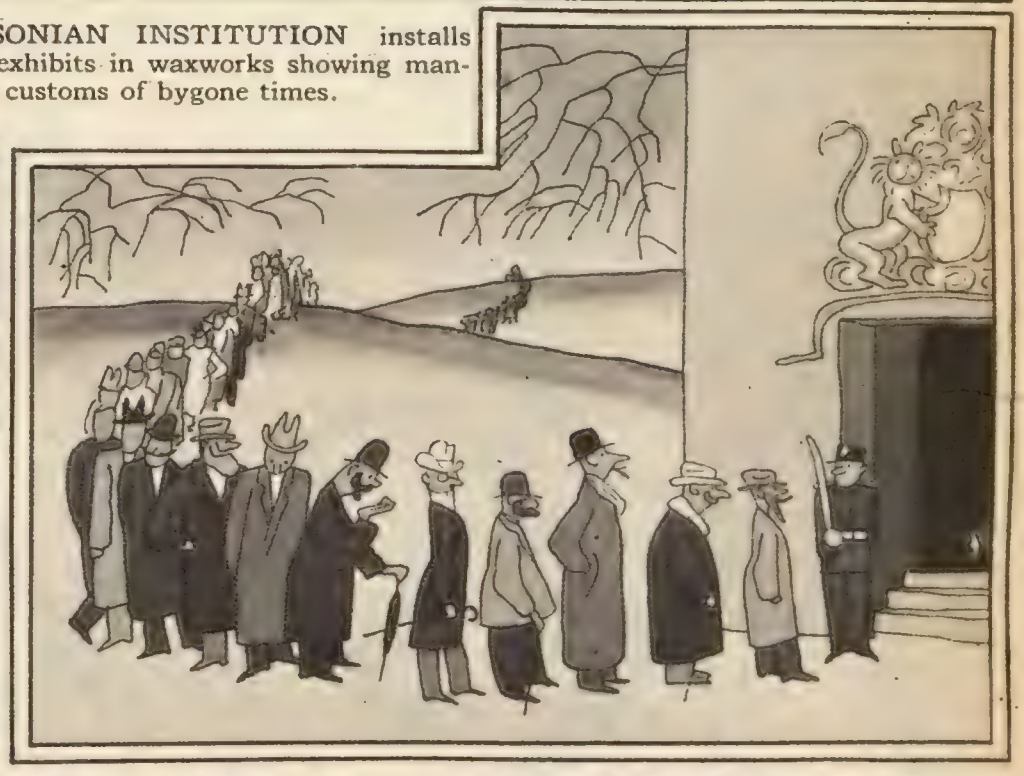
By RALPH BARTON

FRIENDS OF FRANCE RENDER MATERIAL AID in funding debt to United States. Furious onslaught of Americans at the Gare Saint-Lazare, Paris, charging French shopkeepers with travelers' checks, as the spring touring and shopping season officially opens.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CONFIRMATION of news report that William (Big Bill) Haywood is introducing American methods in coal-mining in Russia. Our picture shows Big Bill having a conference table for miners' and operators' parleys moved into the office.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION installs striking exhibits in waxworks showing manners and customs of bygone times.

MISS LOTTIE LUSCIOUS, famed cinema beauty, has bad fright as California robin, carrying a worm to her young, pardonably mistakes Miss Luscious' blonde movie wig for her nest. Director Blutch appeared on the scene in the nick of time.



SCENE AT DOORN, during one of the Kaiser's Wednesday afternoons, showing jobless royalty calling to pay respects—a customary sight since Wilhelm came into seven million dollars' indemnity from the German Republic.

ROMANCE

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MEET *the* famous *Movie Stars!*
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LIVE *the* life of *Movie* land!
VISIT Holl*ywood* *Free!*

Identify this scene and you have started toward your Free! trip to Hollywood

Conditions of Contest

1. You may submit one solution or several, as you wish.
2. Send each solution under separate cover, addressed to "Romance-Hollywood Contest," care of Cox Confectionery Company, No. 151 Orleans Street, Boston 28, Mass.
3. The grand prize will be awarded to the person who succeeds in naming the actors and actresses, and the pictures in which they appear, most nearly correctly, and, in the opinion of the judges, makes the most novel and original presentation of the solution.
4. In case of ties, awards will be given to each tying contestant.
5. The judges of the contest, whose decision is final, are the Motion Picture Editor of "Liberty;" Mr. Frederick James Smith, Editor of "Motion Picture Magazine;" and Mr. James R. Quirk, Editor of "Photoplay."
6. Remember, the contest closes June 1, 1926. Winner—and a friend—receive a free Round Trip to, and a week's stay in Hollywood. There are 200 additional prizes. Get your first booklet today—it gives all the details.

LIVE the life of Movieland! Who that has ever thrilled at the panorama of adventure, of mystery, of love, as it unrolled across the Silver Screen has not wished to be part of it? Who, in fact, during those vivid minutes has not mentally been one with it?

And here *now* is your great Free opportunity to live the life of movieland—to meet the stars, to watch the great directors as they create their masterpieces of the Movies. Your opportunity, possibly, to actually take part in these Epics of the Silent Drama. And all Free!

How? By winning the grand prize of a free trip to Hollywood for yourself and a companion of your choosing.

The conditions are easy. The makers of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES have selected twelve romantic scenes from twelve great photoplays. These scenes are reproduced in two booklets, A and B, *one* of which is packed with every pound box of ROMANCE "Selections." You have simply to name correctly the leading actor and actress appearing in each of the twelve scenes, giving also the correct title of each photoplay. Then, arrange the scenes in a novel and attractive manner.

This contest is open to all. You do not have to buy anything to enter. You may have both booklets, free, by writing directly to us. Get *your* copy now!

COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY
151 ORLEANS STREET, BOSTON 28, MASS.

ROMANCE
CHOCOLATES

A PAGE ABOUT THE MOVIES

LIGHTS! *ACTION!* CAMERA!

BY ALVA TAYLOR

JUST SUPPOSE

Directed by Kenneth Webb A First National Picture

THE CAST:

Prince Rupert.....Richard Barthelmess
Linda Lee Stafford.....Lois Moran
Toni .....Geoffrey Kerr
General Baron Karnaby.....Henry Vibart
The King .....George Spelvin
The Crown Prince.....Harry Short
Mrs. Stafford.....Bijou Fernandez

SOMEONE was bound to put the Prince of Wales upon the screen and it might as well be Richard Barthelmess as anyone, for it had to be a good-looking chap; and as long as the Prince in the picture was not called the Prince of Wales, but His Royal Highness, Prince of Koronia, it doesn't matter that Dicky does not resemble Edward Albert David Windsor.

However, His Royal Highness, Prince of Koronia, goes to America for a pleasure trip and has a terrible time avoiding the press, falls in love with a rich American girl, and plays polo and falls off his horse, until one finally feels that Prince Rupert of the picture is being made in the likeness of the British Prince.

Yes, indeed, the Prince falls in love with that charming and desirable creature, the rich American girl, and in the first half of the picture it is all right, for the second son may marry whom he will. But along toward the middle of the story, when the Prince is on Long Island, and everything is going great, and she loves him and he loves her, along comes a cable from Koronia saying that the Crown Prince is dead. Therefore Prince Rupert must go home and be a crown prince and marry the delightfully unattractive young lady who is considered a happy and diplomatic choice for him.

Lois Moran

Rupert must renounce his love. So must the rich American girl. And how nobly they do it! Even the stern old Baron who is chaperoning the Prince is moved by the self-sacrifice—not to mention the beauty of the rich American girl—to the extent of letting her weep a tear or so on his swell uniform.

Richard Barthelmess

Prince Rupert returns to Koronia to be a crown prince. Our heroine spends the summer in her Austrian villa, so near and yet so far. They exchange letters. The Prince's Great Dane is sympathetic, but what can he do in a national affair?

Just when it begins to appear as though the lovers would lose out, there is a crisis in the castle.

The widow of the Crown Prince has given birth to twin boys. There are two heirs to the throne. Rupert could have married the laundress had he so desired. But the rich American girl got him.

If you like Richard Barthelmess as a prince, and if you like stories of fake kingdoms, you will not be disappointed.

HANDS UP!

Directed by Clarence Badger A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Confederate Spy .....Raymond Griffith
The Girl He Loves.....Marion Nixon
The Other Girl He Loves.Virginia Lee Corbin
Mine Owner.....Mack Swain
Union General.....Montagu Love
Abraham Lincoln.....George Billings
Brigham Young.....Charles K. French

Marion Nixon, Raymond Griffith, and Virginia Lee Corbin

THERE is no greater treat for regular movie goers than a new Raymond Griffith picture. Ever since the company for which this young man works discovered that he was one of the best light comedians of the day, there have been bright spots on the movie horizon for which this movie fan has been grateful.

Raymond Griffith is unique among high-hat comedians. Not only is he a clever comedian and a remarkable pantomimist, but he has a likable personality and is a handsome young man into the bargain.

His work is not exactly slapstick, yet it is broader than straight farce. It is sometimes subtle, sometimes as obvious as a slip on a banana peel. Whatever he does, I like to see him do it.

This especial picture has for theme the Civil War. Raymond Griffith is a spy for the Confederate forces. The picture includes George Billings, who plays Lincoln in serious dramas as the lanky President, and the whole picture is a joyful satire on Civil War movies.

The Confederate spy loves not only one girl on the other side, but two, which causes him great perplexity when peace is declared and he is able to marry his enemy's daughter. The solution to the triangle problem is the opportune arrival of Brigham Young, whose carriageful of wives is an inspiration to our hero.

The plot centers around a gold mine which is necessary to save the Union. Montagu Love plays the Union General who is sent to bring the gold safely to Lincoln. Raymond Griffith is the Confederate spy who is sent by Lee to frustrate the Union's plans. Dressed as a dude in high beaver hat, frills, flounces, and snuffbox, Mr. Griffith narrowly escapes death.

Marion Nixon and Virginia Lee Corbin play the two sisters, one blonde and one brunette, between whom Mr. Griffith can not choose. And although Marion is the featured player, Miss Corbin is her twin in action.

THE SONG AND DANCE MAN

Directed by Herbert Brennon A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Happy Farrell.....Tom Moore
Leola Lane .....Bessie Love
Joseph Murdock.....Harrison Ford
Charles Nelson.....Norman Trevor
Fred Carroll.....Bobby Watson
Jane Rosamond.....Josephine Drake
Inspector Craig.....George Nash

I WONDER does our Bessie do the charleston? I'll say she does, and what a charleston! Bessie won the championship for this modern exhibition of terpsichorean skill, and as far as this self-appointed committee of one is concerned, she can keep it. The Song and Dance Man has a little more to its credit than the Bessie Love charleston. But I think I may say that if it didn't contain this climactic bit of showmanship, it might not be the fine picture that it is. Bessie Love made it what it is today, although much credit should go to Herbert Brennon, who directed the picture.

Of course, some may think of George M. Cohan, from whose play the movie was made. But there is nothing in the movie version but the thread of the story, which runs something like this:

Happy Farrell (Tom Moore), a song and dance man—and a bad one, although he doesn't know it at the opening of the picture—holds up Joseph Murdock, artist (Harrison Ford). This was his first offense. The reason was a woman. Leola Lane (Bessie Love) couldn't pay her board bill at the actors' boarding house, and so Happy, who couldn't pay his either, decided that since neither of them could land a job it was up to him to get some cash somewhere. And of course Fate led him to hold up the friend of one of the biggest theatrical producers on Broadway, Charles Nelson (Norman Trevor).

Bessie Love

Mr. Nelson and Mr. Murdock listened to the sad tale of Happy Farrell, how he couldn't get his name in big lights on Broadway when he got back from the war. They decided to give him and Leola a chance. But whereas Leola made good with her spectacular charleston and signed a contract for several years, the salary to increase each year, Happy proved to be one of the hammest ham actors that ever put a mussed piece of music on the music rack in front of a tryout man at a theater.

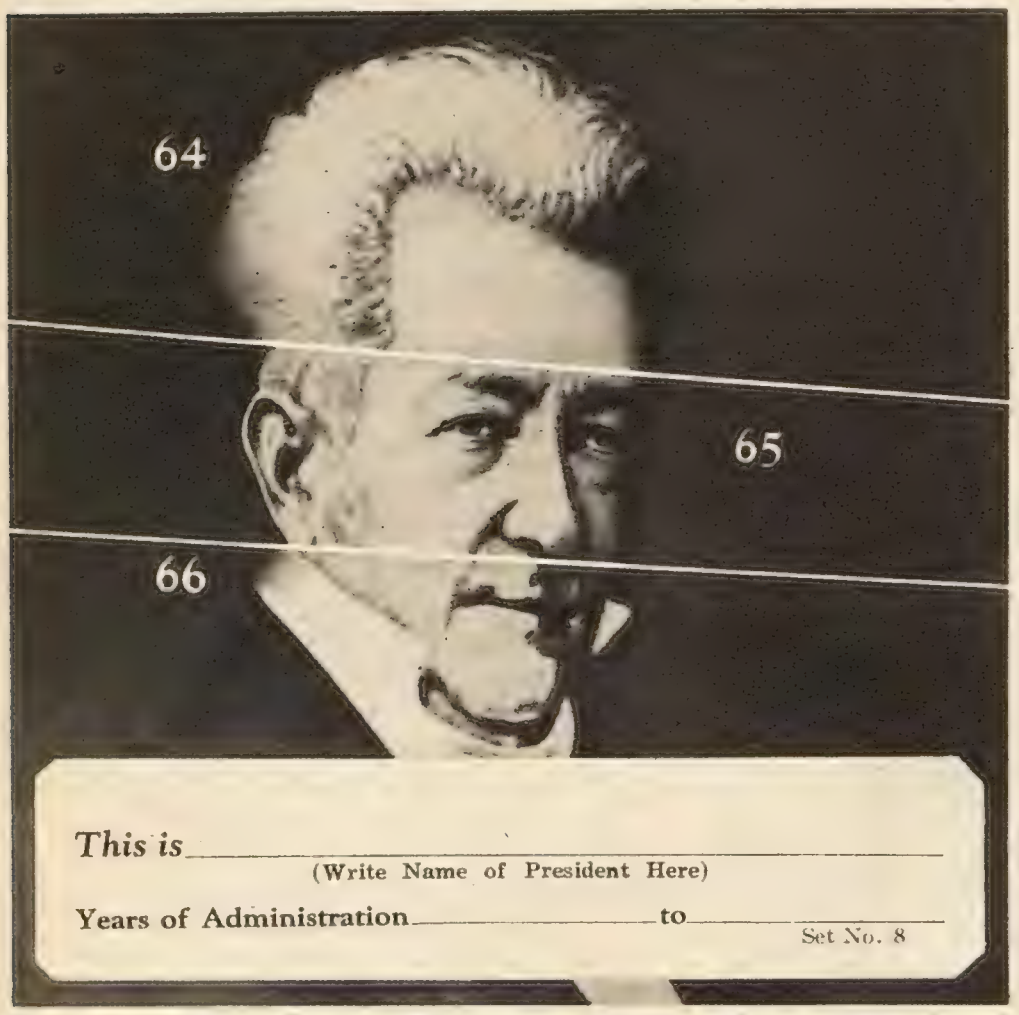
Tom Moore

Happy went West and made good at some business and Leola went on doing the charleston and falling in love with Mr. Murdock, who found that she was the first actress whose face he cared to paint.

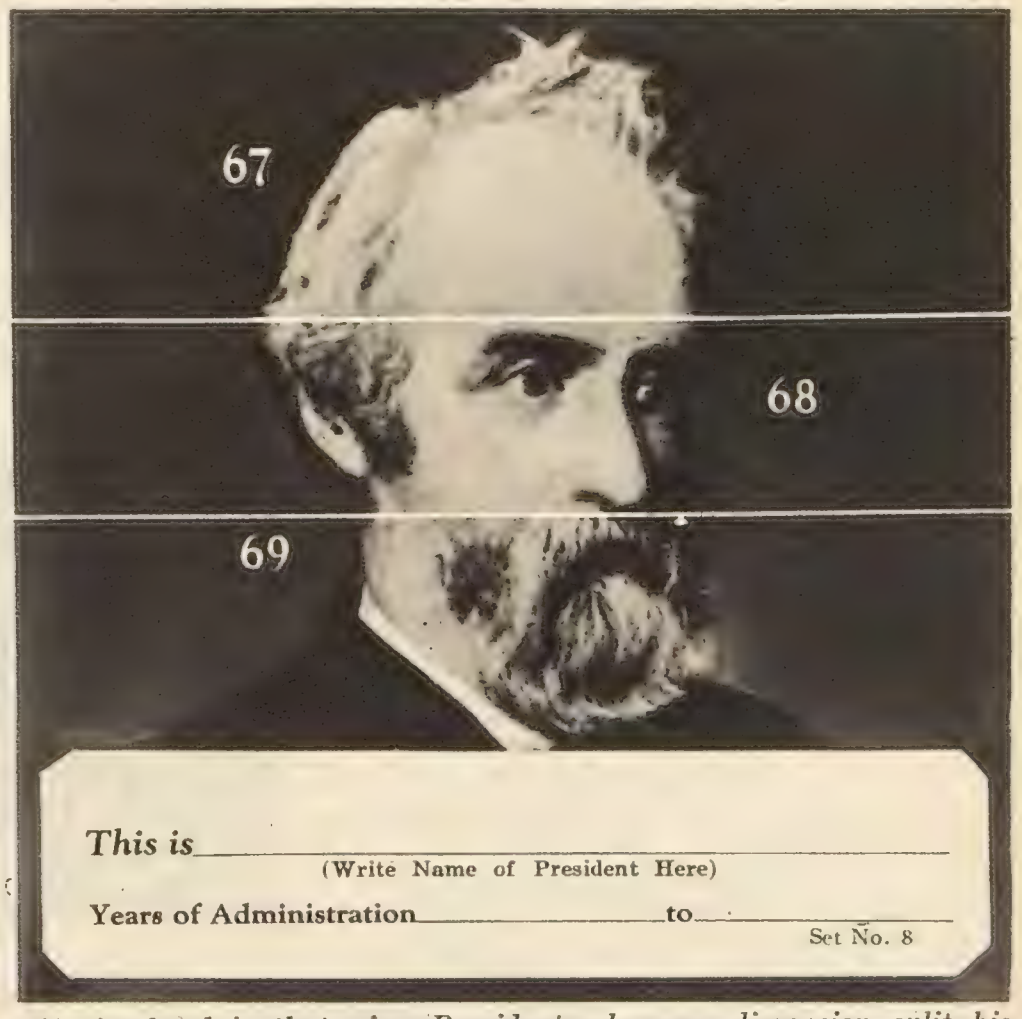
Happy Farrell came back from the West when he had made a success of his business, and went back to being a song and dance man. Leola married Mr. Murdock, who let her do the charleston after they were married.

WHO ARE THESE PRESIDENTS?

Can you rearrange these pictures correctly and name them?



The forehead belongs to a President who carried every State west of the Alleghenies; the eyes and nose are of one who had trouble with Chile; the mouth and chin of one who was made available for nomination because of his previous absence from the country.



The forehead is that of a President who saw dissension split his party; the eyes and nose are of one who had been defeated for the Presidency although he received the largest number of electoral votes; the mouth and chin of a Senator and Brigadier-General.

CAN you cut apart the three Pictures of Presidents of the United States printed here and put them together right? Liberty will pay $25,000 in Cash Prizes for best answers to the Patriotic Game of Presidents.

Try it! It's easy. Just an entertaining and educational patriotic game to familiarize everyone with all the Presidents in American history.

RULES

1. Every week for 10 weeks a Set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States is being printed in Liberty.

2. Each Set of Pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the Pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in Cash Prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete Sets of Pictures.

3. This contest is open to everybody, everywhere — men, women, boys and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families.

4. The Composite Pictures must be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture must be written the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Warren G. Harding, 1921-1923.)

5. In all, 29 Pictures will be printed —one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of 29. Then send them to "Presidents," Liberty, Post Office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York City. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All Pictures must be in by midnight, 21 days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

6. *Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by Post Office Department.* Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

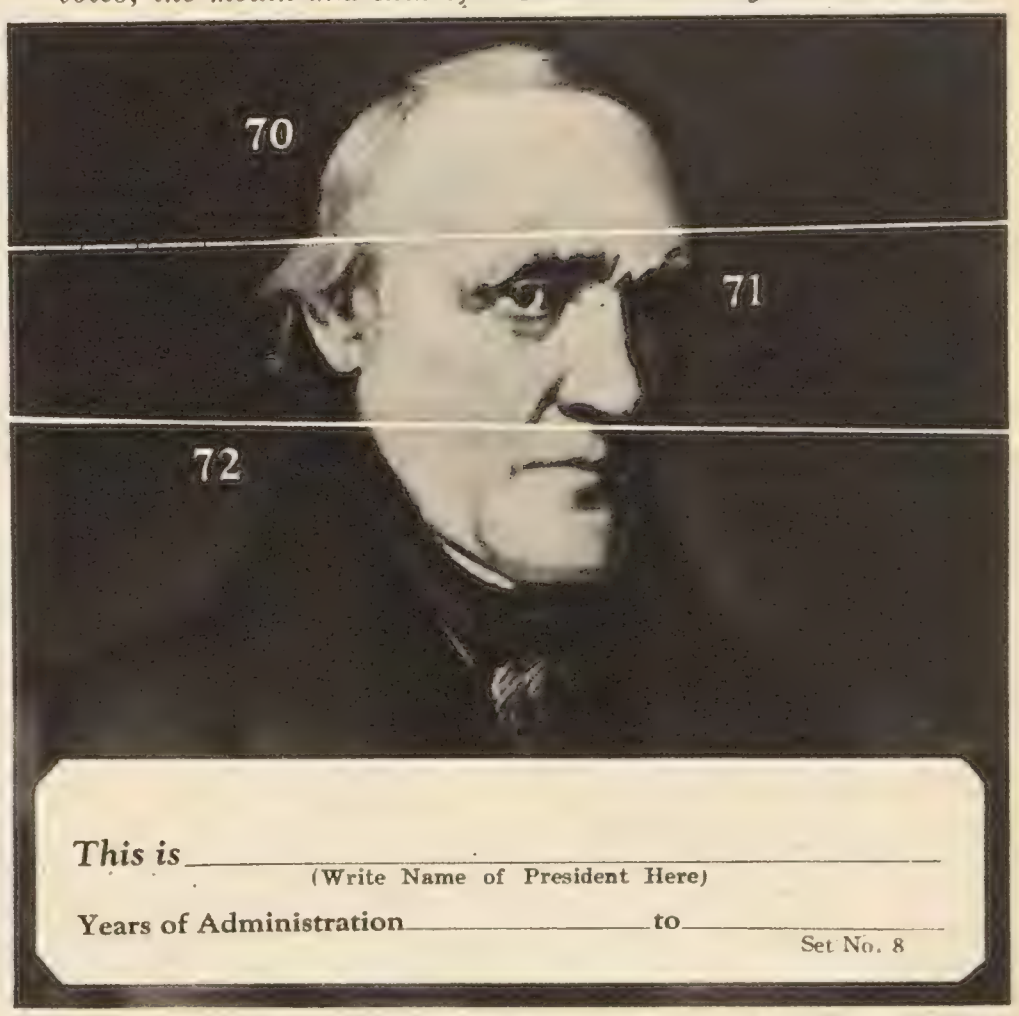
The Prizes

1st Prize	$5,000
2nd "	1,000
3rd "	500
4th "	250
5th "	200
Next 80 Prizes at $25	2,000
Next 1355 Prizes at $10	13,550
10 Prizes to teachers at $250	2,500
1450 Prizes, totaling	$25,000

7. Accuracy and neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the Pictures from the originals and assemble the Pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its Offices or at Public Libraries free of charge.

9. The Judges will be a Committee appointed by Liberty. The Judges' decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.



The forehead is of a President who signed a tariff bill introduced by a future President; the eyes and nose are of one who was not renominated; the mouth and chin are of one whose first Vice-President resigned.

To Teachers One of the most important purposes of this contest, aside from its endeavor to win more friends for Liberty, is to increase the knowledge of American History among the people, young and old.

We want especially to interest children in this educational game, and to inspire them to consult their parents and teachers.

Therefore, to each of the ten teachers whose pupils rank highest in this contest, we will award a special prize of $250 each, a total of $2,500. This applies to pupils in public, private, and parochial schools, so when a child enters the contest, he is advised to state the name of his school, the name of his teacher, and his grade.

The 3 Presidents in Set No. 8 Are Among These:

Jackson Johnson Ben Harrison
McKinley Madison Fillmore
Buchanan Wilson Tyler Taylor

A Set of Presidents' Pictures in Each Issue of

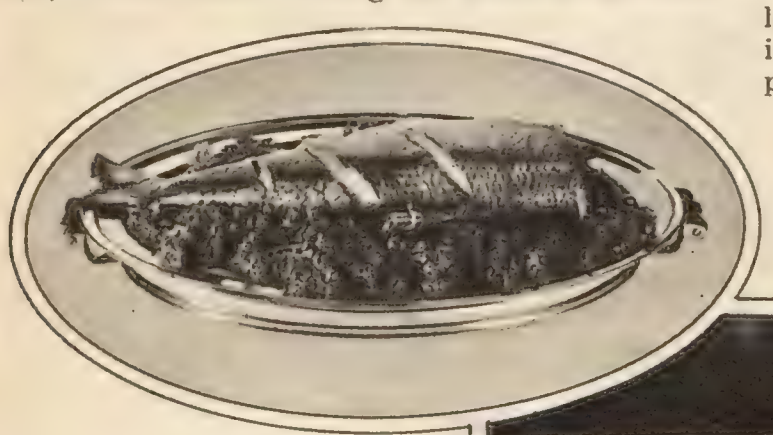
Liberty

for the Next Two Weeks

Five New Ways *of* Cooking Fish

By ETHEL SOMERS

THOUGH Americans have a much greater fish market, European and Asiatic races have won a well-founded reputation for being *the* fish cooks. Perhaps since fish is more prevalent in America, it is less of a treat. Distaste for it in all forms is quite common. Yet fish is an important health and growth food, providing a valuable source of iodine and vitamins aside from the major nutrients. Being an economical food



A well-cooked fish needs no sauce.

(economical because there is so little waste) it deserves an important place in the diet.

If your family is prejudiced against fish, Lent affords a good opportunity to educate them otherwise. Study fish cookery to make sure that the guilt for their prejudices does not rest with you, for a fish well cooked should be a table delicacy that needs no sauce to recommend it!

Is its lack of popularity in your household due to poor selection in the market? Inferior, out-of-season fish, despite all attempts in cookery, are unpalatable. Do troublesome bones make it an unpleasant dish? These may easily be removed in the home or at the market. Does poor cookery make it unsavory? Study these savory recipes.

Too often one sits down to a plateful of tempting-looking fish and after one mouthful would be willing to trade it for a plate of fried eggs "or what have you?" Who was ever known to turn down the campfire fish, freshly caught and quickly cooked? Having enjoyed this delicacy who would not, if Dame Courtesy permitted, reject the stale, half-steamed, half-baked, slowly cooked fish of some of our American tables?

Resolve this Lent to study your way to a practiced, perfected fish cookery to delight your family and friends throughout a more healthful year.

Selection of Fish

SINCE all fish do not taste alike vary your purchase among the in-season varieties. Allow one-half pound body weight to a person to be served, or if fillet is being selected one-third pound is sufficient.

Select fish with a firm flesh; a fresh odor; full, bright, bulging eyes and bright red gills. In cold weather buy frozen fish and thaw it by placing it in the ice box overnight or in a pail of cold water until softened.

Do not plan to keep the uncooked fish for very long in the house. It keeps best when wrapped in a moist cloth and an outside layer of waxed paper and set in the refrigerator.

Cooking of Fish

IN cooking fish in water never boil the water after the fish is added. Simmering temperature cooks the fish deliciously, while boiling toughens the flakes and cooks them apart.

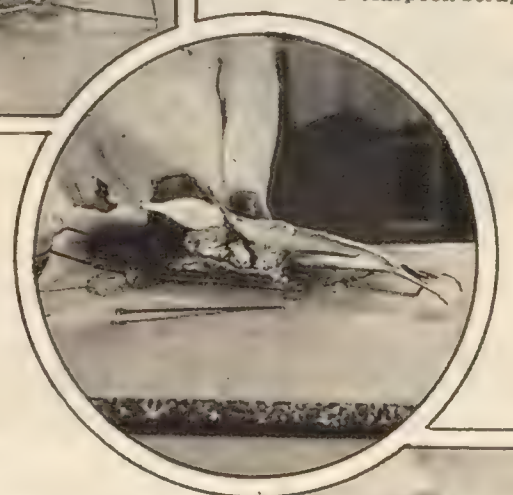
Never overcook fish — the quicker it is fried or baked (of course barring burning) the better. To facilitate quick cooking use dry heat; that is, use no water in the roaster, as it steams the juices out and produces an insipid flesh.

Fry fish in oil, as it has a much higher smoking temperature than any sort of drippings. Fry them the minute they are to be served and serve right from the pan to the table.

Use the head of cod or haddock for soups and chowder.

Test for doneness with a fine skewer along the side of the backbone. The fish is not done if there is the least resistance. Ordinarily from fifteen to twenty minutes a pound is sufficient.

After cutting a shallow gash in the skin, insert a one-fourth-inch lardoon of salt pork.



Place the dressing lightly in the belly cavity — don't pack!

Fried Fish

2 to 3 lbs. fish (salmon, haddock, eels, herring, smelts, whitefish, are in season now)
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Crumbs or flour to coat

SMALL fish are frequently fried whole, but the larger varieties are cut into individual servings before frying. Mix the milk and seasonings well and dip the fish in it and thence into the crumbs or flour, turning about until completely coated. Drop the coated fish into deep fat at 375° F., at which temperature the fat is hot enough to brown a one-half-inch cube of bread in forty seconds. When brown remove to absorbent paper and serve at once.

Broiled Fish

2 to 3 lbs. fish (shad, cod, haddock, halibut, salmon, large smelts, Spanish mackerel, and whitefish are in season now)
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon butter

SCALE, clean, and bone the fish. Split it down the back and dry thoroughly. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Place the fish, flesh side down, on an oiled broiler. Turn it and broil the flesh side when the skin has been cooked enough to crisp. Serve with lemon and parsley. Large fish are sliced one inch thick for broiling.

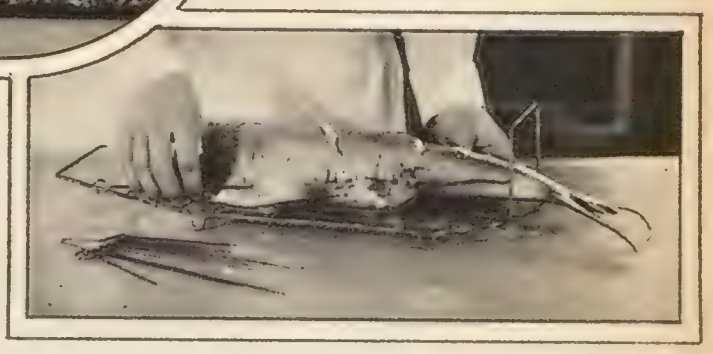
Baked Fish

2 to 3 lbs. whitefish, shad, haddock, cod, halibut, herring, or Spanish mackerel now in season
Strips of salt pork for larding

Prepare the fish for baking by cleaning, boning, and larding as pictured. Lightly place the following well-blended stuffing in the belly cavity:

2 cups soft bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Few grains cayenne
1 teaspoon scraped onion
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon chopped pickle may be added if desired

SKEWER or sew up the open edges. Place the fish on a rack. Bake, uncovered, in a hot oven (400° F.) until tender. The time will depend on the size and kind of fish used, 15 to 20 minutes per lb. Baste every ten minutes with melted butter or the fat that cooks out of the larding strips. Use no water.



Skewer the opening shut with fine skewers or sew it up with a needle and twine.

Fish Chowder

LEFT-OVER cod, haddock, whitefish, or salmon may be used. Add a thin white sauce (1 cup fish to 2 cups sauce). Cook the two together over water for ten minutes with one-half an onion sliced and two tablespoons of browned salt-pork cubes. Remove onions and pork and serve hot.

Fritters

MARINATE the fish flakes in a mixture of ¼ cup vinegar, ¼ teaspoon salt, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Let soak for several hours to become well seasoned. Then shake them very dry, dip them in fritter batter. (See Liberty Cook Book, Recipe 67, unsweetened.) Fry in deep fat (345° to 360° F.).

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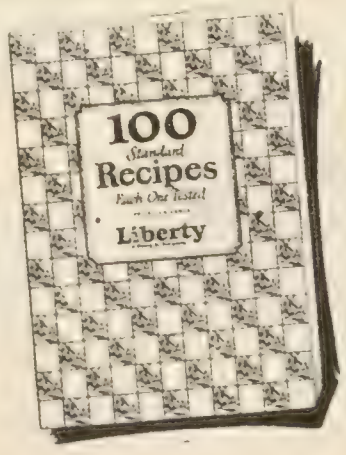

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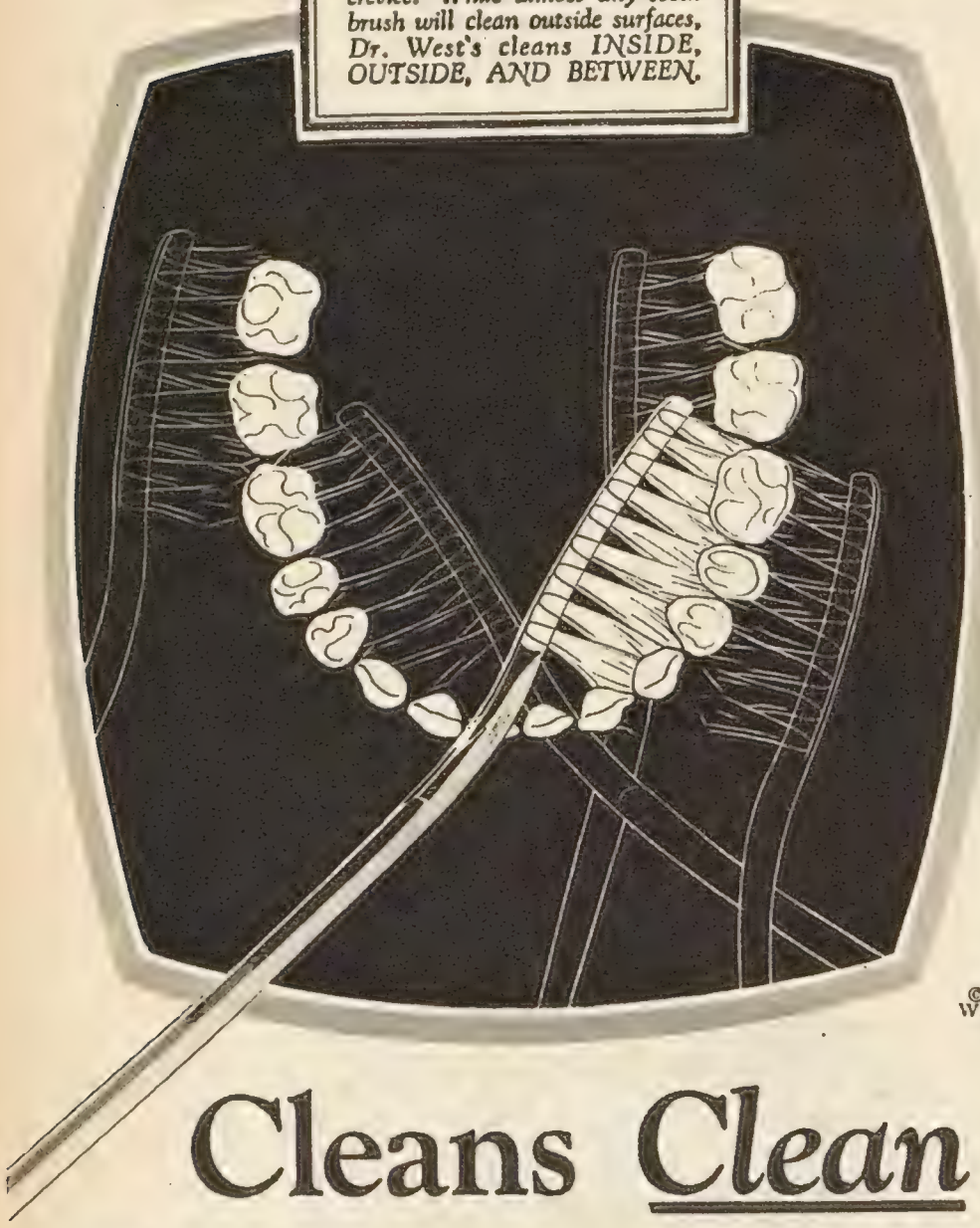

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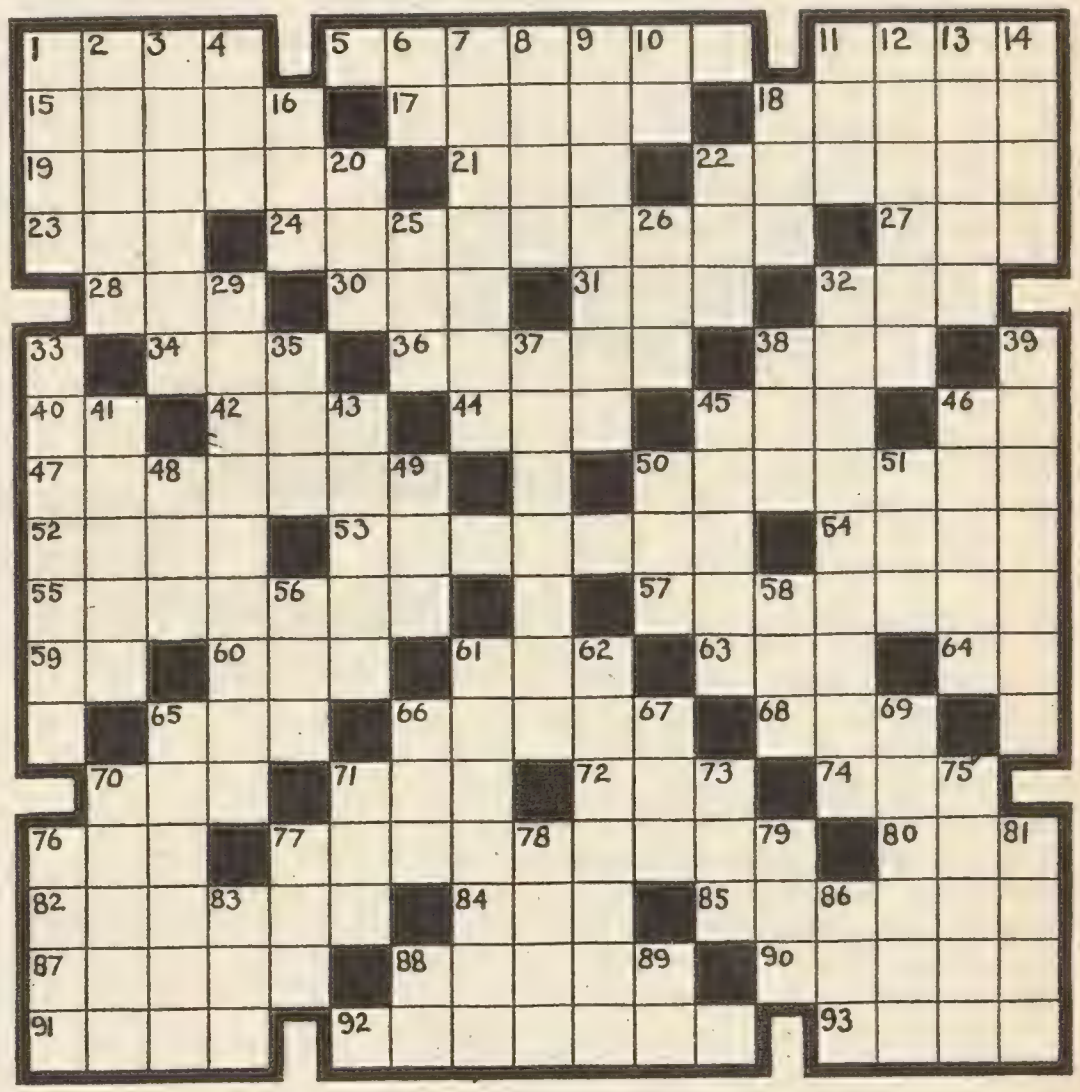
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 58

A FRIEND of ours who is a puzzle bug has found a way to make solving cross-word puzzles *harder!* "I don't look at the vertical definitions," he says, "unless I am hopelessly stuck. Sometimes I can solve a whole puzzle without a peep at them."

Will some university please confer a Ph.D. upon this deserving gentleman? Just the other day the Society for the Prevention of Easy Cross-Word Puzzles presented him with a beautiful indelible pencil engraved with the club motto "E Pluribus a Cross-Word Puzzle."

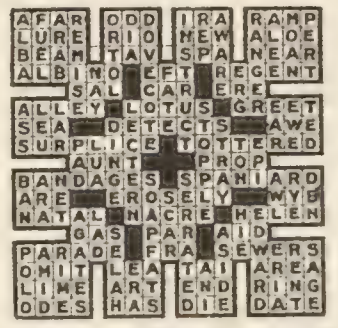


HORIZONTAL

1 Large single-edged knife used by Filipinos as a weapon
5 One to whom a legacy is bequeathed
11 District of Brazil famed for rubber production
15 To sojourn
17 Pertaining to the sense of hearing
18 Initiated
19 Violent
21 Gold coin of Portugal
22 A writing securing to an inventor the rights to make and sell his invention
23 Suffix indicating originating in or pertaining to a place
24 In a polished graceful manner
27 Word used to introduce the maiden name of a matron
28 A predatory bird
30 Prefix meaning evil
31 Something designed for play
32 Small fish of the carp kind (plural)
34 Anything given to pacify
36 At no time
38 Letter of the Greek alphabet
40 A type measure
42 A heap or mass of hay
44 Effected
45 Heroine of a famous novel by Harriet Beecher Stowe
46 Twelfth letter of the Greek alphabet
47 The edifice in Washington in which Congress meets
50 A structure of lattice-work for vines
52 Arabian seaport
53 A navigator
54 Electrified particles
55 Controlled and directed
57 One zealously devoted
59 A division of the natural day (abbr.)
60 A metal
61 A kind of cake or bread
63 A small spot
64 A theological degree
65 A fowl
66 To make sodden
68 To espouse
70 A food fish
71 Conflict
72 A device for rubbing and cleaning
74 To unite by stitches
76 A small drinking vessel
77 Inclined to hold fast
80 A cover
82 A person having no parents
84 A measure of weight
85 A nine days' devotion for any religious purpose
87 A fat
88 To wind round a pin or cleat (nautical)
90 Newer
91 A funeral pile
92 Interfered officiously
93 A bird's dwelling place

VERTICAL

1 The bottom of anything considered as its support
2 Excessively corpulent
3 Human organ regarded as the seat of the passions (plural)
4 Poem suited to be set to music
6 Each (abbr.)
7 Ran in a broken noisy current, as liquid from a bottle
8 A region
9 Polluted
10 Spanish definite article
11 A favorite
12 Program of business to be brought up at a meeting
13 Alphabetical signs employed by the early Teutons
14 A stake in the game of poker
16 Before
18 An inlet of the sea
20 A tree
22 To practice or perform diligently
25 To give birth to
26 A rocky pinnacle
29 Appointed
32 In ancient history, Greek inhabitants of Italy
33 Departs suddenly
35 A cooking vessel
37 Depraved
38 One of the first characters mentioned in the Bible
39 Small triangular pieces inserted in a garment
41 Form of polite address to a lady
43 Females
45 Fell into error
46 Burrowed
48 Inclosure for domestic animals
49 A youth
50 To arrange hay for drying
51 An allotment
56 An intoxicating liquid
58 A solemn promise
61 Chided vehemently
62 Existing in name only
65 Box through which grain passes into a mill
66 To interdict
67 Also
69 Expunge
70 Crinkled
71 A cyst
73 A play on words
75 Alcoholic beverages
76 A pen
77 A color shade
78 Not warm
79 A syllable applied to a note of the scale
81 To start forth suddenly
83 Hasten
86 Leading unit in a military formation
88 To partake of reality
89 An old form of "you"



Answer to Puzzle No. 57

Checks and Plaits Continue in Popularity

By Mary Brush Williams

IT is scarcely exciting to show any more examples of the new Paris line here in America. This line flaunts itself more insistently in the shop windows of our State capitals than it does in the French capital of fashion, which gave it birth. Besides, we know all about it from previous numbers.

It nips in a little at the waist and spreads around the bottom, and we are not sure yet that we will fall for it very hard. It isn't nearly so record-making in the history of fashion as was the two-piece model just preceding it, for this really broke up a silhouette of long standing.

The present outline isn't so spontaneous nor so exactly fitted to strike a popular taste as that was. This new one with the slightly fitted bodice seems more calculated to meet a crying American impatience for change. You would say the French had tried out other combinations, and now it was time for this one. In Paris it is more difficult to find than in America, because there it is so surrounded by the exceptions to it—and exceptions are always more interesting than the rule.

Here are some of these exceptions, hot off the griddle—or, less figuratively speaking, off a big ocean liner.

That low yoke (which might almost be mistaken for a high waistline) supplemented by the low double girdle is very interesting —*n'est-ce pas?* Jenny is crazy about that double girdle and uses it in all sorts of ways, even to the extent of garnishing her own dresses with it.

On one of hers, we were saying in a previous letter, she has it with the parallel lines as close together as the two little lines in our arithmetics and algebras used to be which were the signs for "equivalent to."

In this case they are equivalent to just about the smartest waist decoration obtainable for the moment, and one line of these gold links is equivalent to something very chic round the neck, as in the present model—although I should wish to be sure to get mine well lined if wearing it. The sleeves are smart, repeating as they do those three layers of skirt folds and with this device getting the desirable spread round the wrist.

AT the left (in above panel) is a coat of black and white checked kasha, garnished with a cape over each shoulder, which is cut away from the middle of the back. These shoulder wings are a popular variation of the shoulder cape in Paris this spring. Vionnet started the fashion with the model which we saw in these columns, with a broad, straight band breaking the cape down the middle of the back. Checks are popular as a design in this material. Brandt.

At the right (in above panel) is a dress of green kasha, made with a low yoke and a double belt of gold links, which are used also around the collar. Jenny.

SUIT of light-weight wool of pale blue, checked with a darker shade, which is appliqued on to the material. Drecoll.

Checks are fashionable and as usual the French are not content to take them *au naturel,* but amuse themselves by making them artificially in all sorts of queer places, as in the accompanying suit—by Drecoll—of light blue kasha on which he superimposes some squares of dark blue, and thus succeeds in placing the checks exactly where he wishes them to be. You will observe he makes them produce the effect of low lines, which are holding their own firmly this season against the slow, steady rise of the higher silhouette.

In other words, once more you may wear what you please and throw away nothing because it is out of fashion. You can be secure in the assurance it is not passe in Paris, even if we try to thrust it to one side here. As a matter of fact waists would appear to have dropped quite surely and firmly this season, and yet some of the smartest individual models have them high.

The coat represents another of the creations in checks, only in this case they lie firmly grounded in the material and are all over it from under side of cape to coverings of buttons. Their black and white somberness is relieved by a boutonniere of a scarlet carnation.

The last offering shows the skill with which M. Jean Patou uses the plaits which are at present very popular. With them he makes the costume hang straight and flare at the same time. That is to say, the slightest movement sets the long, falling line into motion.

DRESS of black plaited chiffon, with diamond-shaped insets of chiffon in pale gray. Jean Patou.

And note again in this model how low the waistline registers. The black chiffon of the costume falls from a low yoke and is inset with diamond-shaped pieces of gray chiffon printed in rose colors.

So many people ask whether the fichu style of garniture has passed, and now is a fitting moment to mention that none of those handkerchief effects are out of style. Lelong has a long one in handkerchief linen falling straight from round the neck down either side of the bodice. And here in this dress by Jean Patou is a neck trimming that belongs to that general family. It is in the material of the dress, as is the sash, and tied on one side over the shoulder, to fly to the steps of the dance.

As long as hair is shorn around the neck and ears, the fashionable collar will be high, sometimes muffling its wearer up to the chin. And with low-necked and collarless dresses bright handkerchiefs will be the rule—arranged around the neck in innumerable ways.

For the moment the fashionable handkerchief is a large square one of plaid taffeta and in bright springtime colors. These billowing silk squares are worn tied carelessly around the neck—a gay and negligent effect that is a necessary relief to the shorn poll and the tiny, tight, bleak felt hats that are so smart just now.

Sports Mode—The Smart Frock Fashion

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

By PATRICIA

NEW fabrics—distinctive designs—that may be worn now and that will be equally as chic for spring. Tempting! Because they are easy to make. They emphasize the sports note for spring, introducing supple silks and soft sheer crepes rather than woolens.

Paris says "Prints," so the new silks are made in small floral and geometric designs. Taffeta is used in tailored models, and eyelet-embroidered georgette crepe is frequently used in combination with plain crepe. The new woolen fabrics are soft in texture and light in weight.

Dot motifs are conspicuous in the pattern of printed crepe de Chine, appearing in a conventional polka-dot arrangement that fashions design No. 2594. Red and blue shades predominate and a plain red collar and sleeve puffs add emphasis to the whole. It is also striking made of supple taffeta in a rich brown shade, with beige organdie used for contrasting. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material with ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

A frock made in princess manner with molded waist and flaring hemline is shown in design No. 2609. It is fashioned of navy-blue flat crepe, with blue metal buttons as its only trimming. Printed crepe, willow-green crepe Elizabeth, covert cloth, self-plaided crepe satin, and light-weight tweed are also smart for its development. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3¾ yards of 40-inch material.

The importance of sheer crepe is shown in a charming model for afternoon wear in design No. 2606. It achieves fullness through shirred side panels which are placed under vivid embroidered pockets of printed chiffon, which is also used for the collar. Printed crepe, flat crepe, crepe satin, and shantung are suggested for more practical wear. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 4⅛ yards of 40-inch material with ½ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

The flaring frock of Mary-blue cheviot shown in design No. 2663 may be worn for all daytime occasions. Velours jersey in ammon green; black taffeta with white taffeta collar which is piped in red; light-weight tweed or flat crepe is also chic. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3½ yards of 32 or 36-inch material.

A youthful one-piece sports frock of natural-colored kasha with narrow red suede belt is design No. 2555. It is piped with bright red crepe and trimmed with red bone buttons. The boyish collar and novel pockets are style details. Black crepe satin, soft green flat crepe, bright red taffeta, brown-and-white pin-check taffeta with taupe organdie collar and turn-back cuffs, and velours jersey in bois de rose are excellent suggestions for sports and street wear. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material.

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Alexandra's funeral cortege leaving Sandringham.

The Heartbreak of a QUEEN

[From Intimate Sources]

The Life Story of Alexandra of England

One of the last photographs of the Queen Mother.

TO British society and to the world at large Alexandra of England was ever a composed, beautiful, and untroubled figure. In her demeanor, in her correspondence, in her outward manifestations there was no inkling that beneath the gracious exterior lay stifling sorrows, dead hopes, constant apprehension.

You will recall her as the radiant Princess of Denmark, wooed and won by the debonair Prince of Wales after her father had been elevated from comparative obscurity to the throne.

It was in these days of courtship that Romance briefly claimed her for its own and encircled her responsive being with visions and dreams of endless days of happiness.

But these visions were soon to fade. Illusion after illusion was shattered after she took her place as consort to Edward at the English court. Coldness and restriction blighted her girlish hopes for gayety and affection. Yet she might cheerfully have ignored the narrowness and even the jealousy of her mother-in-law, Queen Victoria, had her husband proved more devoted.

Edward—whose attentions to ladies of two continents had caused many audible whispers before his marriage—was frankly bored by the dull Victorian court and sought lighter and less sanctimonious pleasures elsewhere.

Accounts of his conduct sorely wounded Alexandra, yet she gave no indication of the hurt. This determination to retain her dignity she maintained unflinchingly to the end, although many times during her life with Edward her pride and courage were tested to the breaking point. Even after he ascended the throne the King did not always conduct himself with reassuring circumspection and his consort suffered many heartaches in consequence.

PART FIVE

ARRANGEMENTS for the coronation, and they were most elaborate, had just been completed when Edward became ill with appendicitis. Sir Edward Treves performed a successful operation, but the Prince rallied slowly. For days Death stood at the door of the royal bedchamber. Within, Alexandra, her coronation preparations forgotten for the time being, held the portal for her stricken consort.

Again Fate had intervened to mar her happiness and it is impossible to realize the depth

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE HEARTBREAK OF A QUEEN] Continued from Page Seventy-nine

of her disappointment unless one can fully conceive the magnitude of the event that was about to befall. For such ceremonies royal lives are shaped. The ascent of the throne is the ultimate worldly honor, necessitating years of preparation.

Alexandra's coronation was to have been a dazzling and unquestionable sign of her triumph over the disappointments of her early career. Although she had been the consort of the heir to the English crown since she was nineteen, she had been forced to wait thirty-eight years—until she was fifty-seven years old—to ascend the throne.

With Victoria's death, however, her destiny seemed suddenly near fulfillment. The star of her early expectations glittered in all its original splendor. At last Alexandra was to be the Queen—symbol of a mighty nation's dignity, wealth, and power!

BUT Edward's illness robbed the triumph of most of its splendor. By the time he had recovered the magnificent program could no longer be carried out. The embassies and delegations had been reduced in number; the ceremonies were shorter and more solemn; the entire affair was an anticlimax.

This seemed to break Alexandra's last ambitions. She turned to the comfort of religion, remarking to the Archbishop of York:

"We were thinking too much of the pageant and not enough about the religious part of the ceremony."

From that time forward this religious note became increasingly dominant in the Queen's life. She accepted her new position with simple dignity and strove to fulfill to the utmost her duties as sovereign.

In this, as in most other things of her life, Alexandra found herself isolated from Edward. The King, although already sixty years old when he reached the throne, was in no mind to settle down to the stodgy routine that had marked his mother's official life.

King Edward's first step was to make the ceremonies in connection with the public functions of royalty as magnificent as possible. Parliament was opened in state. The historic gilded and glass coach, drawn by eight cream-colored horses (which looks like an illustration from a fairy tale), went from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords at Westminster and back again. The troops paraded, trumpets blew, and large street throngs welcomed this concrete evidence of the determination to restore the splendor of royalty.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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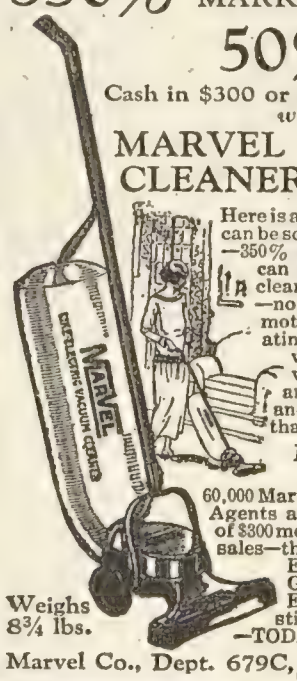

Here is a vacuum cleaner that can be sold to EVERY HOME—350% larger market than can be sold by Electric cleaners! It's non-electric—no wires to tangle—no motor trouble—no operating costs—no service work. It's a fast seller with a wider market and less sales resistance and sells at 50% less than electric cleaners.

Fast Turnover—More Money

60,000 Marvels are now in use. Agents are making upwards of $300 monthly. You want fast sales—that means BIG MONEY—HERE IT IS. GRAB IT QUICK. Exclusive territories still open. Write or wire—TODAY.

Weighs 8¾ lbs.

Marvel Co., Dept. 679C, Hammond, Ind.

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BETTER BOATS at Lower Prices

Canoes
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The BEST that Skill and Experience can Produce

TWO BIG FACTORIES

Our complete line of 22 models offers you a variety to choose from. Prompt shipment from factory to you.

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Please state kind of boat in which you are interested

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ADDING MACHINE

Fits Vest Pocket

A marvelous calculator. Does the work accurately and quickly as a $300 machine. Invaluable to anyone who uses figures. Don't carry pad and pencil. This startling invention will solve all problems in a minute. Business men, students, professional people, all need this HANDY HELPER.

Counts To 1 Billion

Results in plain sight all the time—clears instantly. Made of steel and brass, in handsome case, fits vest pocket; weight only 3 oz. Send for yours now—you'll save time and money.

SEND NO MONEY
Don't send money, just name and address. Pay postman only $2.95 plus few cents postage. Try it for 10 days. Your money back if not satisfied.

PRICE $2.95

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AGENTS Here's a dandy chance to make money. Everybody wants one. Fine profit. Write for new offer.

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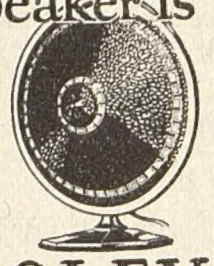
RADIO OPERATORS

Ships sailing from American ports are now required to carry at least two expert Radio Operators. Steady work. Big Pay... Commercial Radio demands expert service in every department—engineers, broadcasters, ship and shore operators!... Our Radio Course, produced under the direction of one of the World's great experts, is NOW READY... The short route to a U. S. Government Radio License... Write today for particulars. American Institute, Washington, D. C. ADDRESS Eastern Branch, 146-E, Station Z, Philadelphia, Pa.

You will never know how good your radio is until your loudspeaker is a



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MUSICONE

Write Dept. 76 for Booklet

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Crosley Radios 1 TUBE $9.75 to 5 TUBE $75.

Heal Itching Skin

It is so unnecessary to suffer from itching skin diseases. You can easily have a clear, velvety, healthy skin—free from all blemishes—if you will only use pure, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D.

Trial Bottle FREE

Instantly it brings relief from burning, itching torture. Pimples and other skin eruptions quickly vanish. D.D.D. effectively soothes and heals.

It is a clean, disappearing, antiseptic liquid, easy to use and positively safe. It cleanses the skin perfectly—makes it soft and healthy.

Send for D. D. D.

While sold everywhere, a generous trial will be sent free—postage paid—for the asking. Please send your name and address now and get quick relief from all skin troubles.

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Sell Archer Made-to-Order Shoes

You can earn more money with this original line of remarkable made-to-order shoes. 86% of women need them. They will buy eagerly, for these shoes are made-to-order, and prices are no higher than fine, ready-made shoes. Expertly made of finest leathers. All advanced styles.

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We guide beginners, and guarantee perfect fit, or money back. You collect in advance your commission, highest in Direct Selling field. Large repeat business increases earnings immensely. Write for free details.

THE C. W. ARCHER SHOE CO.
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"STAMMERING
Its Cause and Cure"

You can be quickly cured if you stammer. Send 10 cents, coin or stamps, for 288 page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stuttering. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering and Stuttering for 20 years.

BENJAMIN N. BOGUE,
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CATALOG FREE

CLASS RINGS & PINS

Largest Catalog Issued—FREE

Samples loaned class officers. Prices $.20 to $8.00 each. No order for class, society, club emblems too large or too small. Special designs made on request.

METAL ARTS CO., Inc.
7720 South Ave. Rochester, N. Y.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY]

The arrangements gave special prominence to the Queen, who was crowned, not as Queen Consort, but as reigning Queen, equal to the King. The King bestowed an intimate honor by personally investing her with the highest order of British chivalry, the Garter, an order which had not been given to a woman in England for hundreds of years.

But these honors seem to have come too late. They left Alexandra cold.

The Queen's chief characteristic now was a constant sense of the duties of her position.

As she wrote, just before the coronation: "A great duty has fallen on me; a great task is set before my soul. Ah, if love could render people happy and content, I am sure that all the English would be happy and content with their sovereigns, because we love them so."

It is certain that Queen Alexandra could do more with a smile than many could, for her own suffering had given her the faculty of understanding others, sympathizing with their misfortunes.

IN considering the inner life of Alexandra, we must not forget that she was a woman of many practical accomplishments. Not only was she skilled in all housewifery, but she was a good hand with a salmon rod. She could draw, paint, and play the piano and she was particularly skilled in photography.

Queen Alexandra always kept a very youthful figure and was always beautiful of face. On her sixtieth birthday Admiral Fisher told her that everyone was saying, "The Queen is sixty today. May she live until she looks it." She certainly did not look sixty, or anything like it, at that time.

One of the most important ceremonies during the year following the coronation was the reception of the New York Chamber of Commerce at Windsor, a clear indication that King Edward was fully alive to the importance of friendly commercial relations with the United States. Another indication of his friendship for America was the conveying of the King's and Queen's personal sympathy with Mrs. McKinley and the American people when President McKinley was assassinated in 1901. Mr. Choate, American ambassador in London, acknowledged this expression in person.

The King was now able to keep more closely in touch with political affairs and express his strong democratic leanings. He was always a reader of Reynolds' Sunday Newspaper, which is extremely radical in its politics, and he belonged to the Home Rule for Ireland camp. An indication of the King's and Queen's very great in-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

25c Sample FREE See Coupon

Millions Grow Slender In an Easy Way

You see them everywhere—Ask them about it
Your druggist signs the guarantee

Look about in any circle. Note how slender are most men and women now. Excess fat is not one-tenth so common as it was.

Fat is unpopular. Slim figures are in vogue. Style and beauty, health and fitness all call for normal weight. And people by the millions are conforming.

Some by strenuous exercise and diet, but those ways are hard and risky. Multitudes employ the easy, pleasant way, the modern, scientific way. And they'll advise it to you if you ask.

Fat Goes Quickly

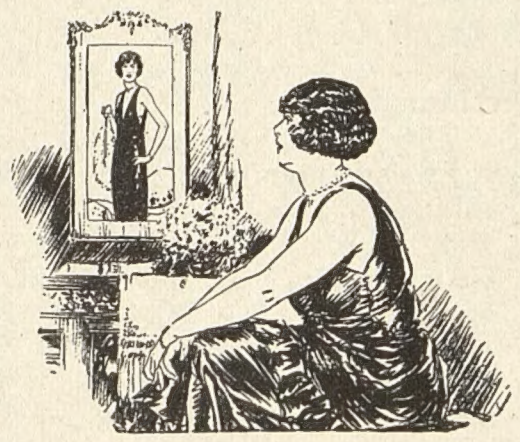
This modern way is Marmola Prescription Tablets. Simply take four a day. They combat the cause of excess fat, which usually lies in a gland.

The method is not secret. Our books publish every ingredient. The user knows just what she takes, how it acts and why.

Marmola is so reliable—so well proved for 18 years—that every druggist now signs a guarantee.

Reduction is prompt, but not too rapid. It rarely exceeds a pound a day. So the body adjusts itself to the new conditions. Wrinkles are not formed.

One may stop reduction at any point desired. Then use Marmola just as needed to keep the weight at normal. No abnormal exercise or diet is required.



Be again as you were

100,000 a Day

Marmola has been used for 18 years. Its use has now spread the world over. Users by the millions have told others about it, and the use has spread. People are now taking over 100,000 tablets of Marmola daily.

You can see the results anywhere. Many of your friends can tell you about them. Marmola is probably making more people slender than any other method now.

Investigate Marmola in justice to yourself. Excess fat is a blight to beauty, health and fitness. The present styles in dress make it conspicuous. Today it has no excuse.

The coupon will bring you some samples free. Also a book stating all the facts. Also a guarantee. Learn what countless people know, then decide for yourself. Clip coupon now.

MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets

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Supplied by all druggists at $1 per box. Send this coupon for a 25c sample free, our latest books and our guarantee. Clip it now.

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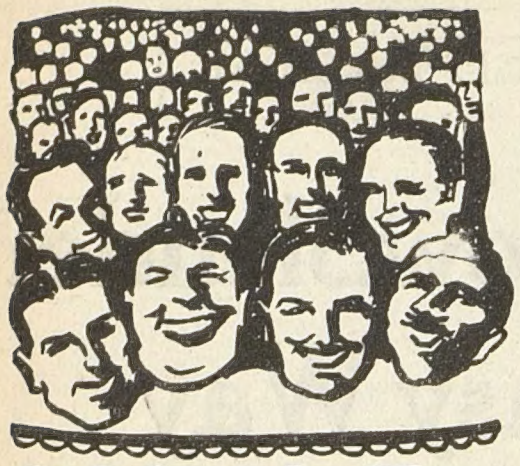


868,472 Men Have Stopped Throwing Away Dull Razor Blades

THEY learned something about old blades. They found out that each old razor blade is good for 300 perfect shaves and that throwing away an old blade is just a needless extravagance. They also realized the joy of having a perfect shave every morning. These sensible men are now stropping their blades with the INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPER, a clever new device invented by Robert H. Ingersoll, the originator of the dollar watch. It has only been on the market one year—yet it has given priceless shaving comfort to nearly a million men.

The Ingersoll

DOLLAR STROPPER

is based on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to bring the edge of the blade automatically in contact with the leather strop, at the proper angle, thus insuring the keenest cutting edge. It will last a lifetime and is so simple to use that a child can operate it. Sharpens any make of blade and makes each blade good for three hundred shaves, saving you $5 to $10 a year on razor blades.

Ten Days' Trial

If you have not had the stropper demonstrated to you and cannot get it at your dealer's, mail the coupon with $1 and we will send you the complete outfit, including patent stropper (blade holder) and fine leather strop. Use it 10 days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shave you ever had, return it and we will return your $1 at once. It is more than an accessory to your shaving kit—it is a life investment in a new kind of shaving comfort which you never dreamed would come to you. Mail the coupon if your dealer cannot supply you.

DEALERS

This clever invention is meeting with nationwide approval—in fact, it is sweeping the country. Dealers are cashing in heavily. Quick sales, quick profits. Every man a prospect. If interested in dealers' plan, check square in coupon.

ROBERT H. INGERSOLL, Pres.
New Era Manufacturing Co., Dept. 533
476 Broadway, New York City

I enclose $1 for which please send me the Ingersoll Dollar Stropping Outfit complete, including the Ingersoll Specially Prepared Leather Strop. It is understood that I can return the Outfit in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar.

Name .....

Address .....

Make of razor used .....

☐ **I am interested in Dealer's Plan**

[THE HEARTBREAK OF A QUEEN Continued from Page Eighty-one]

terest in the Irish cause was their state visit made there a short time after the coronation.

In foreign politics, at least before the war, kings and queens played important roles. In this sphere of foreign understandings Queen Alexandra was able to help the King considerably, and she was very willing to do so. She was acquainted personally with a very large number of persons on the Continent. No doubt it was largely her influence, which was consistently anti-German, that helped increase King Edward's friendship for France and Russia.

IN 1903 the King and Queen of Italy and the King and Queen of Portugal came to Windsor. In 1905 King Edward and Queen Alexandra visited the Continent and while in Paris founded the Entente Cordiale. In 1908 they visited the Tsar of Russia at Revel and in 1909 they were guests in Berlin. This visit to the German capital was very unpleasant to King Edward, who was relieved when it terminated. On leaving Berlin, he sank back on the cushions of the railway carriage and exclaimed, "Thank God that's over!"

In her activities at home, Alexandra devoted her attention to hospitals and nursing institutions in particular.

She was the first president of the Red Cross Society and it is quite probable that no one, since the days of Florence Nightingale, did more for nursing than Alexandra.

The King continued in his taste for social entertainments. If anything, the joviality of his youthful days increased. He was full of what might be called schoolboy tricks.

For instance, a certain lady at court had a small mole on the side of her nose. Whenever King Edward met her, he would remark: "Mrs. Dash, you've a smut on your nose. Let me blow it off." On another occasion when he was playing cards and one of the players had revoked, he threatened the guilty person, "If you do that again, sir, I shall give you the M. V. C." (the Victorian Order).

As the end of his life approached the King spent his energies in myriad ways, although he was a tired man and greatly troubled with his chest. In 1910 he determined to try to recuperate at Biarritz. The afternoon before he left that resort he spent in conversation with the Countess of Warwick, who, realizing how ill he was, urged him not to fulfill a social engagement that evening. But the King declined to accept her advice, explaining, "They will be so disappointed if I do."

Queen Alexandra as a bride.

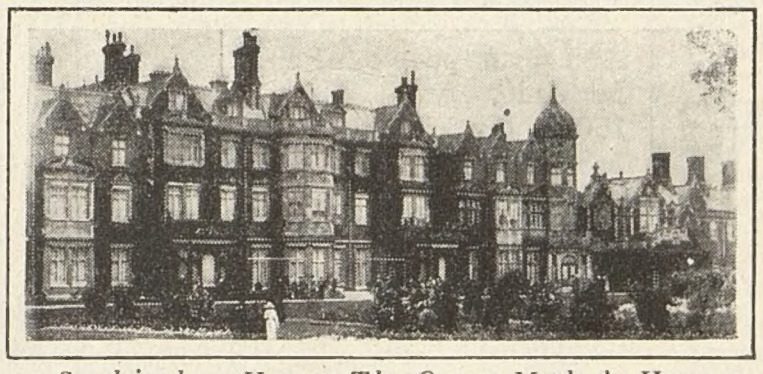
The crepe-draped flag at St. James's Palace when Alexandra died.

That evening he was as gay as usual. The following day he went to Paris and a friend who saw him there wrote home saying, "He is a dying man," and asking why the King had been allowed to leave England. From Paris Edward returned to Biarritz, where he was ill two months.

The Queen during this time was yachting in the Mediterranean. When the King arrived in England, Alexandra was at Corfu, from where she returned in haste when information of his illness was sent her. This separation in the last months, although it was an accidental and casual one, was a tragedy to the Queen. She arrived home barely in time to be at the deathbed of her husband.

The last great state function of Queen Alexandra's life was attendance at Edward's funeral in Westminster Abbey. When she would most have wished to be alone, the Queen had to become the symbol of a nation's grief.

With the death of the King, his consort's public functions came to an end. She had to step down from the position of first lady of the land and relinquish Buckingham Palace. It was said that she at first refused to leave and that a relative had to be brought from the Continent to persuade her. She was given the title of Queen Mother (which she never wished to use) and a flag of her own compacted of the royal standards of England and Denmark.



Sandringham House—The Queen Mother's Home.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE and Sandringham were placed at her disposal and she was given an income of seventy thousand pounds yearly, half of which she gave away to charity, to the despair of her advisers. She immediately revived the old Marlborough House set. Her favorite, always, was the present Prince of Wales, whom she called "little David."

The assassination of her brother, the King of the Hellenes, in 1913 saddened her greatly, and when the World War broke out in 1914 she told friends that it seemed as though the world she knew were crumbling about her.

Her eightieth birthday was passed in retirement at Sandringham. There was a family party at which the Prince of Wales was the honored guest.

Less than a year after that she died.

There have been queens who made greater conquests for their states, there have been monarchs who will demand more of the historians, but none better loved. And she will ever be recalled, not as an aloof, far-off figure of majesty and power, but as the fairy princess who came to be loved and who stayed to become a symbol of royal womanhood—Alexandra the Compassionate.

THE END

Read what one woman says:

Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs: I am inordinately proud of my hair and when, about two years ago, I found I had excessive dandruff, it gave me considerable worry. I had read of Listerine for dandruff but did not know much about it. Finally after continued, tho futile, use of high-class shampoos, etc., I tried Listerine and like magic the dandruff disappeared. It just seemed to dissolve, and has not returned. It seems a sort of miracle to me and I am so happy about it I felt moved to write this.

Sincerely,
Miss ——— ———
Sept. 6, 1925 *Oklahoma City*

"It's almost a miracle!"

SOMEONE suggested it to her—or did she see it in an advertisement? Listerine, for the hair and scalp—particularly when you have dandruff, and so many women—as well as men—are troubled this way.

Dandruff is *most* of a nuisance when your hair is bobbed. (At least you notice it much more then.) Her hair had been bobbed only recently. And that was when she discovered the trouble. But regular applications of Listerine, doused on clear and massaged in, soon made a difference that seemed almost miraculous. Dandruff had disappeared!

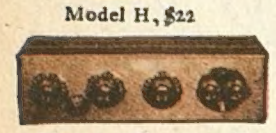
It is really wonderful the way Listerine acts when applied to the hair and scalp. Invigorating, refreshing. And how it brings out that luster and softness that women want—and men like.
—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

DANDRUFF & *and Listerine simply do not get along together*

The Receiving Set illustrated is the Atwater Kent Model 20 Compact. The Radio Speaker is Model H.

It looks like a jewel case—*and acts like a full-jeweled watch*

Model H, $22



Model 20 Compact, $80

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING

The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time, through:

WEAF	*New York*	WFI	*Philadelphia*
WJAR	*Providence*	WOO	*alternating*
WEEI	*Boston*	WCAE	*Pittsburgh*
WSAI	*Cincinnati*	WGR	*Buffalo*
WCAP	*Washington*	WOC	*Davenport*
WCCO	*Minn.-St. Paul*	WTAG	*Worcester*
WEAR	*Cleveland*	KSD	*St. Louis*
WLIB	*Chicago*	WWJ	*Detroit*

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies west, and in Canada.

WOULD you know how far Radio has progressed since its sprawling, noisy youth? See and hear this thoroughbred receiving set—the Model 20 Compact.

It is so small and beautiful that you are reminded of a jewel case. The satin-finished mahogany cabinet is only 6½ inches high and 19¾ inches long. You don't have to make a place for it in your home, for it fits in anywhere—looks well anywhere.

And when you snap the switch you find that this tiny but full-powered instrument is as efficient as the largest—just as the thin modern watch keeps as good time as the half-pound stemwinder of your grandfather's day.

This is the receiver chosen by those who can afford *any* set. They like its convenience, its looks, its performance. They appreciate its maximum satisfaction at far less than maximum cost.

And they know that the Atwater Kent name plate is a symbol of reliability.

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